Collier's

FEBRUARY 21, 1948
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Beginning in this issue—

THE STORY OF JOHN N. GARNER

Feb. 21 1948

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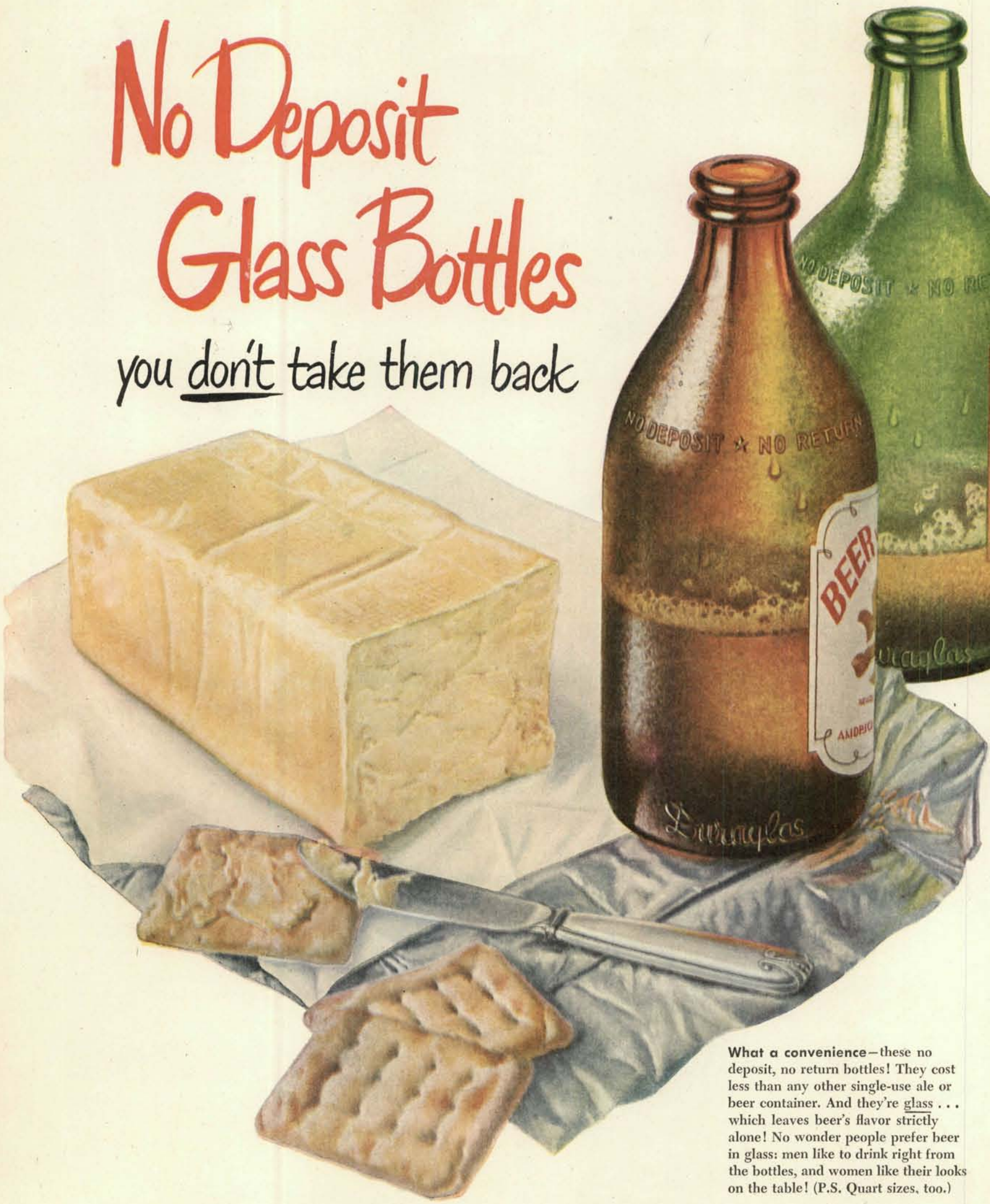
No Deposit Glass Bottles

you don't take them back



What a convenience—these no deposit, no return bottles! They cost less than any other single-use ale or beer container. And they're glass . . . which leaves beer's flavor strictly alone! No wonder people prefer beer in glass: men like to drink right from the bottles, and women like their looks on the table! (P.S. Quart sizes, too.)

Ask for your favorite ale or beer in **Duraglas 1-WAY bottles**

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Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

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New note in Fashion. Filmy, feathery lace cascades from head to hem in this dramatic gown Betty models for Harzfeld's. *Always* in fashion, highlighting any costume, is a brilliant smile like Betty's—a smile she guards with Ipana Tooth Paste. And how right she is! Because dentists themselves recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste, a recent national survey shows.

What does it take to be a "Model" Mother?

What Betty Brookfield has—two adorable youngsters, a lovely figure—and look at that smile!

ANY WOMAN WOULD look good in a $475 designer original? Probably. And many women have lovely children? True . . .

Ah, but how many women have a smile as sparkling as Betty Brookfield's?

Kansas City's finest shops think so much of hazel-eyed Betty and her dazzling smile that they call on her constantly to grace their most important fashion shows.

Do you wonder, then, that this "model" mother takes no chances with her smile? Or that she's taught 6-year-old Karen to safeguard *her* smile, too, by following this famous dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

That's the routine of so many successful models. Get started towards a "model" smile yourself—get a tube of Ipana today.

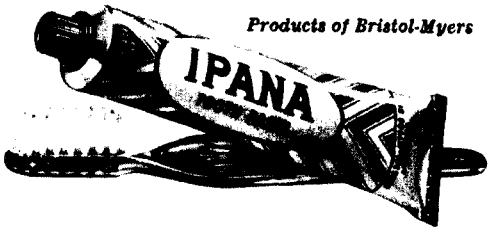
"Diaper Dan" (that's what Mr. Brookfield calls his year-old son) asks you to excuse his back. But how else can he admire Mommy's and Karen's gorgeous smiles? Mommy knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth—sees to it that her family gets *Ipana* care.

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recently completed national survey! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.*

In their Country Club District home, Karen shows how well she's learned proper care of teeth and gums, stressed in thousands of classrooms today. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink", *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Products of Bristol-Myers



for your Smile of Beauty

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!

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Motorola
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COLLIER'S

February 21, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

LUCKMAN FOR PRESIDENT

DEAR SIR: I am a housewife! I nominate Charles Luckman for President of these United States—using his article Civil Rights Mean Good Business (Jan. 17th) for his platform!! I wish that this article could be read over every radio, preached from every pulpit and shouted from every housetop in the country!—*our* country! I will give Mr. Luckman the soapbox to start his campaign.

MRS. GEORGE W. TAUTFEST, Seattle, Wash.

CONGRESSIONAL BURDEN

DEAR EDITOR: Re your Jan. 10th article Congress' Conscience Is Six Foot Six—I don't think Congress has a conscience, and I know that no one man could carry the terrible burden of conscience which is bound to result from the actions of the 79th and 80th Congresses.

LOUIS C. FULL, Vienna, W. Va.

. . . Congressmen still refuse to repeal or amend the law that permits them to draw 20 cents for every mile traveled to and from Washington.

A Western congressman will travel a round trip of 5,000 miles for which he is paid $1,000. You and I make the same trip for less than a third; he knocks down the difference.

Let's start with the President, and pass a law limiting his term to six years. Most Presidents would want to go down into history as honest and able executives and would try to make a record for efficiency. Isn't it about time to clean house and give the burdened taxpayer something for his money, beside abuse, cajolery and a flat pocketbook?

FRED LOCKLEY, Portland, Ore.

NO PEACE ON EARTH

GENTLEMEN: The Dec. 27th cover seems inappropriate in the fact that the little boy of the typical American family group holds a toy gun. Christmas—supposedly a synonym for "peace on earth, good will toward men"—is contradicted by the idea of the toy gun.

Of course, I know kids everywhere are provided with such "playthings." . . . However, I object.

W. N. SHARP, New York, N. Y.

. . . Was this happily smiling family celebrating the birth of the Prince of Peace or the God of War?

MRS. BESSIE L. BURKE, Fort Edward, N. Y.

(Continued on page 61)

Vol. 121, No. 8. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Philippine Islands, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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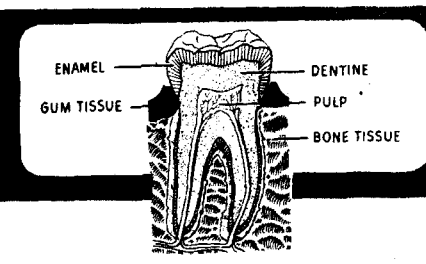
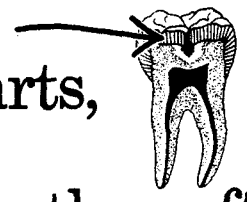
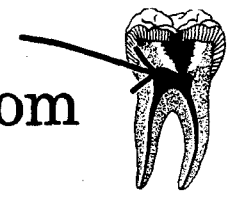
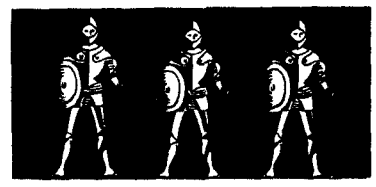
Your teeth look like this



When decay starts,  it eats through the hard enamel and spreads into the softer dentine. Unless checked, this infection finally reaches the pulp chamber from  which it may enter the blood stream and cause damage or disease in other parts of the body.

Periodic examination, cleaning, and treatment of teeth by your dentist can usually check decay before serious damage occurs.

Gums must also be guarded.  Bleeding gums, pyorrhea, and trench mouth can indicate infection. They may result in loss of teeth and affect general health.

See your dentist regularly to help safeguard your health!

Good teeth deserve good care

Dental authorities urge that you clean your teeth and gums carefully after meals and before going to bed.

You can help to maintain healthy gums, and to retard the rate of decay in teeth, by keeping your general level of health high. Eat enough of such foods as milk, milk products, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruits.

The right diet is especially important for very young children who need foods rich in minerals and vitamins to help build strong, sound teeth and healthy gums.

Vigorous chewing of tough, crisp foods aids in keeping teeth and gums healthy. Fruits, preferably at the end of the meal, help to clean the teeth and prevent decay. They are also helpful in preventing bleeding gums.

Don't wait for pain to drive you to the dentist. Visit him every six months, or at such intervals as he suggests. His examination, aided when necessary by the X-ray, usually can detect hidden trouble such as abscesses at the roots of apparently healthy teeth. Prompt treatment can generally correct the condition before it may impair your health. For further helpful information on teeth and gums, send for Metropolitan's Free Booklet, 38-C, "Good Teeth."

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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He's "in the know" —he's got P.A.*

He's a man with Pipe Appeal—the distinctly masculine look of the man who smokes a pipe. It's something extra that appeals to the ladies. And from the contented expression on his face—he's also "in the know" about Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke.

P.A.* { means Pipe Appeal / means Prince Albert

P. A. tastes rich—smokes mild and cool to the bottom of the bowl. P.A.'s choice tobacco *is* specially treated to insure against tongue bite. No wonder more men smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco!

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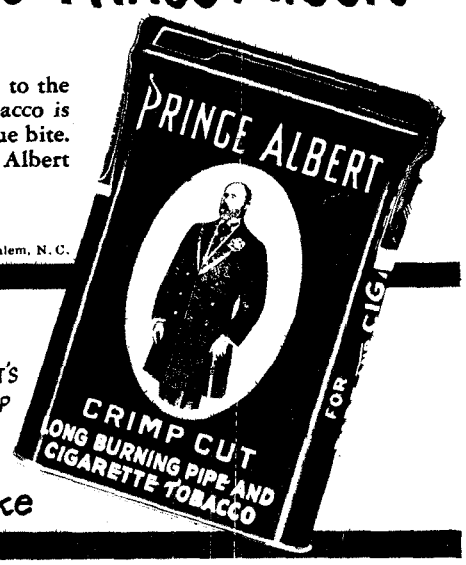
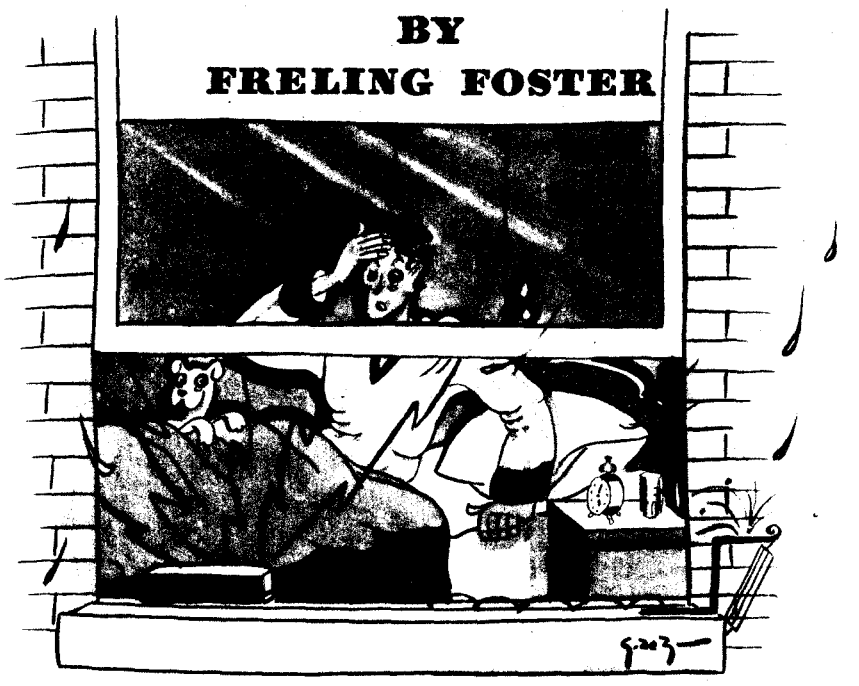
"CAN'T BEAT P.A. FOR CIGARETTE MAKIN'S! IT'S CRIMP CUT—ROLLS UP FAST AND EASY!"



The National Joy Smoke

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY
FRELING FOSTER



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A new storm detector for homes consists of a metal element on the outside sill of a bedroom window connected to a small electronic box on the inside sill. A few snowflakes or drops of rain landing on the element causes an alarm in the box to go off, awaking and warning the occupant that a storm has started, so he can get up and close the windows.

As late as the 18th century in England, Scotland and France, Valentine Day was one of the most important holidays, owing to a popular custom observed by the young unmarried people despite the objections of the clergy. At large parties on Valentine's eve, each man drew by chance, from an urn, a slip of paper bearing the name of one of the girls present which entitled him to be her sweetheart during the following year.

Probably the only monarch to insure himself against the loss of his throne was Prajadhipok, King of Siam from 1925 until he was forced to abdicate in 1935. Having taken out "unemployment insurance" policies with French and British underwriters early in his reign, the income he received from them enabled him to live comfortably until his death in 1941.

Of every 1,000 persons in the world today, 144 live in countries whose economic activities are wholly or almost wholly under government control, while the other 856 live in countries whose industries are still completely or almost completely under private control.

In professional baseball since 1901, only six players have hit 50 or more home runs in one season: Babe Ruth of the Yankees in 1920, 1921, 1927 and 1928; Hack Wilson of the Cubs in 1930; Jimmy Foxx of the Athletics in 1932; Hank Greenberg of the Tigers in 1938; Ralph Kiner of the Pirates and John Mize of the Giants in 1947.

Besides the vast Bell System, the United States has 6,200 small independent telephone companies which handle more than 100,000,000 calls a week for some 6,000,000 subscribers.

A remarkable musical instrument, first exhibited in London in 1817, was the Apollonicon, a gigantic orchestrion which imitated such a variety of musical tones that it could be made to sound like a symphony orchestra. The ingenious arrangement of its five keyboards enabled five persons to play a composition together, a larger number than has ever been provided for in any other instrument.

Through granting independence to several countries in the past two years, the British Empire has shrunk in population from 566,600,000 to 145,700,000, or about the present population (145,300,000) of the United States and its territories and possessions.

A new type of air race is destined to become very popular because it is flown entirely within sight of the grandstand. The competing planes are homemade midgets weighing less than 600 pounds each, and the distance is approximately 30 miles—15 times around a rectangular course approximately 1,300 yards long and 400 yards wide marked out by four pylons. The race is not only noisy and exciting, as the pilots fly low and bank steeply at the turns, but it is finished in about 12 minutes, enabling the promoters to hold several in one afternoon.

Television receivers are now being produced by 29 American manufacturers in 61 models. The smallest is a table set which has a screen of 40 square inches and sells for $169.50 plus installation charge. The largest is a projection set, designed for bars, schools and hotel lobbies, which has a screen of 12 square feet and may cost complete as much as $3,000.

Using tremendous pressures, a Harvard physicist has produced a form of ice so highly compressed, dense and hard that it does not begin to melt until subjected to a temperature of 370 degrees Fahrenheit.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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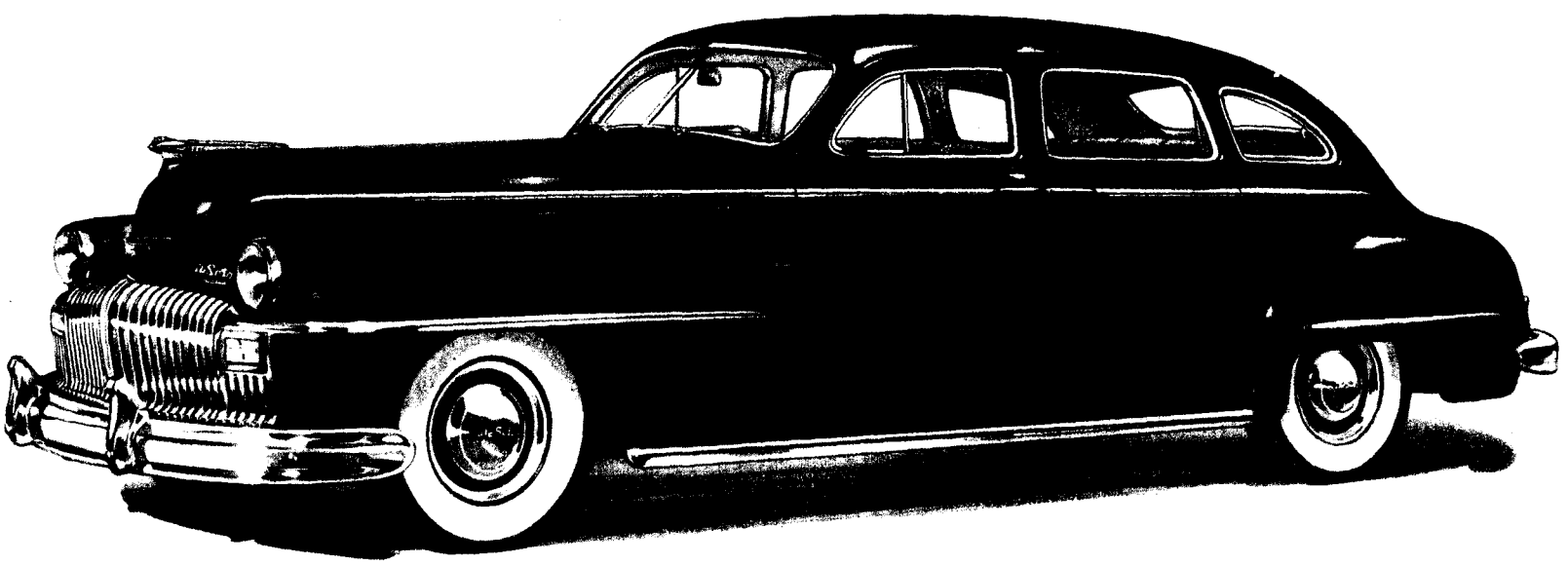
Remember these two things when you decide on your next new car: 1. De Soto lets you drive without shifting. 2. The overwhelming majority of new De Soto owners say,* "It's the best car I ever owned, *regardless of price!*"

*In a nation-wide poll.

DE SOTO



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self-polishing **SIMONIZ**
TRADE MARK REG.
gives floors longer lasting beauty!

HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Mr. Timmons observes Mr. Garner and a friend

THE career of Bascom N. Timmons, to whom Mr. John Nance Garner begins "telling all" on p. 11 in a historical document, began at the age of eight. A remarkably skinny Texan, he was hired by Mr. Goodnight, a remarkably fat one, to ride alongside him in his buckboard, and slip off to open gates on the Goodnight ranch. His next job was on the Fort Worth Record. He was sixteen.

Today Timmons is Washington's tallest and busiest independent correspondent. He's 6 feet 3½ inches, and represents 28 dailies in 12 states. No other independent correspondent has so many editors, publishers and readers to please. When he goes home to forget, he plays with his seven cats.

Timmons, who has been serving in Washington since 1912, has always been a big-party man. His going-away-to-the-Army-in-World-War-I party, which the late Nick Longworth, Republican, and John Garner, Democrat, teamed up to give their friend Timmons in a downstairs room of the Capitol, was as unusual as any ever given to a color-blind private.

In 1932, when Timmons became president of the National Press Club, some Texas cattlemen decided to show official Washington just what a party should be like. They drove 42 of the finest steers across the country, in charge of John Snyder, World's Acknowledged Champion Barbecuist and Sauce Maker, rented an entire resort on Chesapeake Beach near by, invited every Washington official higher than knee level, along with every hungry newsman within coming distance, flew the dirigible Los Angeles over the whole happy gathering, while Snyder barbecued like mad and gave his formula for health, long life and happiness: "Let the cows eat vegetation, and eat the cows," said he. "Not in any of its forms is grass good for people." Over 4,000 attended.

Besides his party regularity, Timmons has attended 21 national political conventions, including the Bull Moose gathering of 1912, and La Follette's '24 solitaire clambake.

And through all these years and experiences, Timmons and Garner have been intimate friends. They've always been "Tim" and "Mr. Garner" to each other. No other correspondent knows Garner as does Timmons, or could have recorded Garner's opinions as has lean, unhungry Timmons.

THE BUSYBODY
By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

The story of The Busybody (p. 18) has more hinges than a door factory. It started thirty years ago when the late Charley Summerville, of the late New York Morning World, told me a story he had told to his roommate—O. Henry—who never wrote it. Then in 1920, Damon Runyon pointed to an odd contraption of mirrors on an upper sill of a Philadelphia home and asked, "What's that?"

When I told him it was a "busybody" and he went into a rare spasm of abdominal hilarity, I knew I had something: the name of an unwritten tale.

Along about 1930 the impish cartoonist Jack Farr played an eccentric caper on the talented Percy Crosby and I had another episode.

The story's topper came when Captain Bruckner of the Bronx uttered the wisest statement since Bertillon's "A bird cannot fly through a cloud without leaving a trace."

An almost perfect observation except for the fact that a bird could have been flying backward. That's why I jotted down the line that broke the Hauptmann case, "A carpenter always writes on a board."

That gave me three episodes and I dredged up the fourth from the harbor of sunken memories. Whether it is caviar for the general or peanuts for the elephant, you still require a handful.

So it took thirty years to write The Busybody and an extra seven days when Mr. Littauer sent it back with editorial improvements quite as interesting as marginal notations on a tattooed lady.

The only story Mr. Litt ever accepted from me on first draft was my next one, In This Corner—Mary Ann.

CAMERON SHIPP wrote Movie Menace (p. 13) because he kept running into the hero of the piece, Hollywood Bob Oomph Man Mitchum, around the studio and liking the guy. "There seemed to be so many conflicting stories about him, and how he reeks of s-e-x," says Shipp, "it was a challenge to try to get the truth. Most material came from interviews at a bar, the rest from his mother."

This week's cover: Beau Tie. The model: Rosemary Whiting of Ontario, natural blue-eyed straw blonde; hopes to be Sam Goldwyn's forthcoming Varga Girl, for which she has been screen tested.

The artist: Earl Cordrey, who deliberately winters at Palm Beach or Springs, and summers at Balboa Island for the pleasantest possible working conditions, his daily swim, and between-job sessions of mountain trail riding. . . . TED SHANE

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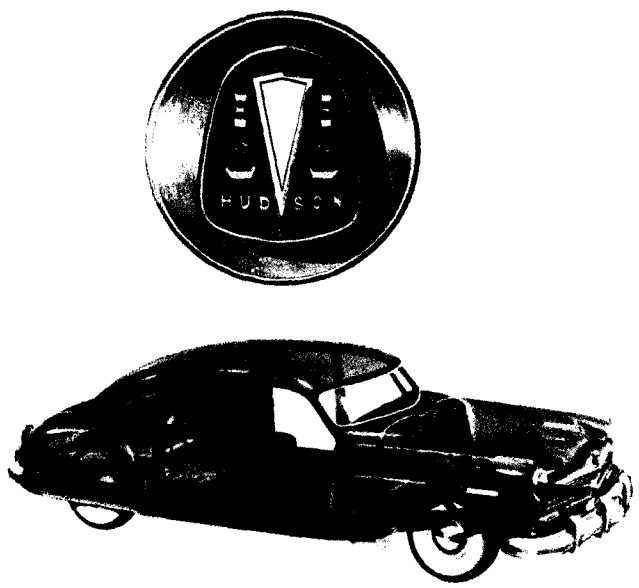
America cheers

the new Hudson... the car you step down into!



A CAR YOU RIDE IN . . . NOT ON!

Hudson's new, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame in cut-away view. Floor and seats have been moved down to harmonize with the new lower top. You get the safety of girder protection all around, even outside the rear wheels—with every unit welded into one solid structure that provides unusual ruggedness and stability, and minimizes the need for service attention.

HUDSON showrooms are aglitter, millions are excited! Make your plans now to see the motor car they said was years away!

Get a good look at this style-setting beauty—a new kind of motor car—only five feet from ground to top, but with *more* inside head room and *roomier* seats than in any other mass-produced car built today! See the beautifully tailored interiors and all the luxuries that mark the new Hudson as a truly fine motor car!

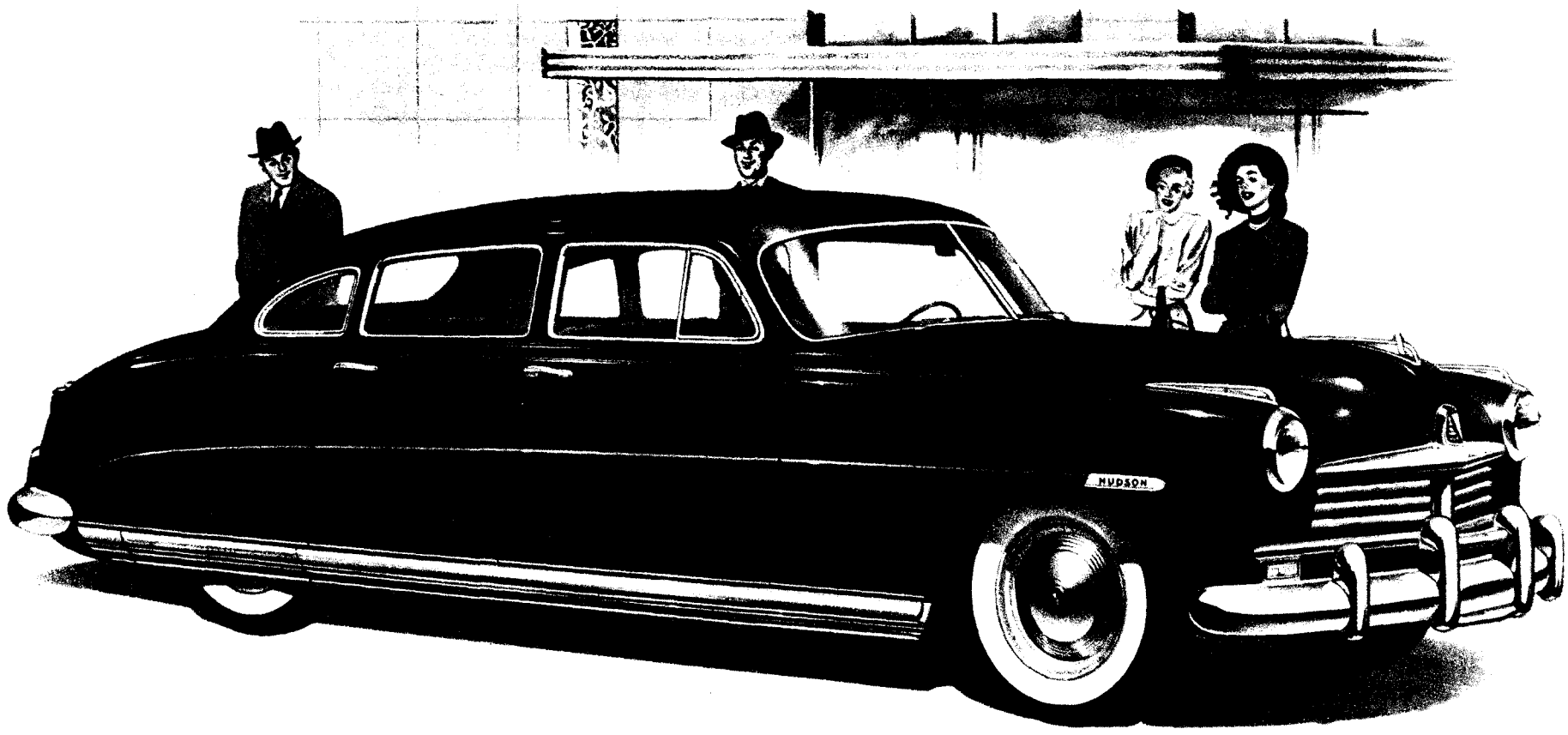
Hudson is the only American-built car you step *down* into when entering, not *up* on—yet it maintains road clearance.

Hudson's new, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame is the only motor-car construction that completely encircles you, even outside the rear wheels, with a rugged box-steel foundation frame.

You ride within this frame—cradled between axles—not on top of the frame as in other cars. And as you ride, Hudson's combination of unique construction and comfort features gives you a sensation of snug safety and serene, smooth going unlike anything you've known before!

Try automatic gear shifting as provided by Hudson's "Drive-Master" transmission. Drive behind Hudson's all-new Super-Six engine—the most powerful six built today—or the masterful Super-Eight. When you do that, we promise you an entirely new conception of motor-car performance! Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14, Michigan.

Eight body styles in Super and Commodore Custom Series. Choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. improved Super-Eight engine. Ten body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at slight extra cost.



This time it's Hudson

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JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY

BY
BASCOM N. TIMMONS

When John Garner was Vice-President he disagreed often with Franklin Roosevelt and kept quiet about it. But the stories got out—all except the one of the most frequent cause for contention. Here it is told for the first time

Two years ago in the back yard of his Texas home John Nance Garner burned the mass of correspondence and other papers that had accumulated in his personal files during his public career as a member of the House of Representatives, as its Speaker and finally as Vice-President of the United States.

He had been pressed hard since his retirement in January of 1941 to tell the political story of his thirty-eight years in Washington, especially the part of it that went on behind New Deal scenes. But he had no taste for digging into the past and figured that the most effective way to say, "No!" to all offers was to destroy his personal records.

But Mr. Garner's story was not consumed when his papers became smoke and ashes. Over the most dramatic years of his career, he and Washington correspondent Bascom N. Timmons were intimate friends. The two men talked, often in confidence, about matters and men of public interest and importance, and Mr. Timmons made extensive notes on these conversations.

Mr. Garner has now given his permission for the statements he made to Mr. Timmons to be used in a series of articles in Collier's, beginning herewith.

NEVER did a man make a transition from a job which he enjoyed to one he felt sure he would not like with such fanfare as did John Nance Garner when he marched across the Capitol from the House of Representatives, where he had been Speaker, to the Senate to take the oath as Vice-President on March 4, 1933.

He was the only man, other than Schuyler Colfax of Indiana, to have served both as Speaker and Vice-President. Colfax resigned as Speaker the day before he took the oath of office as Grant's first Vice-President.

Garner, in contrast, gaveled the House to adjournment. Then, with Speaker-Choice Henry T. Rainey, Republican Leader Bertrand H. Snell and a convoy of nearly 435 members of the adjourned House and more than 150 members-elect, he marched to the Senate Chamber and while his legislative escort found seats walked to the dais and took the gavel from Vice-President Curtis.

The Speakership had been Garner's major ambition since he came to Congress in 1903, and he had accepted the Vice-Presidential nomination only as a necessary step to break a threatened national convention deadlock. He had said:

"I never wanted to be a judge, a governor, senator, President or Vice-President. I wanted to be a member of the House and, if possible, its Speaker. The Speakership is a place of great power and offers vast opportunity for usefulness. When his party does not hold the Presidency the Speaker is its highest officeholder in the nation. When his party does hold the Presidency his responsibility is augmented. The Speaker can uphold the constitutional role of

At his home in Uvalde, John Garner stands before the first Vice-President's flag ever used. F.D.R. designed it

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

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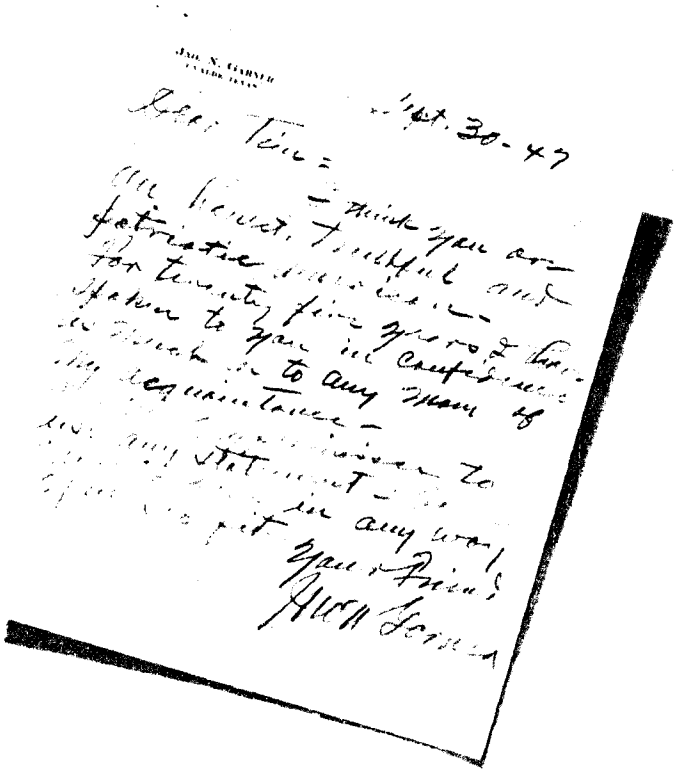

Above is the letter which Garner wrote to Bascom N. Timmons, giving him authority to report the many confidences these articles reveal

the House. But if he blindly follows the wishes of the President, if he becomes the President's spokesman in the House instead of the spokesman of the House at the President's office he contributes to the merging of the legislative and executive branches and the consequent degrading of Congress. The Vice-President has no duties except to preside over the Senate when he so desires. It is a great and honorable office because he is the constitutional alternate of the President and stands ready to assume the Presidency."

To reach the Speaker's chair Garner had made himself an expert parliamentarian, had worked up to be a legislative lieutenant of Speaker Champ Clark, and he bore the burden so far as his party was concerned of putting the income-tax constitutional amendment through the House. Later, he was a leading draftsman of the graduated income-tax law, and fought to get it through against the opposition of many powerful legislators who believed in one income-tax rate for all. His success in this fight, his great popularity on both sides of the House, his skill as a legislator and as a leader of men caused Woodrow Wilson to select him in 1917 to be his wartime liaison man with the House. All during that war Garner saw President Wilson at least twice a week, and some weeks oftener, to report on Congressional matters and advise generally with the President.

By 1924 he was close to, if not the top Democrat in the House, and one of its most influential members. With a Republican majority of more than 100 against him, he made a spectacularly successful fight against the Mellon tax bill, founded on the Mellon theory that prosperity trickles down from the top, therefore top-income men should be taxed gently so that the trickle might continue. To defeat this proposal Garner raided across the aisle and picked up the needed votes from Republicans. In the first two years of the Hoover Administration he was his party's leader in the House.

Finally, when the House became Democratic in 1931, Garner was the only logical man for the Speakership, which he got by the slender margin of three votes, all the majority the Democrats had at that time.

Then came his boom for President. Without becoming an active candidate he defeated Franklin D. Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith in the California primaries, which with Texas gave him 90 convention votes.

When I asked him on the eve of the Chicago convention about his chances of becoming the Democratic nominee, he said to me:

"I have no desire to be President. I am perfectly satisfied right here in the Speaker's office. If we don't kill off our chances as we did in the fight between Smith and McAdoo in 1924, we will win this election. We had the election in our hands in June of that year after the scandals of the Harding Administration became known. If McAdoo had been nominated on the first ballot there he would have been elected, in my opinion. Smith might also have won the election had he been given a first-ballot nomination. Public confidence is sometimes a delicate and fragile thing. It did not survive the rough handling we gave it by making a spectacle of ourselves in 1924. It may not this time. If we don't have another deadlock we will win."

Anxious to Avoid Deadlock

Then he told me in confidence: "I am not going to deadlock the convention against the leader. Franklin D. Roosevelt is the leader in delegates. He will have a majority, but not two thirds (needed then for the nomination). His weakness is he seems to have no second-choice votes. Al Smith will have around two hundred delegates and they will hold out until the last against Roosevelt. Ritchie will have some and they will be against Roosevelt all the way."

A few weeks earlier he had told me: "I think the Democrats have a real political catch in this fellow Roosevelt. No Democrat from Texas will have availability for his party's nomination except under the most extraordinary circumstances. Roosevelt looks like the man."

"Do you know Roosevelt well?" I asked.

"I knew him hardly at all during the war when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy," he replied. "I knew all the fellows in the War Department, but we did not have any naval bases on the Rio Grande, and I had no dealings with the Navy."

But Garner said he had met Roosevelt a number of times since the war. Roosevelt had been in the habit of calling him on his way to and from Warm Springs, Georgia. On these stops in the capital, Roosevelt put up at the Continental on Union Station Plaza, a medium-priced hotel. He would call Garner by phone and Garner would go to see him.

Garner had won the California delegation to the Chicago convention over Roosevelt and Smith; and the Texas delegates, naturally, were his.

I asked him what he thought of Newton D. Baker, widely regarded as the most likely dark horse.

"Compromise candidates don't win Presidential elections," he replied.

The deadlock Garner had foreseen developed and held for the first three ballots at Chicago. On the third ballot the result had been Roosevelt 683; Smith 190; Garner 101; Governor White of Ohio 52; Melvin A. Traylor, Chicago banker, 40; Governor Ritchie of Maryland 28; Jim Reed 27; Harry F. Byrd 24; Newton D. Baker 8. To win, 770 votes were necessary.

In Washington Garner analyzed the three ballots, state by state, and called Representative Sam Rayburn who was managing his campaign in Chicago.

"Sam, I think it is time to break this thing up," he said. "Roosevelt is the choice of the convention. He has had a majority on three ballots We don't want to be responsible for wrecking the party's chances The nomination

(Continued on page 45)

At the 1932 Democratic convention Will Rogers, shown with Garner and his wife, was disappointed when Garner threw his support "to a man with a Harvard accent. No good can come to a Texan who does a thing like that," he said

ACME

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MOVIE MENACE

BY CAMERON SHIPP

Robert Mitchum, Hollywood's greatest gift to the gals since Gable, is a graduate of a Georgia chain gang. According to his fan mail, many of the female moviegoers are on the Mitchum chain gang

Playing tough-guy roles has been profitable for Robert Mitchum who inspires feminine squeals and giggles

ROBERT MITCHUM is an oversized young man of thirty-one with a corrugated nose, swamp-green eyes, a tight mouth, and an elliptical face which sometimes gives him the appearance of a hungry Bing Crosby. Shortly before the war, with a wife and two small children to support, he was wandering around Hollywood looking for work in an aged blue suit, the pants of which were precariously patched in the seat with adhesive tape. His pre-Hollywood dramatic experience consisted of a job as handy man to an astrologer.

Today, young Mr. Mitchum is a very hot movie star indeed. During the month of October he received 1,638 fan letters, second only to Ginger Rogers at RKO. On a recent public-appearance visit to New York he was pursued by gasping bevies of subdebs. His admirers claim he is Hollywood's most generous bonus to the American girl since Clark Gable.

Mr. Mitchum, it has turned out to everybody's surprise, especially his own, is that most reliable and profitable commodity among actors—a genuine, full-blown Menace with sex appeal. These men are rare articles. In the past 20 years only a handful—Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Alan Ladd and the great Gable himself—have appeared on the screen. They are durable, exciting, worth their weight in box offices.

In recent pictures, Mitchum played tough in Ernie Pyle's The Story of G.I. Joe, John Steinbeck's The Red Pony, and in Crossfire, the anti-Semitic attack, all essentially salty and masculine opera not designed for the boudoir trade. He followed these by working opposite such redoubtable leading ladies as Loretta Young in a movie tentatively titled Rachel, Dorothy McGuire in Till the End of Time, Jane Greer in Out of the Past, and Greer Garson in Desire Me.

With or without benefit of actresses to push around, Mitchum inspired feminine squeals and sighs in the audience. RKO executives frankly wondered why. They knew that Mitchum was not beautiful. And there was even debate about whether he could act. Some said he couldn't act for sour apples.

The executives equipped a research girl with pencil and notebook and stationed her outside a community theater to make a little experiment. Catching several hundred girls while they were still warm, the researcher asked them why they liked Mitchum. She jotted down their replies and prepared a consensus. This is it: "We like him because he has the most immoral face we ever saw. He suggests sex in an evil sort of way."

Then the studio knew. Mr. Mitchum is a fully accredited Menace.

The motion-picture industry is old-fashioned and set in its ways about male stars. It thinks in terms of four kinds only: Handsome Dogs, Maternal Instinct Appealers, Funnymen and Menaces.

A genuine Menace seldom has to do anything much. He builds up suspense almost unendurably, in precisely the same manner Director Alfred Hitchcock builds up suspense with a script, by looking as if he *might* explode into violent action any moment. A reliable Menace indicates by a suggestion of capacity under control that if he did unleash his passions, the results would be as interesting as an Iroquois raid on Miss Spence's School for Girls.

Sure, the Menaces do now and then get into terrible fights on the screen, and sometimes push a girl in the face with a grapefruit, but by and large they are the quietest men in motion pictures. They have the authority of concealed weapons.

A Master of the Soft-Voiced Technique

Our Mr. Mitchum, it transpired, was expert at this from the start. He read his lines quietly, as if he meant them, and what's more, as if he understood them. He never raised his voice. He regarded even the most luscious movie damsels as offhandedly as if they were tomatoes and he owned the vegetable bin.

Mitchum accepted his sudden elevation to stardom with a peculiar mixture of diffidence and robust imagination that floored even his press agents.

In the beginning, a nice girl who earns a living by conducting interviews for RKO stars made the innocent mistake of exposing Mitchum to a columnist before she herself knew what he was likely to talk about. Robert, in an effort to provide a story, launched upon a description of his experiences on a Georgia chain gang.

This rewarded him with an indignant kick in the shins from the lady press agent and a star-chamber session in the publicity department, where efforts were made to create a more reasonable biography for the new star.

"So all right," said Bob. "Publicity's your business. You fix up the story."

Actually Robert Mitchum sprang from a theatrical family, played in stock companies at the age of eight, attended Duke University because it had a good drama department, and pursued his art with the Long Beach Players, where astute talent scouts saw his great promise and signed him up.

He was born in Bridgeport on August 6, 1917. His mother, who was widowed soon after, was a linotype operator who moved around occasionally to Philadelphia, Charleston, Tampa and Delaware.

Young Bob was a pale, anemic child with pretty manners, taught him by his mother, who valued "sirs" and "ma'ams" as only a lady fetched up in the Deep South can value them.

The boy started running away from home at the age of six, and by the time he *(Continued on page 40)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

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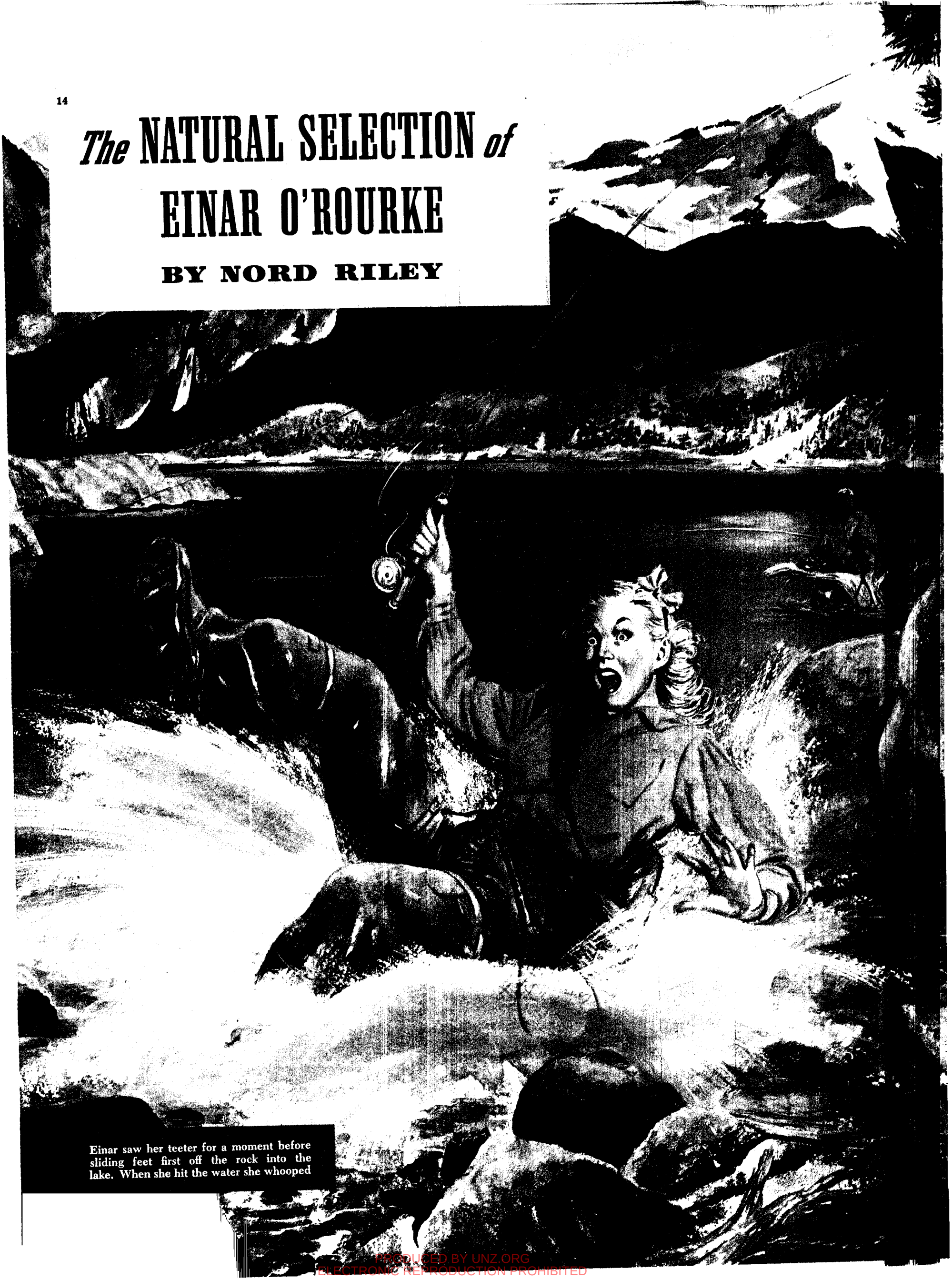
The NATURAL SELECTION *of* EINAR O'ROURKE

BY NORD RILEY



Einar saw her teeter for a moment before sliding feet first off the rock into the lake. When she hit the water she whooped

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Lucinda had everything—and Einar liked to think he didn't want any of it

WHEN Einar O'Rourke got back from six months in Norway, where he had taught the Norwegians to fly the planes they had purchased from his employer, a Los Angeles aircraft company, he was handed a bonus and told to go lie down some place for a month. He had a queer look. Milford Kelley, who in war and peace sat at Einar's right in the cockpit, was told to go along and keep the pilot's nose clean.

The first thing Einar did was to tool out to Beverly Hills to see Miss Hazel Bradford, a moneyed young thing loosely scheduled to become his wife. In his gentle, pensive way he told Hazel and her mother that the marriage was off; according to his estimates, he said, he'd be better off dead. Marrying anyone as useless as Hazel, the way he figured it, was hornswoggling society and a menace to posterity.

Along in there Hazel's mother, a lovely gray-haired old lady with a tongue like a flame thrower, got her wind and wanted to know just where the hell he got off snooting her daughter. Speaking carefully, like a doctor explaining warts, Einar pointed out that Hazel was no more use to humanity than arch supports to a snake. He had doubts that she could cook her way out of malnutrition. Then Einar said that about covered it and he guessed he'd be shoving. As he left, Hazel stopped doing her nails and looked up at him somewhat more dazedly than usual.

Quivering a little, like a man who has successfully administered a hotfoot to a tigress with young, Einar drove on out to Santa Monica to the apartment of Milford Kelley. While Milford wrung juice from oranges they ran off several thoughts on the sad slump in American womanhood and where they ought to go to heal up from it.

They decided to go trout fishing and by the middle of the following afternoon they had driven 300 miles and were parked at the side of a narrow mountain road 8,000 feet up the back of California's Sierra Nevada. Mt. Whitney was some miles south of them; Lake Tahoe and Reno, with its genial larcenies, lay to the north.

Einar and Milford were on their backs under a ponderous sugar pine, keeping up their strength on orange juice, when the big yellow convertible came around the bend and stopped beside their jeep. A girl was at the wheel.

"Hey," she yelled, "this thing yours?" She held up one end of a sleeping bag. Tire tracks showed on it. "I guess I sort of ran over it."

Milford, a stocky man in his thirties, walked to the car and took the bag. "Thanks," he said, "it must have shook off." He squinted at the girl. "My name's Milford Kelley. Why don't you climb down off that General Sherman, honey, and have a slug of orange juice with us? This canyon is hot."

The girl had remarkably large and warm gray eyes that probed Milford like a fluoroscope. "Why, yes," she said, sliding out of the car, "orange juice would be refreshing, wouldn't it?" Nature had designed her with a loving hand. She was beautiful. Her hair was sand-colored. Friendliness and intelligence were in her face. In white shorts and a loose blue cashmere sweater she looked clean and toothsome.

"Mind if I clap?" Milford asked.

She smiled and walked over to the pine with him.

"Einar," Milford said, "this kindly mouse found your mummy sack in the road and ran over it. On account of your gratitude I am letting her have some of our orange juice. Honey, this long thin thing is Einar O'Rourke."

EINAR stood up, a tall man of twenty-five, spare, loose as a puppet in the joints and through an act of whimsical genes, owner of a face upon which a look of boyish innocence, largely counterfeit, was engraved. This face and his air of helplessness brought out strong emotions in women. They wanted to protect him.

Einar regarded the girl gravely. "I am extremely grateful. I hope you find our juice invigorating." When he had said that he sat down again.

"What's eating Junior?" the girl asked affably. "His little tummy hurt?"

Einar lifted his guileless blue eyes and scanned her thoroughly, starting at the top and dawdling here and there on the way down.

The girl shifted uneasily. "Either that boy's older than he looks," she said to Milford, "or he doesn't believe what Daddy's been telling him about girls."

"Here," Milford said, handing her a paper cup. "Hold still." He poured orange juice into it from a gallon vacuum jug. "Don't let Einar fool you. That choirboy face is a swindle. Dames all over the world keep wanting him to sit on their laps. Which he does."

"Is his name really Einar O'Rourke? It sounds sort of schizophrenic."

"When he sits there like that, his little mind going like stink, he is being Norwegian," said Milford. "When his better half, the O'Rourke side, takes hold he is only mildly loathsome."

"Norwegian, hey?" the girl murmured. She sipped her orange juice and stared wide-eyed at Milford. "Merciful heavens, what proof orange juice is this, anyway?"

"We use only bonded Kentucky oranges," Einar said. He gave the girl another long look, the smile of a slightly lascivious cherub on his face.

Color appeared in the girl's cheeks. "Darn you, sonny, you make me nervous." She turned to Milford. "It's that child's pan. Wolves who have just reached puberty must look like that."

"Girl," Einar said, "what is your name?"

"Lucy. Lucinda Johnson."

"How do you earn your living, Lucinda Johnson?"

"Well, you see Pop's—"

"I see. Pop's got coin, hasn't he? So all you do is loll around in those short pants getting us males in an uproar."

"If I didn't think you'd squeal to your mother, I'd paste you one for that." She smiled gently at him. "You in an uproar, young fella?"

"I am. I have blood," he said. "Are you a married woman, Lucinda?"

She chuckled. "I hope I don't do your corpuscles an injury when I tell you I got a guy who wishes to wed with me."

Einar gave that some thought. "Very probably I would be doing society a service," he said slowly, "if I could talk to the pigeon before it's too late. Girls like you are quite a cross to lug around for fifty years or so."

Clouds gathered in the girl's eyes. "I'm warning you, sonny, I'd just as lief clout a minor as not."

"I just got back from Norway," Einar said, "where women look after the care and feeding of their menfolk in fine style, instead of running around taking everything and giving nothing like they do here. You can't cook and you're too lazy even to reproduce yourselves. According to statistics, you know, you rich babes only have one and nine-tenths infants."

"Only nine-tenths, eh?" Lucy said.

"Women like you," Einar said, his unripened features strained with thought, "are ruining our economy."

"Better have some more orange juice to deaden the noise," Milford said. "He's loose again."

"Women like you," Einar went on, "marry old guys even though women outlive men by an average of six years—probably by working them to death; consequently, we are developing a nation of young widows who control the country's coin without knowing how to use it or having done anything to earn it. You are parasitic."

The girl showed real anger and hurt. "How can you say things like that to me?" she cried. "It's not very polite or smart to sit there blowing off about me when you don't know a thing about me!" She paused, gathering invective. "You big, diluted Norsky!"

Einar's eyes lost their distant focus and centered on Lucy's beautiful, angry face. He had a feeling he got when he came out of a dive too fast. He noticed now that high up on her nose she had a few freckles and that her eyes weren't entirely gray, but tinged with green. A great hankering to appease her came over him. He gave her a smile that had all the sweet innocence of a little boy covering up small crime from Mama.

She glared at him, then turned quickly and ran to her car. Milford followed her. "That Einar," he said, "has no more manners than a boar with a boil on his snoot. In Norway some of the girls took him to their homes and fed him up and mothered him and ever since he's been soured on American gals. It's made him think too much. That's why we came up here, you know, so he'd have room for his enormous thoughts."

"Some thoughts!" Lucy said. "He ought to be buttoned up in an institution before some woman kills him."

MILFORD'S round brown eyes were worried. "Sometimes I think he has blown his gaskets; other times I wonder if he isn't turning into a genuine thinker."

"Thinkers always got it in for women," Lucy said. Her anger gone, she gazed a few seconds, fascinated, at Einar. Then she asked Milford where they planned to camp. When he told her she nodded and started the engine. "If Junior's head hurts him after all his thinking," she said, "burp him good and give his little neck a couple of twists for me. Goodby, Milford."

A few minutes after she had driven on up the mountain road they stowed the sleeping bag and vacuum jug in the jeep and followed her. They had gone only a short distance when they came to the lodge, an opulent structure with terraced lawns, a private trout pool and $30-a-day rooms. When Einar saw the big yellow convertible parked there, the hot glazed look that single men sometimes develop during the skirmishes before mating disappeared. He felt double-crossed by his natural yens. It annoyed him that wide-spaced gray eyes, a few flecks of pigment on a proboscis and a fine soft mouth could blind him to the evidence that this was a pampered, useless woman, doubtless unable to run an egg beater. They passed the hotel in silence.

From the hotel on, the road was a one-track gravel thread that tilted so sharply Milford put the jeep in four-wheel drive. At 10,000 feet the road suddenly ran out of the poplar and pine and bulled its way into the raw, red ruin of a great slide. For 2,000 feet above them, and far below them, sharp-edged rocks, rubble of a dying peak, perched so delicately one upon the other that it seemed as if a cough or a raindrop would be enough to set them roaring down into the valley. They looked as tentative as coal in a chute.

Milford tiptoed the jeep through a mile of it. Beyond the slide the road ended in a slanting green meadow fringed with pines and dimpled with a small lake. On the far side of the lake, long dirty fingers of snow reached down from the summits and dipped into the water. There, at 11,000 feet, they put up their tent.

AT THE lodge Lucy found her father and mother in their suite, sunburned and dusty from a three-day pack trip into the high Sierra lakes after steelhead trout. She kissed them. "Hi, Pop; hi, Emily. You kids have fun?"

"I had a wonderful time," said Mrs. Johnson, smiling. "But your father has bunions on his bustle from riding."

"Soak it overnight in salt water, Pop," Lucy said. "Give you a bottom like a crocodile's."

Olaf Johnson, a blue-eyed man in his fifties, amiable and shrewd, was a Minneapolis grain buyer who had made a haul on the steadily rising wheat market of the past few years. Wealthy now, he was able to keep his family in California. They wintered in Laguna; summers, when Mrs. Johnson's hay fever raged, they spent in the mountains. Johnson adored his sassy, warmhearted daughter.

"Ronald called a few minutes ago. He's driving up from L. A. tomorrow. Be here around dinnertime, he said."

Lucy nodded, preoccupied. Ronald Simpson was a bright young man who for five mornings a week over a local Los Angeles station was radio's Counselor of Happy Housewives. After two years of courtship he had wearied Lucy into saying she guessed she'd probably marry him someday.

Mrs. Johnson studied Lucy's face. "You don't appear exactly delirious, dear. Is everything all right between you two?"

"Our fiery passions are about the same," Lucy said. She sighed. "Ronald's a good guy, I suppose. I just keep wondering what arouses him most: Pop's durum wheat or me."

"Except for a tendency to act like Jehovah, which I hear is an occupational hazard," Johnson said, "he isn't so bad."

Abstractedly, Lucy watched her father open a bottle of beer. She asked slowly, "Pop, am I of any use to anybody? I mean what good am I?"

(Continued on page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID LOCKHART

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BERLIN'S WINTER OF

BY COLLIE SMALL

Barely existing on brief rations of food, fuel and other necessities the three million-odd Germans in Berlin are cold and afraid. In their battle for survival they spy on one another, steal coffins from the dead for firewood and raid garbage cans to eat

A bleak, frosty morning in Berlin's streets

PIX

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THE first snow came to Berlin in late November, but it melted quickly and it wasn't until the first hard frost a few days later that winter really seemed to settle in the bones of the tumble-down city. Then, Berlin's battered joints stiffened and its pace slowed ominously until, suddenly, nearly everyone was cold and afraid. This one, they told themselves, is going to be the worst winter of all.

Weeks later, when the suffering was even worse, they were still talking about November. For some reason, known only to Germans, they couldn't get it out of their minds. It was common gossip, for example, that suicides had shot up to a record high in November, and people seemed to get a vicarious pleasure out of comparing it with the wave of suicides that occurred when the Russians first entered the city. In their weary imaginations, suicides had suddenly become the logical index to all their troubles.

A woman in Zehlendorf, a suburb of Berlin, tried to explain it.

"November is a gloomy, mysterious month," she said. "It is a month of revolutions. There is something in the air that causes people to commit suicide. You can always tell what kind of winter it will be in Berlin by the number of people who kill themselves in November."

As things developed, the lady was obviously indulging in the favorite German sport of putting new endings on the Götterdämmerung. When the actual suicide figures were totaled, November was the second lowest month of the year.

Berlin is a frightened, gullible city, and the November suicide rumor was a great deal like a lot of other rumors. Not long ago, there was a rumor that babies were being ground up for sausage, and nervous Berliners believed it. There was another rumor that young women were being murdered by a black-market gang and hung on hooks in an abandoned butcher shop. There was a third rumor, not quite so shocking, that Russia had declared war on Turkey and that the United States had rushed troops and ships to the Dardanelles.

If they guessed wrong on everything else, however, Berliners guessed right when they gloomily predicted that this winter would be the hardest winter they have been called on to face since they reaped the whirlwind. There is as much food now as there was last winter, and there is slightly more fuel. But there is little hope any longer that things are actually going to get better, and people have been steadily weakened by chronic cold and hunger to the point where they are far less able to endure another winter, either physically or mentally.

Chronic hunger has taken the worst toll. In many cases, otherwise normal Berliners have skidded mentally through a lack of food until their sense of discrimination is fuzzy, their objectivity largely gone, their reactions dangerously slow. Crossing streets, they are easily confused and frequently wander uncertainly into the paths of oncoming automobiles, or, worse yet, stand fatally entranced in the swirl of traffic, paralyzed with fear and indecision.

Industrial accidents have skyrocketed. In 1938, with industry in Berlin going at top speed, there were 1,867 fatal accidents. In 1946, the last year for which complete figures are available, there were 5,342 industrial fatalities in Berlin, and those with less than 15 per cent of the 1938 factories even operating.

An accountant confessed that he was frequently baffled by simple columns of figures and that a problem in simple addition or subtraction often seemed like an advanced exercise in calculus. An optician complained that he could no longer muster enough concentration even to be sure of making the correct change in eyeglasses for his customers. Teachers in Berlin schools find they have to hammer constantly at their pupils to make them think. "It is not inconceivable," a doctor said recently, "that a whole generation of mental incompetents is being spawned in Berlin."

Berlin school officials recently picked 41 boys at random, between the ages of twelve and fourteen, and found that: 22 had no blankets, 14 no bed linen, 7 no shirt, 21 no shoes, 37 no overcoat. Five of them got two warm meals a day, 28 got one warm meal, 8 got a warm meal occasionally, and 37 never got any breakfast. Of 34 schoolgirls, between fifteen and eighteen, the situation was roughly the same except that 7 of the girls had contracted a venereal disease and 14 had slept with men to get food.

Since the quality and quantity of food available has a direct bearing on the incidence of tuberculosis, it is hardly surprising that there are at least 12,000 persons in Berlin with "open" T.B. Each open victim, according to generally accepted medical statistics, will infect ten new persons in a year's time.

The food ration of 1,550 calories a day is still in effect with no prospect of an increase. Consequently, civilian subsistence in Berlin is still at the level which Herbert Hoover described as the lowest in a hundred years. As though that were not enough, part of Berlin's daily food allotment winds up in the black market, with a helpful shove from corrupt food officials. The result is that well-fed, bespatted black marketeers gather nightly in their chosen rendezvous to joust with caviar and *filet mignon* while other Berliners are dining at home on boiled roots and mice, assuming they are lucky enough to find the former and clever enough to trap the latter.

Anything to Satisfy Hunger

Cats and dogs disappear regularly, and when a horse collapsed and died in its traces on a Berlin street, housewives charged out of their kitchens with knives and cleavers flying. Some Berliners have even been reduced to eating boiled nettles, and, it has been reported, a kind of fungus that attaches itself to peat, in the ground. Others supplement their ration with garbage, though they have been warned against rooting through waste piles since they almost always become violently ill. It is obviously a dreadful choice—to eat garbage and get sick, or to leave it alone and endure the torture of a constantly pleading stomach.

Begging is forbidden, but pride and lawfulness are both forgotten virtues, and some Berliners literally live on Allied doorsteps. One American housewife had 19 such callers in one day. To keep a slice of bread or a chocolate bar from going into the black market, most housewives now make the recipient take a large bite out of it before leaving the premises, thus spoiling any resale value the food might have had.

Fuel is another problem. Last year, people tore the seats out of subway trains and dug up coffins from cemeteries to get wood, and this year the situation is almost as desperate, although the fuel ration has been increased slightly. Unfortunately, nearly every home in Berlin suffered some war damage, and even a normal prewar supply of fuel now would not be enough with which to keep warm in, say, a house without windows.

Several months ago, a number of caskets were stolen from the burial vault of the Garnison Kirche, a once splendid church housing the mortal remains of nearly 200 Prussian officers, some of whose proud ghosts could boast of having fought with Frederick the Great. When authorities investigated the thefts, they found the bodies of the dead warriors sprawled grotesquely on the stone floor in rusty sabers and rotted parade uniforms, their caskets literally stolen out from under them. But somebody in Berlin had a new fire in his stove.

Unfortunately, Berlin's ordinary dead must also suffer. From the spring of 1945 until last September, most Berlin undertakers used caskets with false bottoms for funeral services and actually buried the dead in grisly black sacks in order to save the caskets for other funeral services. Shocked city officials tried to stop the practice by allotting a ration of wood for coffins, but while the order has been generally effective, some false-bottom caskets are still being used. One undertaker was even apprehended renting regular coffins—for funeral services only—at 40 marks for five hours.

To get more electricity than is allowed legally, there are 1,001 ways to "beat" a meter, and Berliners know every one of them. The average ration per family per month is roughly 18 kilowatt-hours, enough to run an electric refrigerator for perhaps two weeks, and the penalty for careless overconsumption is an automatic one-month disconnection plus a monumental fine of 100 times the cost of the electricity that was overconsumed. For deliberately setting out to cheat the ration, the penalty is jail.

Berliners are not deterred. Through the ingenious use of "oskars," devices to beat the meters, a great deal more electricity is being consumed than is actually being registered. The simplest system is to pull out the wires and bridge the meter. Some Berliners, however, drill tiny holes in the meter covers and insert thin wires to drag on the hands and slow them down.

(Continued on page 32)

Walter Preuss and his wife with 11 of their children, who live in four small rooms. In winter they usually huddle together in the kitchen to keep warm

PAUL LUTZEIER

These six pairs of shoes are worn communally by the Preuss children. The family also shares a single cake of soap a month. Its combined income is $12 a month

PAUL LUTZEIER

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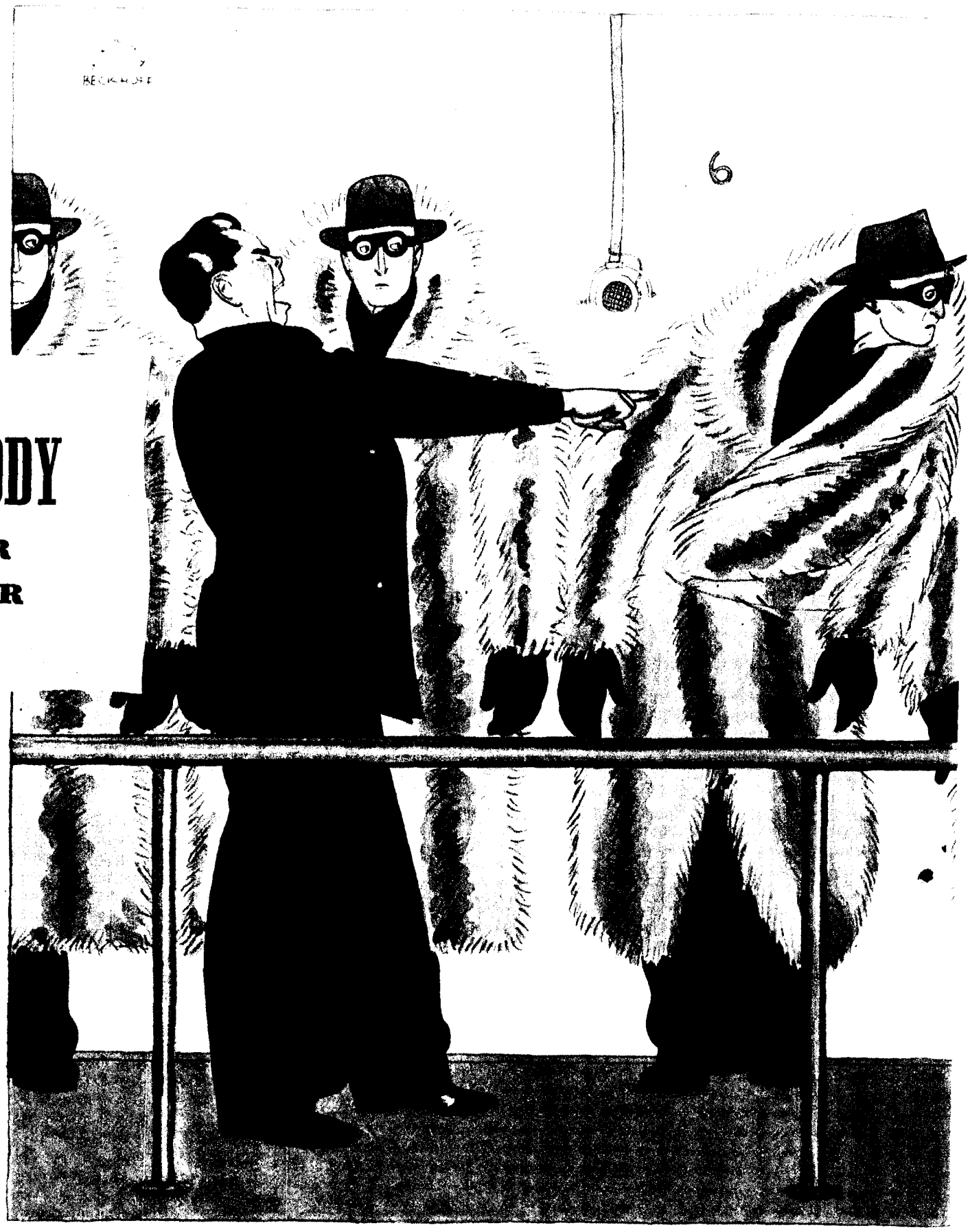
It must have been a dame. No man on earth could have known so much about so much



THE BUSYBODY

BY ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

I KNOW all about that *cherchez la femme* and corpus delicti stuff. One means the dame sent the dumpling back to the kitchen for more sauce. The other means the body of the crime must be called for in thirty days—win, lose or draw.

That Latin double-talk is okay on drugstore bottles provided the other end of the store is a soda fountain. But it's no dice when the city editor sends you out to part the united, reveal the past and foretell the jury decision. Especially when we had a city editor like Eaton who wouldn't take conversation for an answer. Nobody ever scared him on the telephone. Unless they tried to reverse the charges.

Eaton was always trying to find the body in plain English—usually heated to the point where it would bend horseshoes. He solved eleven mysteries, sent nine mobsters to the electric chair and three D.A.s to the gubernatorial, drove sixteen leg men nuttier than New Orleans candy, all while our circulation hopped to four hundred thousand in a city of a million. That meant practically nobody was reading over any other mug's shoulder.

But Eaton had no more to do with solving those mysteries than you have with the shape of Labrador. He could find the body. He could find the murderer. But he finally blew his topper trying to find the *detective.*

I'm going to tell you about four of those cases, including the final one that put Eaton in the laughing academy. But first I'm going to ask you a question. What kind of person in a city of a million souls and heels would know everybody?

If there was such a character where would he, she or it be located where it could gander every action of each individual night, day and fifteen minutes for lunch?

For some reason we decided it was a she. Not that we had any right to libel the ladies. For we never did locate the detective in any of those cases. It is still as much a mystery as the recipe for chow mein. You read this stuff and I'll guarantee your guess will be as wide as mine.

Al and I were the fifteenth and sixteenth leg men on the job, and it was Al who figured out the details. He was a reporter fresh from Maryland with the peanut butter still on his hard palate. That bird could take a murder case apart and put it together again with enough left over to start another one.

HE WAS working on the meanest crime on the blotter—kidnaping and murder. You remember when the F.B.I. stepped in and took the silk out of the ransom money? There were twenty-five hundred gold notes circulating minus the familiar colored silk veins. It was three years before a filling station operator rang the bell on a cash register that started another round in the case. He runs out and grapples the guy, but it takes six cops to referee the bout.

The fellow turned out to be a cabinetmaker with no record except maybe overcharging like all carpenters do. They are reasonably certain he is the guy, for there isn't a bit of silk reinforcement in the double sawbuck. They can't tie him in with the corpus delicti for they cannot prove he spent the money they have collected in three years or still has the seventeen hundred and eighty notes outstanding. Whether the guy is rabbit or wolf he is a lone one. They search his house from pipes to weather vane and they don't find anything. Except the fellow has spent considerable money for repairs that figure to be just above his income.

And that's where it stands with the suspect about to beat the rap, when one morning Eaton throws a post card across to Al and asks, "What do you make of that?"

Al's wearing the rose-colored glims of the morning after. His eyes are a bit bloodshot, but he risks one on the card and says, "I make nothing and everything of that."

Whereupon he goes out and busts the case wide opener than a yawning hippo. On that card is written one of the wisest things I have ever read and I want to say I have been shushed in many a library.

It's just seven words, but it contains the philosophy of the ages. It says, "A carpenter always writes on a board."

And it's signed, "The Busybody."

Al rips down all the new woodwork in the man's house. And on the back of a board in a third-floor clothes closet he finds a diary on a plank that spills the works. There are telephone numbers that prove he worked on the

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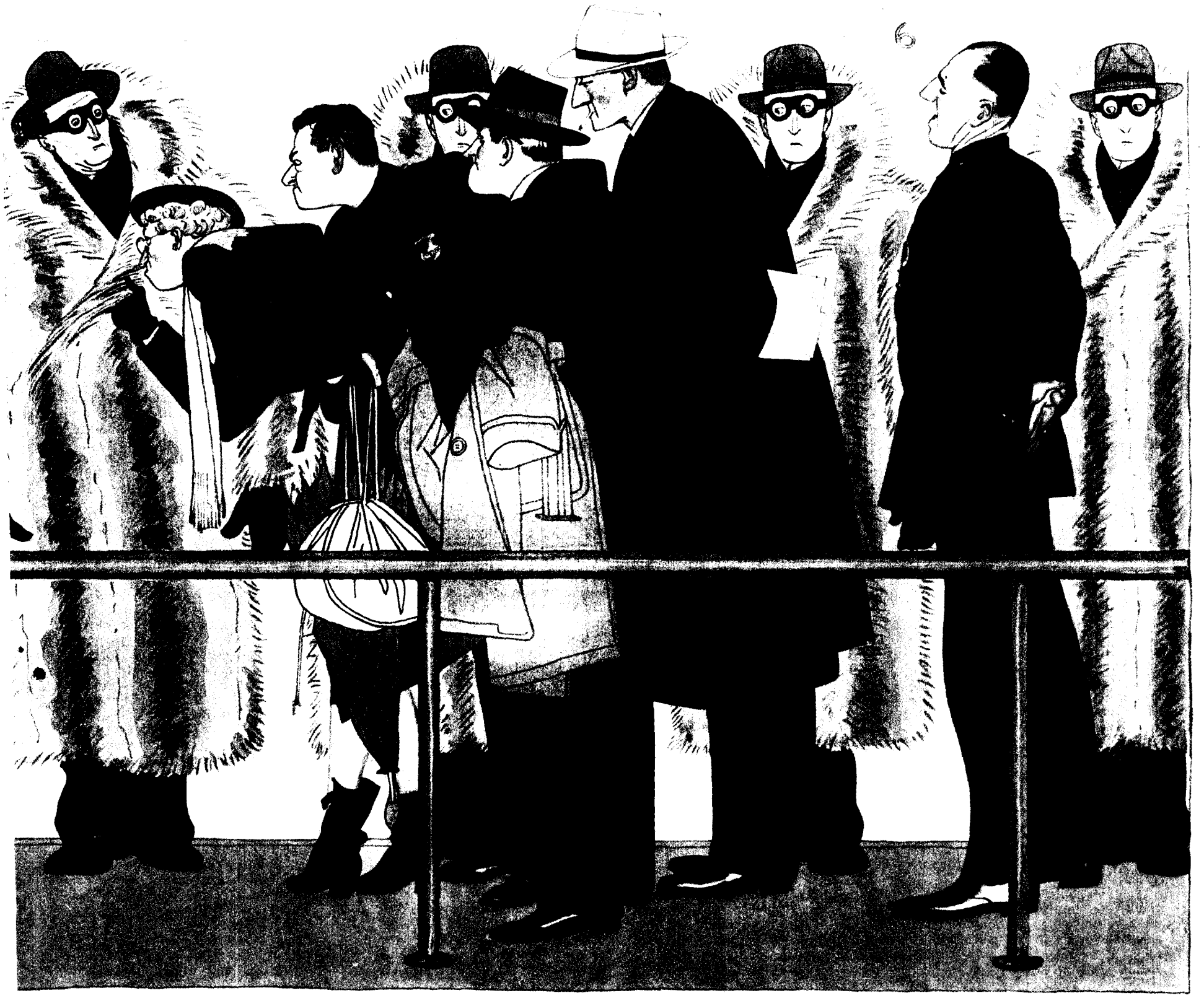

victim's house and knew the entire layout. Al got enough off that board to nail the guy and find the rest of the silkless ransom. And when the guy is guest of honor at the one-chair banquet he shakes his fist at Al. But Al has a camera strapped to his leg and gets that too. Eaton takes all the bows on the case, the circulation jumps and Al finally gets paid for the saw and hammer he used. But nobody finds out who the Busybody is.

THE next time out the Busybody saves a man. Eaton doesn't like that, but Al puts two mugs in his place. There has been a sailor knocked loose from his future in a Front Street boardinghouse. He is deader than good intentions. Whereupon they peg a loose-lipped roustabout whose only alibi is that he wasn't there. But he can't prove where he was at eight o'clock which time the landlady fixes because a clock in the sailor's room sounds off just then. The court appoints a mouthpiece for the prisoner who isn't any more worth saving than the band on a nickel cigar.

But for some reason the mouthpiece takes an interest in the poor bum who knows from nothing. He has the landlady on the stand for hours trying to break down either her story or her arches. He insinuates she may have wax in her ears or that she has ringing noises in her topper. He asks if it couldn't have been seven rings or nine rings. But she sticks to her eight even though the bum's lawyer has her making with the bings and the bongs. It always comes out eight.

The fellow is convicted after the jury stays out long enough to make a U turn. But the lawyer made the usual appeal, and while it was pending, Eaton tosses a post card to Al and says, "Sherlocko, shuffle that one up."

Al looks at the card which says, "Many a brave soul is asleep on the deep, so beware, beware." Al knows that is a bass solo for he has heard it grunted many times. It is endorsed, "The Busybody."

WHY should I waste your time and mine holding off the snapper? Al looks up the sucker's lawyer and they call on the landlady. On the retrial she is on the stand with a clock. At eight o'clock it rings eight times. At twelve o'clock it rings eight times. At four o'clock it rings eight times. It's a ship's clock and it isn't ringing hours. It's ringing bells on watches.

That cooks up a bit of reasonable doubt and, before they are through, the landlady and the landlady's boy friend are as guilty as a sheep dog with wool in his teeth. On the night of the electrocution a sentimental warden makes a concession to romance by permitting the landlady to sit in the boy friend's lap while he is pulling the switch.

She went up and down the line-up taking little sniffs and finally put the olfactory whammy on the fifth guy

They don't hear from the Busybody which from now on I shall call she and her. The more I think about those cases the more I figure only a woman could be so curious. . . .

Another of those dirty cases comes up that you get in a city of a million. Four little girls are playing on a street in the suburbs when a big, chromium-plated roadster drives up with a fellow

(Continued on page 57)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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FLIP-FLAP CHAMP

BY WILLIAM T. RIVES

Queen of the tumbling pad is attractive JoAnn Matthews, who, at sixteen, twisted and whirled herself into the A.A.U. title

THE ancient art of tumbling has reached its current summit in the person of a cinnamon-eyed, seventeen-year-old Dallas, Texas, girl named JoAnn Matthews.

In fact, JoAnn, who is five feet tall and weighs barely ninety pounds, is hailed as the greatest tumbler in history. In winning the 1947 women's national championship of the Amateur Athletic Union, JoAnn scored 29.7 points of a possible 30, the largest number ever scored in tumbling competition. The men's champion, Charles W. Thompson of Berkeley, California, scored 28.9 points.

Tumbling, in case you're puzzled, is a gymnastic form in which the athlete twists and whirls his body in extreme contortions, while soaring through the air under his own propulsion. Women have been prominent in the sport since the earliest days of recorded history, when female tumblers performed at funerals and other solemn ceremonies. Salome, who demanded and won the head of John the Baptist as a reward for her performance before Herod the Tetrarch, was probably tumbling during her famous "dance."

JoAnn Matthews is a worthy successor in the line of women champions. On the tumbling pad, she can match any man's feats and, nine times out of ten, she will do them with more grace and skill.

The most difficult tumbling stunt is the flying double backward somersault, during which the body whirls at blinding speed. It's dangerous, for a slight miscalculation or failure in coordination may bring the tumbler down with tremendous force on his neck or the base of his spine. Only one man, Paul Chapman of the Dallas Athletic Club team, has been able to execute this stunt regularly and faultlessly, says Charles Pond, JoAnn's young and serious coach.

But JoAnn, also, has performed the double back, and it would be a regular part of her competitive routine if Mother Matthews hadn't watched her do it once. Mrs. Matthews almost fainted and promptly instructed her daughter to leave such athletic tomfoolery to others.

Hollywood has sent out feelers to the tender-aged youngster, who is considerably handsomer than many movie belles. Besides a set of oversized brown eyes, Miss Matthews has snow-white teeth, a clear complexion, and tawny hair which takes on an apple-red sheen in the sunlight. Also, she has a pleasing absence of the bulging muscles which mar the figures of many female athletes.

JoAnn, acutely aware of her high-school age, hasn't listened very hard to the Hollywood murmurs.

"I don't like to work on a stage," she says, "because the footlights shine in my eyes and I can't make out the faces in the audience. I feel silly going up and bowing and smiling and not being able to tell if they're smiling back at me."

Should JoAnn succumb to the call of Hollywood's Pied Piper, she would have some harrowing moments trying to improve her carriage so that she would walk in the erect, chest-out manner of the movie queens. Miss Matthews is afflicted with "Tumbler's Walk." She has been doing back flips so long that her body seems to be in a permanent arch, with her hips thrust well forward.

Coach Pond has been trying to convert this slouchy paddle into a model's carriage. The results, till now, have been negligible.

Despite her rhythm and sensitive timing on the tumbling mat, JoAnn, in her own words, is "lousy on the dance floor." She employs a lumbering stumble which is continuously out of time with the music and is frequently injurious to her partner's toes.

A Tumbler's Perfect Day

JoAnn's idea of a gay day is to rehearse her most difficult tumbling stunts for hours, until her hair clings wet and clammy to her perspiring face and her body aches with fatigue; grab a quick shower and rubdown, and then have members of the gym team over to her house for a party, where they can talk tumbling and argue gymnastic teaching techniques for several more hours.

She takes better care of her legs than she does of her face. She hasn't had a permanent wave since she was ten years old, indeed, she won't go inside a beauty shop. "I just sit and fidget in a beauty parlor, and I can't see what good it does, anyway." But she rubs her legs with alcohol and softening cream lotion every night, to relieve tired muscles.

JoAnn has the typical amours of the teen-ager but has given little thought to marriage. "I want to get married, but not until I've gotten tumbling out of my system. It wouldn't be a very happy marriage, would it, if I should run out in the back yard and tumble every once in a while?"

In spite of her youth, JoAnn is an old-timer compared with most tumblers. She has been tumbling formally eight years, since she was nine years old. As a small child, she would somersault up and down the back yard and do handsprings over hedges, and she still whirls over the lawn occasionally for the benefit of wide-eyed neighborhood kids.

When her horrified parents saw her do a cart wheel over a short flight of stairs without the use of her hands, they decided it was time an expert took her in tow. They placed her in an acrobatic-dancing school, but the routines there were too simple for the agile girl. Her parents were on the verge of distraction when one day JoAnn saw three tumblers performing at an amateur show.

"That's what I want to do," the little girl cried excitedly.

The finest tumbling instructor in Dallas then was the late James Parker, a quondam circus performer.

Parker grounded her in round-offs and flip-flaps, the basic tumbling maneuvers (a round-off is similar to a cart wheel and places the tumbler in a position for the flip-flap, a backward handspring).

After Parker's death shortly before the outbreak of the war, JoAnn, with no one to instruct her, was a lost soul, but her interest never flagged and she worked out alone daily.

Her great break came one day in 1945, when Pond, just out of the Marines and on the prowl for talent, watched her going through her simple few routines. Realizing the remarkable talent that was awaiting development, Pond, who coached gymnastics at the Dallas Athletic Club, promised he would make her a national champion.

The two have been working together ever since, each with remarkable admiration and respect for the other. Pond discusses her ability in reverential, almost idolatrous tones. JoAnn, on the other hand, gratefully sees in her instructor the wise and patient man who brought her latent talents to the surface.

So harmoniously do they work and so deep is their mutual devotion to tumbling that when Pond resigned from the Dallas Athletic Club last summer to coach at the University of Illinois, JoAnn and her parents decided that she should go to Champaign with him, there to enter high school and continue her athletic career under his tutelage.

Pond's promise to make JoAnn a national champion was carried out the first time she entered the big meet, at Dallas in 1947.

She ran away with the title, scoring the phenomenal margin of 4.8 points over the runner-up, her teammate, Joanne Slocum.

Under A.A.U. rules competitors are allowed to choose their own routines, but they are granted only one minute and a half in which to do them. As all entrants try to squeeze in as many stunts as possible, it means that they must race up and down the sixty-foot pad at least five times in ninety seconds, sending their bodies through rigorous somersaults, twists, handsprings and other spectacular feats.

JoAnn included a half-twisting forward somersault and a backward twisting handspring, single and double backward twisters and a backward handspring followed by a "layout," a maneuver remindful of a backward swan dive.

In between she performed simpler stunts, most of them in order to build up momentum and get her body in position for the more formidable feats.

Quite a Busy Ninety Seconds

In all, she executed twenty-seven tumbling routines in ninety seconds, while running, leaping and soaring over a distance of three hundred feet.

When she finished, the Southern Methodist University Gymnasium shook with applause and the judges were so spellbound they forgot momentarily to compute her points.

Then, just for good measure, JoAnn did an exhibition of the double backward somersault—her last time to try the hazardous stunt in competition, for that was when Mother put her foot down.

One thing that makes JoAnn a great champion is her lack of temperament. If she were the petulant, fretting type, she wouldn't be able to work under Coach Pond. He was known as "the Tumbling Tumbleweed" in his days at Hardin-Simmons University in Abilene, Texas, and was a tough Marine paratrooper and athletic instructor during the war. In the gymnasium, he is a firm but popular disciplinarian.

Virtually every one of Pond's students who has been with him more than a year has won championship or runner-up trophies in regional or national A.A.U. competition.

Pond has devoted fifteen of his thirty-one years to the study and teaching of tumbling and virtually lives in a world of flip-flaps, round-offs and full twisters.

He grows ecstatic when he contemplates JoAnn's future. His star student, however, doesn't share his enthusiasm, feeling she is getting "old and decrepit."

"Coach, don't you think I've reached my peak?" she asked innocently shortly after winning the national championship

"Yes, honey," he said, patting her shoulder softly. "I guess you're right. You're sixteen years old. Washed up."

JoAnn sighed heavily and nodded in agreement before she caught on to the rib. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

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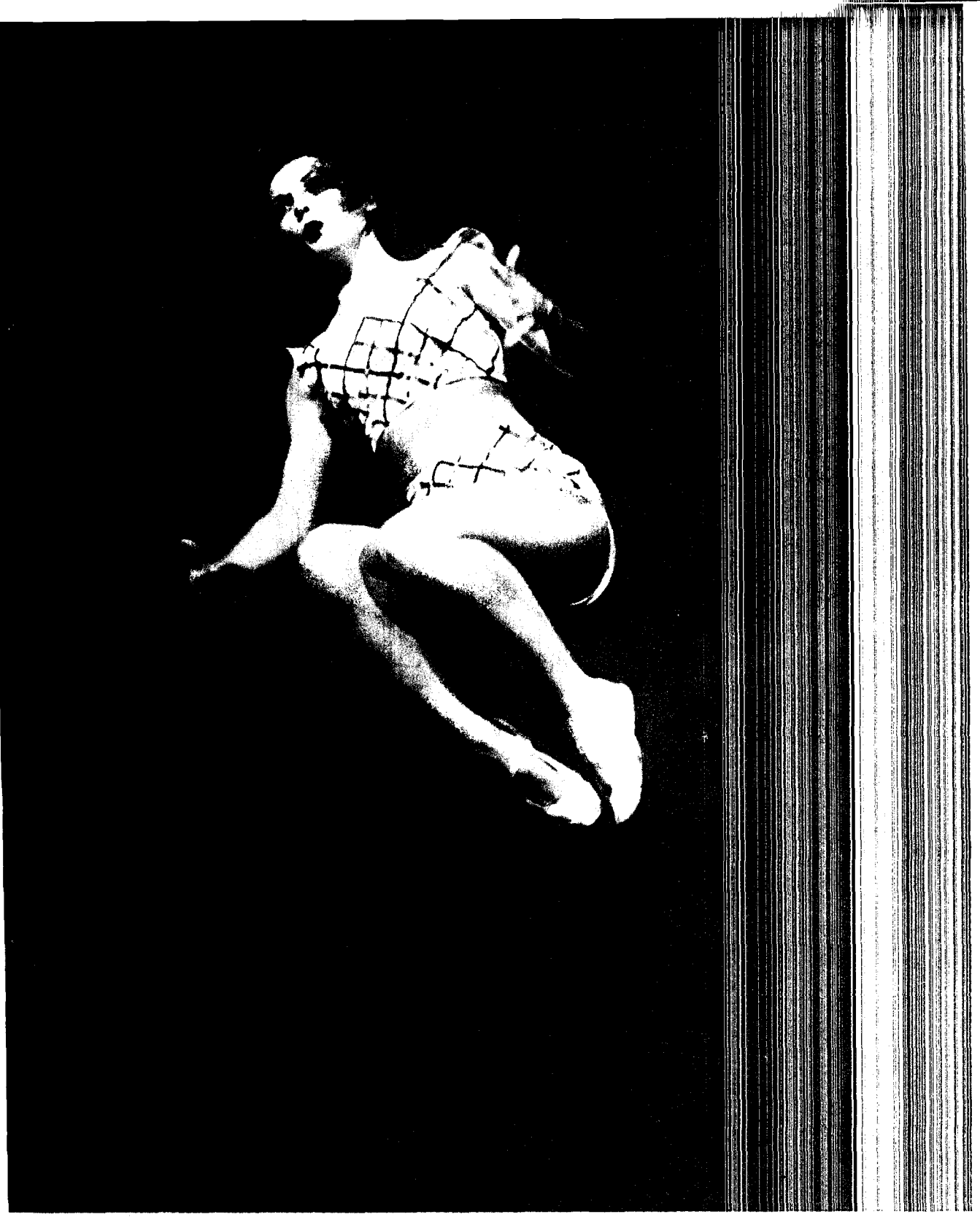

Pretty JoAnn Matthews goes through her routine at Illini Field. Above: Left, she completes the double backward somersault. Top right, tumbler Bill Willis heaves her into the air with a one-foot pitch backward somersault. Middle right, JoAnn and teammate Robert Sullivan in the dangerous round-off flip-flap lay-out meeting from opposite directions. Below (left to right): Sullivan and JoAnn do backward somersaults in swing time. (2) JoAnn completes the cartwheel sideward somersault in lay-out position. (3) JoAnn does the high swan from Sullivan's shoulders to a catch in Willis' arms

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COME TO THE FAIR

BY THOMAS ROURKE

You'll never meet two sweeter killers

"I DO not like this gun," the man who was sitting behind the wheel said.

The man in the rear seat, leaning forward with his folded arms resting on the back of the front seat, said, "*Bien,* so you don't like it—but keep it down out of sight, will you?"

The car, a battered convertible with the ragged top laid back, was parked at a right-hand curb by an intersecting street, pulled up close so that there was no room for another car ahead. It was in the outskirts of the business section and there was little movement at that hour, the laziness of the mid-morning sun lying upon the small shops and upon the few people who walked in the shade of the overhanging second stories. The wide street, lined with half-grown, scrawny coconut palms, stretched straightaway between two far, dim ranges of the Andes to the airport, some three miles distant. It led in the other direction to the center of the capital itself—to the Plaza where the fountains had played for two centuries, where the old Spanish cathedral stood on the foundations of an Incan temple, where the new government palace raised its modernistic mass, and where, not many years ago, horses had dragged the bloody carcass of a president of the republic.

So, as the guidebooks say, this street which they called the Alameda could be thought of as a span between the ancient and the modern histories of the country. But there wasn't much difference between the two histories really, since, about halfway along the Alameda, the two men waited in the parked car.

They were of the type called cholo in the Andean countries—dark-skinned, with the predominant Indian blood showing strongest. Juancho, at the wheel, was small, restless and bone-thin. The other, called Chato, which means snub-nosed, was thick of body and limb, with a large round head and a puffy, pock-marked, composed face. A brown cigarette hung dead from his lips. Both wore cheap city clothes, shrunken tight to their bodies and sun-faded to strange, mottled hues.

"It will be very boring waiting so long," Juancho said. "The plane lands at eleven, *si Dios quiera,* and it will be noon before this individual passes. You are sure that this is the indicated position?"

"Are you nervous then? When one asks the same question twice in five minutes I say he is nervous."

"I am not nervous, it is only that I prefer my own gun to this affair which they lent me."

"I think you are nervous. Where is your own gun then?"

"Where it always is when I do not have it—with Tío Isaac at the *monte de piedad,* of course. He gave me fifty pesos, no more. Imagine, for an arm that is worth a minimum of five hundred. It is an abuse."

With his tongue Chato rolled the cigarette to the corner of his mouth, spat, and said, "Bad luck still dogs me—now they give me for this enterprise a nervous man who is not competent with arms."

Juancho bridled, snapping his head with the movement of a fighting cock. "Listen, *amigo.* I tell you so that you should know—I am of the province of Palenque, which is famous for marksmen, where the whole world is competent with arms, even to the children who hunt wild ducks with slingshots."

"Perhaps then you should have a slingshot."

Juancho eyed his companion with dignified disdain. "You have never heard I suppose of my *compadre,* Don Jesús Landázurri?"

"To the present time I have been denied the pleasure."

"Don Chuchu he is called. He is the eldest son—legitimate, that is—of Don Salvador Landázurri y Ponce, the *hacendado* of Palenque; and I am convinced that there is none in this world who is his equal with arms—with the little arm in particular."

"You refer to the slingshot, *por supuesto.*"

"In my province we distinguish. 'Arm' is used generally to indicate the long gun—rifle or shotgun—while 'little arm' refers to the handgun or pistol. Shall I relate an example of Don Chuchu's ability with the little arm?"

"Tell me. It will help to pass the time and perhaps to calm your nerves."

AGAIN Juancho ignored the thrust. "On a certain evening," he said, "we find ourselves, as was customary, in the cantina of the Holy Angels, taking a little swallow of the precious liquor called *almendrado,* for which Palenque is also justly famous. There suddenly in the doorway is Don Chuchu—as drunk as six Indians at a funeral. He stands there with his handsome boots wide apart, his great hat hanging behind his neck and a smile on his face. An immediate silence falls upon the cantina and then Don Chuchu shouts, 'Señoritas! All of you! Every one of you to the bar for a drink to the son who was born to me this day!' *Pues,* all of the girls scramble from the tables and go to the bar and when they are all lined up there, they are six. Luis, the *cantinero,* hurries to pour the drinks, and the girls all raise their glasses and toast the newborn son of Don Chuchu. '*Mil gracias, muchachas!*' Don Chuchu cries. 'And now I want you all to turn your backs. Go on, little daughters, turn around and finish your drinks facing the bar. *Andad vos!*' No one knows what he has in mind of course but all know that it is folly to question Don Chuchu when he is in such a happy mood. So without hesitation,

(Continued on page 34)

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Slowly, steadily the figure grew nearer, moving above the heads of the people—fifty yards now from the two men who sat waiting

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

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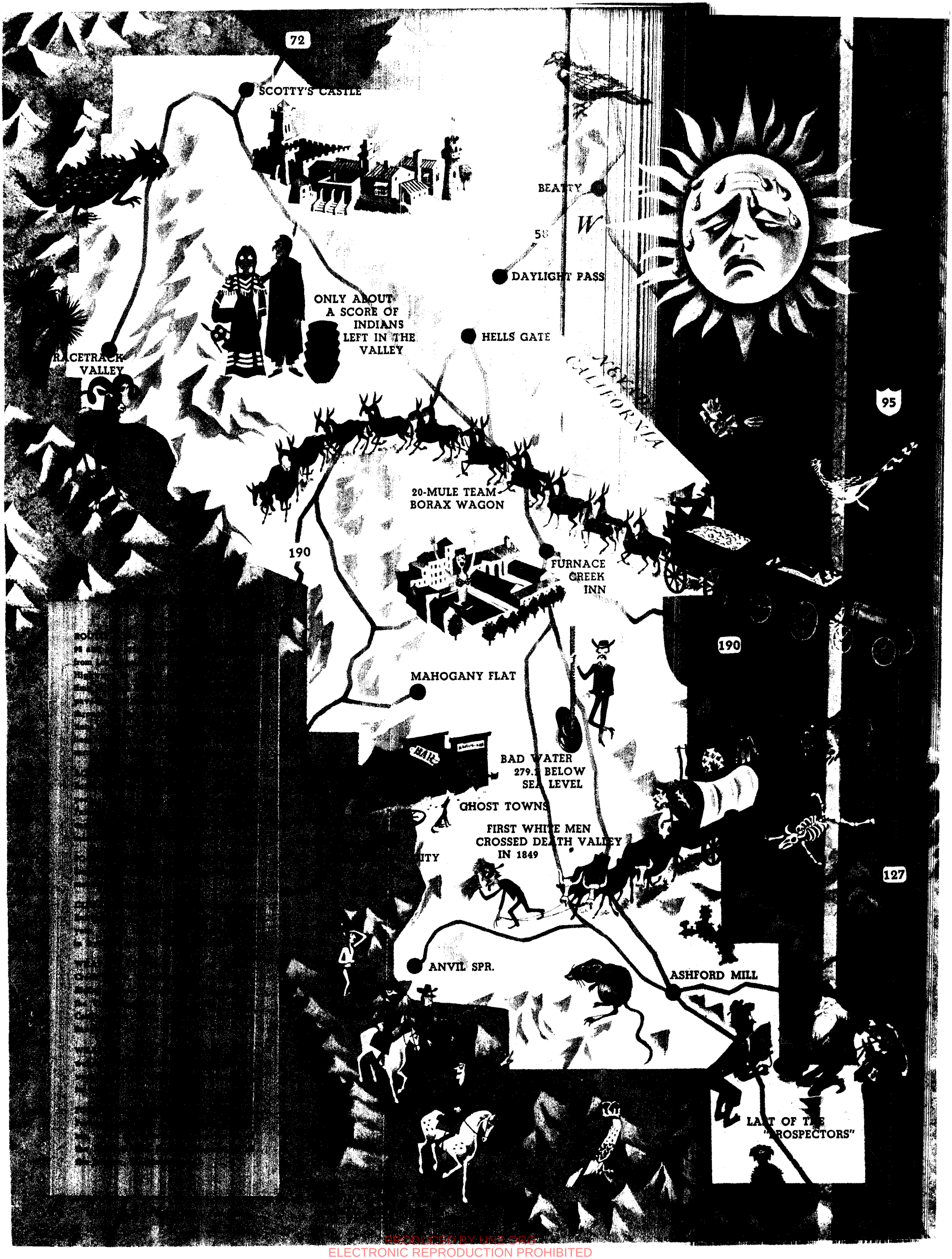

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DESERT EMPIRE

Death Valley was just a couple million acres of salty desert until Ray Goodwin made it his empire. Now it's a national monument and a choice mecca for tourists

BY JIM MARSHALL

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—III

ON a clear morning you may sit atop Dante's View, 5,700 feet above the salty floor of Death Valley, and look at the highest and lowest spots in the United States. If you had been on the summit one January day in 1850, far away on the Valley floor at the foot of the grim, sunbaked Panamints you would have seen a huddle of tiny wagons, a few oxen and some weary human beings wandering disconsolately.

This would be the remnants of an overland train that had set out from Salt Lake City some months before for the California gold fields. Somewhere in Nevada the train had split, and twenty-seven wagons attended by about seventy white people and three Negro slaves had struck out directly for California on an unknown course.

By late November they had come to an eastern entrance to the Valley, a long, rocky wash which they promptly called Furnace Creek. It was well named. A few weeks later, somewhat rested, they drove down the wash and out onto the Valley floor. Ahead of them rose three more mountain ranges and west of the third, the snow-capped Sierra, lay the gold fields—they hoped.

In the Valley the party split again. One group—the Jayhawkers—set off northwestward to find a pass through the Panamints. Another party—the Wades—rolled south across the Mojave Desert and down to the coastal plain below. The rest decided to stick to the Valley, sending out William Lewis Manly and John Rogers to find a trail to safety. Manly and Rogers, fighting across more than two hundred miles of trackless waste, finally came to a California settlement, fought their way back to the Valley with supplies and led the party safely into what now is Newhall, California. Of the Jayhawkers, only two died; of the Manly-Rogers group, only one.

But Death Valley had started to acquire its reputation as a man-killer. It was an undeserved reputation, because the local Indians had for centuries used it as a winter resort, bringing their sick and aged down from the mountains to bake in the sunshine. Thousands of people still do the same thing each winter and early spring—being careful, however, not to venture far from the luxury hotels and graded roads.

On the other hand, many prospectors have baked to death in the sink and at least one, name Titus, drowned there some years ago. He was caught in a cloudburst in a side-canyon which was later named for him. Cloudbursts are not rare at certain seasons, but the Indians paid little attention to them. They named the place Tomesha, which means Burning Ground.

The Valley really got going in 1880 when Aaron Winter found borax. Borax sold then as a drug for fifty cents a pound, and Winter soon sold out to William T. Coleman for $25,000. In 1882 the Harmony works were started and the famous Twenty-Mule teams started hauling the product to Mojave. It was a 160-mile drag down the Valley, up over Wingate Pass and across the high desert. There were only three wells on the route. Two men handled each caravan of from a dozen to twenty mules, with horses as wheelers, and two ten-ton, high-wheeled wagons, hauled tandem. The trip in took ten days; there was a day for a drinking bout in Mojave, and then ten days back.

The system stopped in summer, when even the mules couldn't take the heat. The wagons rolled only five or six years. Then cheap foreign borax wrecked the American industry, and the whole layout was sold to the Pacific Coast Borax Company. But the Twenty-Mule Team label still is a well-known trade-mark.

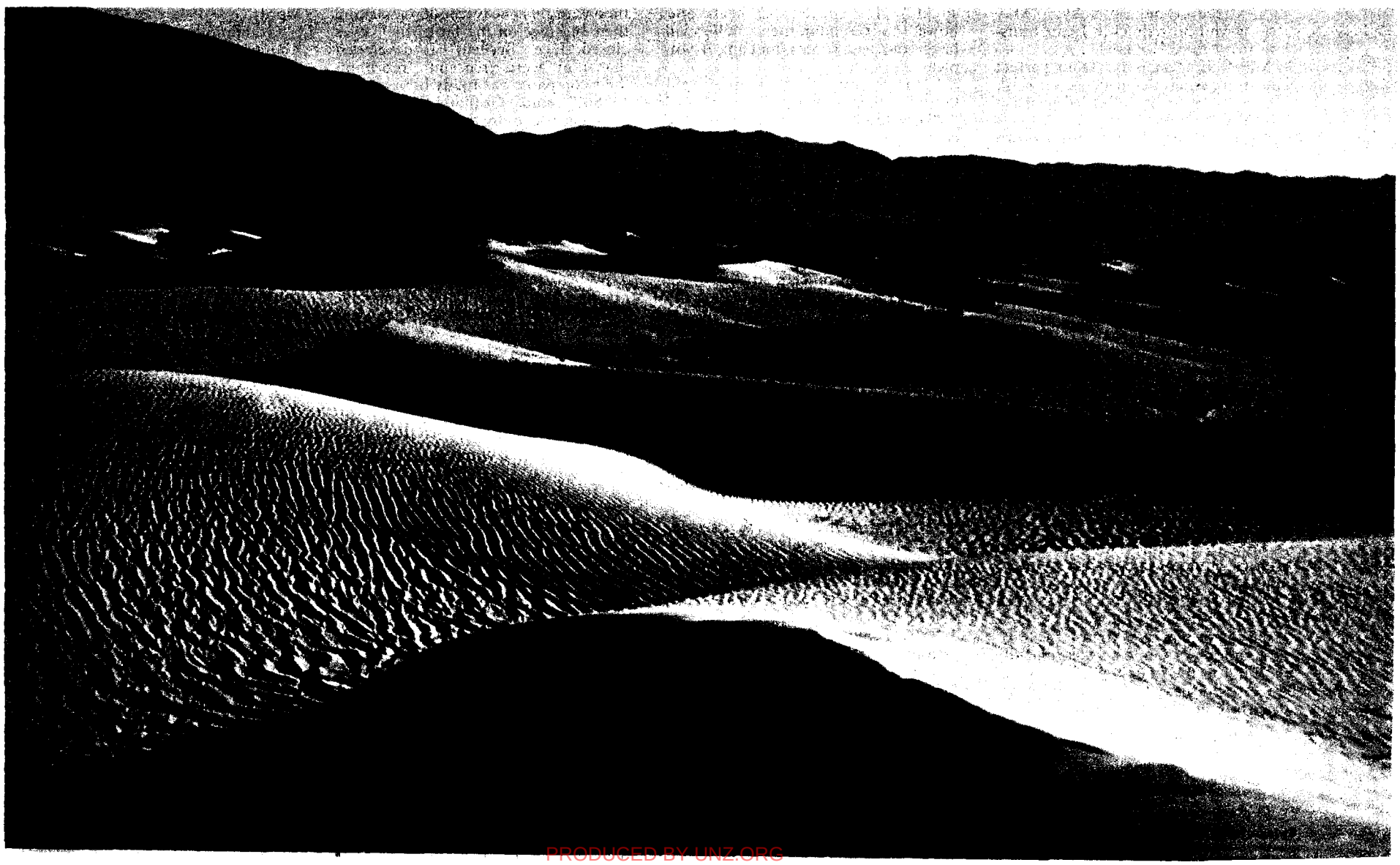
Death Valley will be a hundred years old in December, 1949—according to white reckoning, which holds that nothing ever existed until the whites found it. The place is a great salt sink in southeastern California, spilling over the Nevada border. It contains 1,850,565 acres, more than one third the area of Massachusetts.

The Valley, which trends northwest to southeast, is hemmed in by seven mountain ranges—the Last Chance, Grapevine, Funeral, Black, Avawatz, Owlshead and Panamint chains. Five hundred square miles of it are below sea level. Tourists are told that the low

(Continued on page 72)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

Sand dunes near Stovepipe Wells. Old prospectors used to stick a few lengths of stovepipe in the sand to mark the wells which were their only water supply



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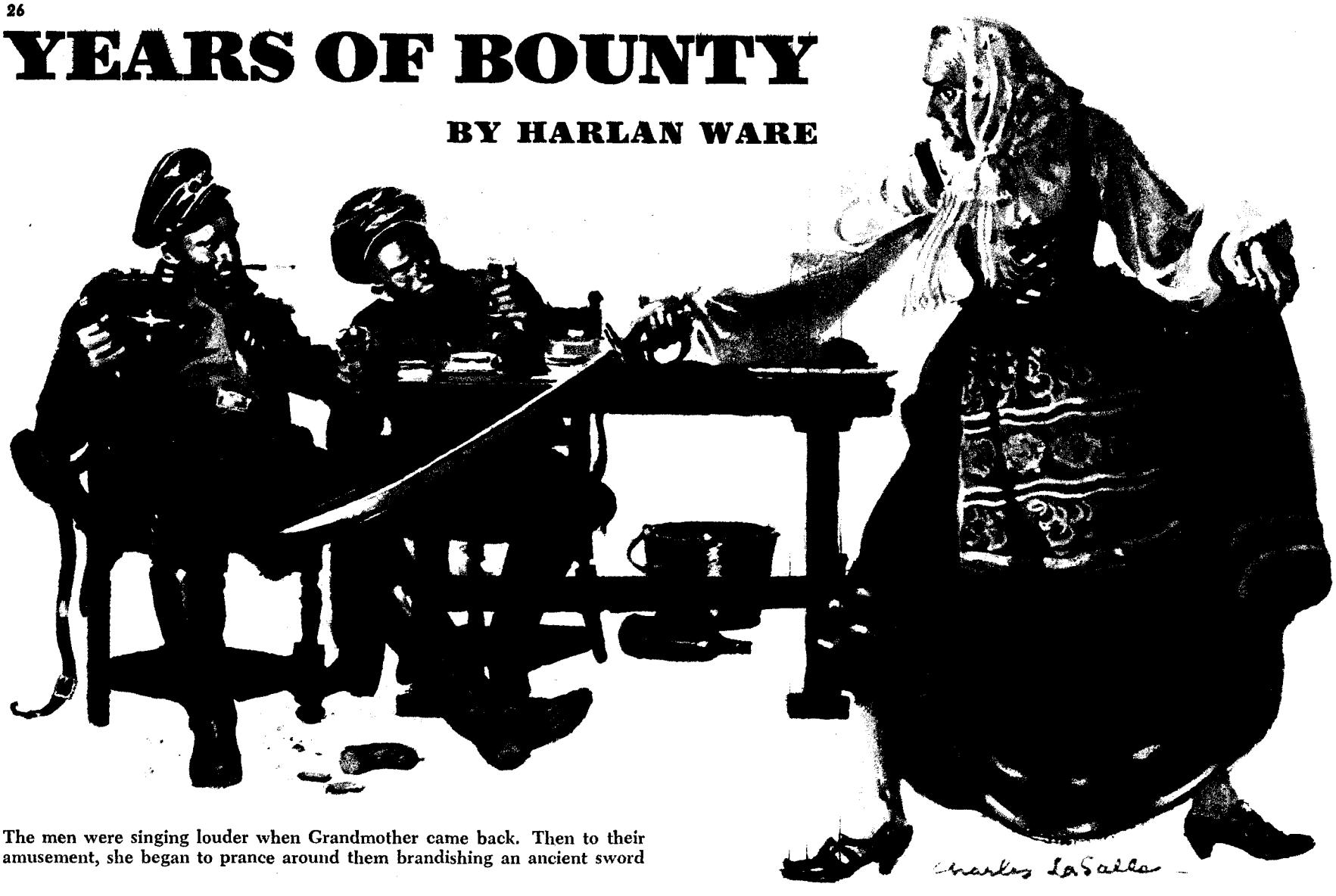
YEARS OF BOUNTY

BY HARLAN WARE



The men were singing louder when Grandmother came back. Then to their amusement, she began to prance around them brandishing an ancient sword

I HAVE but yesterday receive a letter from my eighty-year-old grandmother — the one who raises potatoes and fights with a sword," said my friend Märt Vainola, as he served my breakfast in the coffee shop at the Grand Embassy. "May I show you how quickly I can translate from the Estonian?"

Märt's English is far from perfect and it is sometimes necessary to ask him to say it again. But I'd heard it right the first time.

"By all means," I said, putting down my spoon.

A group of convention delegates with badges on their lapels came storming in, hungry as wolves. Märt seated them and came back.

" 'To my grandson in Chicago of America, a warm salute!' " he read, his eyes blinking rapidly with his mental exertion. " 'A brave little boat sailing from the Baltic to Florida will bring you this greeting: *Tere!* You will be glad to know about my 1947 potatoes. An enormous crop. Remember what I did for my potatoes in 1941? I have done it again. Thus I am well and happy. With love, Grandmother.' "

Märt put the letter back in his pocket. "There!" he said, proudly. "Translating with such briskness from Estonian into English is good practice, yes?"

"Märt," I said. "Just what did your grandmother do for her potatoes in 1941?"

"That, I will tell you," said Märt. "Stop me if I mispronounce."...

On the evening of August 27, 1941, Grandmother Vainola was placidly knitting on the doorstep of her small stone house near the village of Aino, when a German command car came racing over the hill. The lieutenant who was driving slammed on the brakes. Then the car turned in.

"Charming!" said the captain, looking around. "But very charming, Lieutenant. We shall stay here tonight." He clicked his heels and bowed to Grandmother. "We will have your best rooms, madam, if you please."

"This is my private home," said Grandmother Vainola.

"How kind of you to ask us in!" the captain said.

GRANDMOTHER sighed and put down her knitting. The Germans waited until she opened the door. There was a fire on the hearth, pans of hot bread in the oven, and potatoes boiling on the stove.

The German officers strolled from room to room, and came back into the kitchen sniffing the delicious odors.

"Cheer up, my good woman," said the captain to Grandmother, who stood watching, her arms folded across her chest. "We have come to save you from the Russians."

"You have saved us from the Russians many times," said Grandmother, "and, on the other hand, the Russians have often saved us from you. Will you have wine with your dinner?" she asked.

"Quarts of it," said the captain. "One cannot often relax in this war."

"Come, come, Grandmother," said the lieutenant when she had brought them the wine. "Not so solemn. All will be well with you."

"Yes, I know," said Grandmother. "People come and go."

By ten o'clock the officers had eaten their way through a pan of potatoes, nearly the whole of a ham, a loaf of fresh bread, and had drunk four quarts of wine.

"Do you not soon report your whereabouts?" asked Grandmother politely.

They were singing now, keeping time with their heavy boots, smacking their big fists on the table, their eyes closed, faces flushed. It developed that they were free until morning; their company was many hours away.

"So!" said Grandmother, rising from her rocker by the fire. "Then do take off your coats and be comfortable. I will show you an heirloom."

When she came back they were singing louder than ever.

"Attend!" cried Grandmother.

And then, to their great amusement, she began to prance around them, brandishing an ancient sword.

"When I was young," she said, opening the door to the moonlight, "out here in these very fields, my old grandfather taught me the noble art of self-defense. In all Estonia there is no old lady as spry as I."

She lunged through the doorway and, with her long skirt swirling about her ankles, she swiftly parried the thrusts of an imaginary opponent until the officers shouted with laughter.

"Tomorrow night the colonel must see this," gasped the captain, wiping tears from his eyes. "We must have a party!"

Grandmother lowered her sword.

"A party!" she exclaimed brightly, smiling for the first time. "Come! There are benches and a fire pit near the potato patch—just the place. Come, gentlemen—I will show you."

The lieutenant stumbled and sank briefly to his knees but the captain staggered gaily after her, singing again. Grandmother whirled her blade in the moonlight, and danced about him; the captain stopped singing.

"Careful, not so close!" he said—and those were the captain's last words.

Grandmother cupped her hands about her lips.

"Lieutenant, come quick!" she shouted. "Something has happened to the captain!"

"What?" asked the lieutenant, wandering in a daze through the shadows.

"I will show you," said Grandmother Vainola, swinging the sword again. "It was this!"...

She dug a large hole in the potato patch and rolled them into it along with their coats and guns. Then she walked four miles to the village and roused her grandson, who came and drove the command car to a cliff at the seashore. He gave it a little push off the cliff and that was that.

MÄRT poured another cup of coffee for me. "When the Russians saved us again in 1944 I asked her to come to America with me," he said. "But she would not. She said she wasn't afraid of the Russians and she liked raising potatoes. Is it not good news about this year's crop?"

I lowered my cup to the saucer.

"The Russians!" I said. "You think that your Grandmother Vainola has—"

"Oh, but, of course!" he said, preparing to greet some incoming patrons. "Two of them, I should imagine. You must remember that people like my grandmother always do what they can to keep their own potatoes."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

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THE NATURAL SELECTION OF EINAR O'ROURKE

Continued from page 15

Before answering, Johnson drank some beer. "A beautiful girl is always useful, Lucy. She attracts the best of the young bucks and when she finds the right one, a home and family are started. That's being pretty useful."

"Well, I met a buck today that has kind of got me buffaloed. Tall, skinny guy with big blue eyes and a face looted from an angel. He fed me spiked orange juice and said I was going to be quite a cross for Ronald to lug around 50 years." She paced impatiently. "Judas priest—to listen to him you'd think I was a polyp, for all the use I'd be to a husband."

Johnson chuckled, but Mrs. Johnson appraised her daughter carefully. "What is this odd man's name?" she asked.

"So help me, Einar O'Rourke."

"Holy Martin Luther!" Johnson cried. "A half-breed!"

"The big joker is just back from Norway and now he's sore at American girls because they aren't as good homemakers as Norwegian girls. He says we don't earn our keep, that we can't cook and that I'm going to have one and nine-tenths babies." She turned, indignant, to her father. "Pop, I hate him!"

"I can see that," Johnson said.

"Olaf," said Mrs. Johnson fondly, "shut up." To Lucy she said, "This O'Rourke must be quite a fellow."

Lucy looked warm-eyed at her mother and said, "He kind of gets me, darn it!"

"Maybe," Mrs. Johnson said, "we ought to show this upstart a thing or two, dear, since you feel so strongly."

Coloring some in the cheeks, Lucy said maybe they had, just to straighten the kid out.

Johnson raised his glass of beer. "Einar O'Rourke, may God have mercy on your fine mind!"

Mrs. Johnson rose. "Your father is beginning to be witty," she said to Lucy. She led her daughter into the bedroom where she took out a wooden recipe box from her trunk and put it on the bed between them. A briefing session, old as man, was under way.

LATE in the afternoon the next day, Lucy parked her convertible at the edge of the meadow where the road ended. After she had assembled her fly rod and reel, run the line up through the guides, attached a tapered leader and tied on a gray hackle fly, she walked to the tent. Milford was lying on a cot.

"Hello, Milford," Lucy said. "I just happened to see your jeep, so I thought I'd see how you're getting along."

Milford smiled. "He isn't here. He's up the lake fishing."

"Who gives a hoot where he is?"

"Oh."

"He makes me so cussed mad."

"Don't he though?"

"Who does he think he is anyway, calling me one of humanity's crosses?"

"He's Einar O'Rourke, Lucy, and he's been setting fire to girls ever since he was old enough to tell the sexes apart."

"Honest?" She blushed. "You mean he threw me a curve?"

"I don't mean any such thing. He's one of those child philosophers. He doesn't think up anything new, he just thinks up things grownups have accepted and let slide. But Einar has to worry about it. He gets all steamed up about honesty and honor. I took him by the hand and led him through the war, but he's getting too smart for me. He needs a wife."

"He does?" She seemed embarrassed. "I suppose he could be rather nice. Come to think of it, he's not bad-looking, is he, in his cub-scout way?"

"Come to think of it," Milford said, "no."

"Milford, I am going to ask you a favor. Will you ask me to dinner tonight, here?" Before he could reply, she went on: "And would you sort of arrange that I'd have to take over the cooking? You could cut off your thumb or something in an accident, couldn't you, Milford?"

"I'd be delighted. One thumb enough?"

Lucy was running to the car. "I brought along some things in case you were short." She brought back a box bulging with bottles, cartons and sacks and gave it to Milford. "If the kid gets nosy you can say you ran down to the lodge and bought them, can't you?"

"Of course, what's a few lies and a thumb?"

"You understand, Milford, why I am doing this?"

"I have a small mind."

"Well, it is simply to demonstrate to a befuddled young man how perfectly silly his ideas are. That's all, Milford."

"It's very clear. That you're girl and he's boy is just weird coincidence."

She grinned. "Weird as the dickens." She picked up her fly rod. "In your senile way, Milford, you're very sweet." She kissed his cheek. "Now, what side of the lake is the kid on?"

SHE found him easily. He was sitting on a stump a few yards out in the water, not far from camp. She walked along the shore until she was near him. "Hello, Einar," she said.

When he turned and saw her he got one of those feelings that drives young males into riding bicycles with no hands and older ones to jewelry stores. In her half-masted boots, blue denims and simple flannel shirt she gave Einar quite a charge. "You are a very fetching piece of fauna in that getup, Lucinda Johnson."

"Thank you, Einar—it's just some little old bait I had lying around the house."

Einar got control of himself. "There is nothing about women," he said slyly, "that fascinates me so much as their charming theory that a curve is the shortest distance between a man and the altar."

It was a sensitive point. "Don't get the ridiculous idea that I came up here to see you. Why, you aren't even neighborly. I don't know why I even speak to you; I just get slurred."

Einar smiled and got clinical. "I am afraid that we are being parties to that special kind of natural selection between the sexes that Darwin talked about. Generally, it is the male—take the prairie chicken who stomps around blowing up his neck sacs for the hens—that fights for the female. The best stomper and the strongest male gets the most hens. But in us humans lately the female appears to have taken over the work." He paused, pondering the chemical goings on in his veins. "I can feel you working on me, Lucinda. I suppose Socrates, watching his hemlock take hold, must have felt a little like this."

The stuff was out of Lucy's range; it only made her sorer. "Gee whiz, Einar, go bobsledding with Darwin and Socrates if you want to, but can't you be human between trips?"

Before she turned and began striding rapidly away he was sure he saw tears start up in her lovely gray eyes. He felt instantly and insufferably low-down. He knew what was doing it, too. He'd seen some useless women in his life, but none so cuddlesomely useless as this one. His good sense told him to stand clear, but his good sense was getting the hell out under raging fire from his emotions. He had some trouble overpowering a desire to climb down off his stump and comfort her.

Lucy didn't stop walking until she came to a great rock that rose out of the lake a few feet from shore. Except on the shore side its sides sloped steeply and smoothly into the water. She had fished from the place many times. Looking rather grim, she pulled up her hip boots, fastened the harness and waded out to the rock. She stood on top of it and began to cast.

EINAR, a hundred yards down the lake, saw her put her fly down gently 60 feet out. She was an adroit hand at fly fishing and even at his distance Einar saw the water break as a fish came up after the bogus bug. He saw her set the hook, and when the trout darted abruptly in and to the left of the rock, saw her shift to face it. She seemed to skid on crumbled granite—she teetered marvelously for a moment before sliding feet first off the rock into the lake. When she hit the water she whooped.

Einar waded ashore like an agitated stork, then he legged it down the beach to the rock. He found Lucy standing neck-deep in water, her hands clawing at the smooth rock.

He stopped in astonishment. "Why stand there? Why not come out?"

She locked up at him and he was alarmed. Her face was gray with cold. "You b-b-big ape, my bub-boots—"

He got it then. Her hip boots were full of water and weighing her down; the inside harness prevented her from pulling her feet out. In the numbing snow water, only a few degrees above freezing, on mossy sloping rock she was practically immobilized. He pulled off his own boots, waded out around the rock up to his shoulders, reached and got one of her hands. He pulled her ashore and they fell together on the beach, lying in each other's arms, shivering and panting. Einar drew her closer and kissed her. The second one shut off her shivering for a spell and she rustled up enough strength to put her arms around his neck. "Hey," she said softly, "those are wonderful treatments."

"Lucy, are you going to be all right?"

She made a little joke. "Dames have a subcutaneous layer of fat that keeps them warm," she said. She shook like a pup in a blizzard then and Einar hugged her close for thermal and other reasons and stroked her hair until she quieted. Her face began to regain its color. "Thanks for the use of your heat," she murmured.

Einar helped her pull off her boots. They sprinted for the tent then. Milford got off his cot to look at them. "Swimming, eh? Mite cold?"

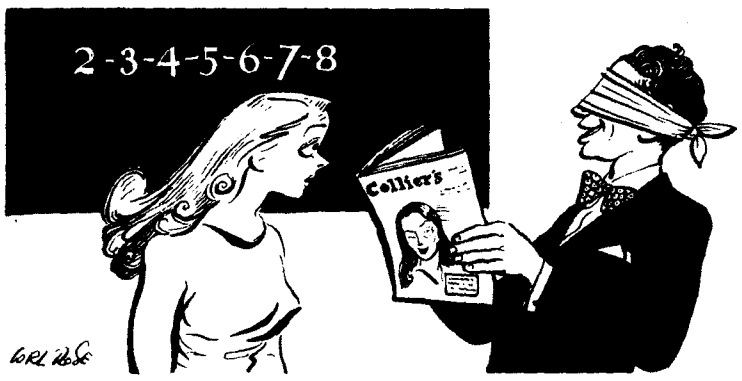
"Get a fire going," Einar said, "while I wring out our guest." He went into the tent, rummaged through his barracks bag and came out with his G.I. wool underwear, long drawers and shirt, a costume of singular frightfulness when arrayed on the male figure. He gave it to Lucy. "Change into these."

She took them into the tent, shed her wet clothes, rubbed herself pink with a towel and put on the underwear. When she came out Einar was gone and Milford was stoking a fire in the iron-and-concrete stove furnished by the United States Forest Service. "Good Lord!" he said. "In that outfit you ought to be on a recruiting poster."

She grinned and patted her bottom. "It's going to be sprung a little in places," she said. "Where's my guy?"

"He went back after the boots and rods."

Lucy walked over to the box of foods



CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

For a mind-reading stunt, ask someone to take a piece of paper and a pencil and write down one of these figures as you name them: 2—3—4—5—6—7—8. Your subject will admit you cannot know which figure he has selected. Now, in front of that figure ask him to write the next higher digit and, behind it, to write the next lower digit. He now has a number of three figures. Ask him to reverse those figures and write them down under the first three. When he has done that, he is to subtract the bottom row of figures from the top row. One last bit of arithmetic: Ask him to make a total of the figures of his answer. He will then have arrived at a fairly small number which he will grant no one else could know.

Now, hand him this very issue of Collier's and tell him you will attempt to describe the contents of the page bearing the same number as the number of his answer. "On that page," you can say, "I seem to see a microphone and some men in fur coats and goggles. It is a left-hand page and the illustration seems to continue on the right-hand page where I see more men in fur coats and goggles." Then ask your subject to open Collier's to that page to see if you are right.

P.S. Turn to the box on page 49 for the explanation.

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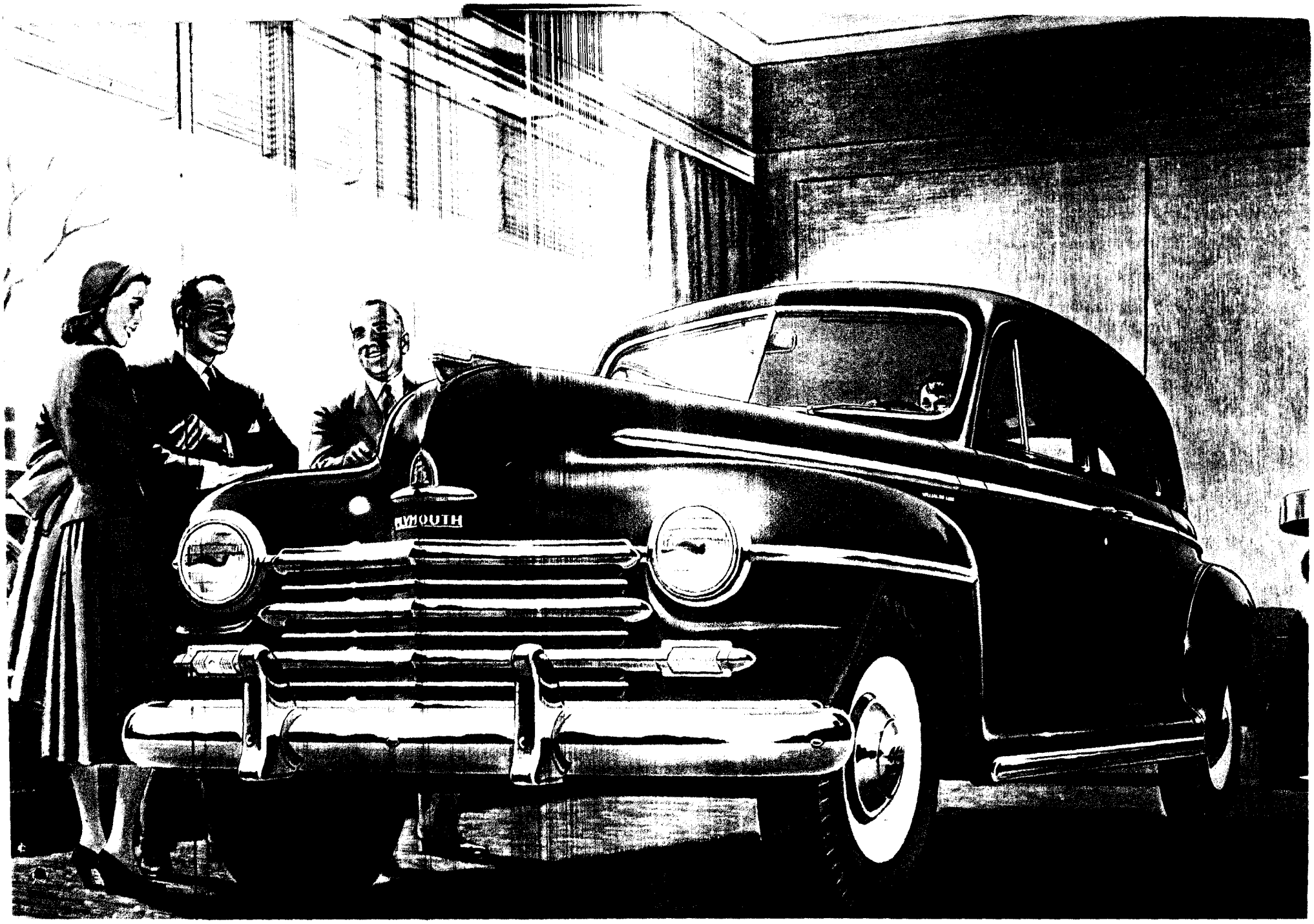

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she had brought. "Milford," she said, "the time has come to hack off your thumb. My woman's intuition tells me I have Junior on the ropes. It's time to close in."...

She was working over the stove when Einar returned and changed into dry clothes. "I'm cooking dinner," she told him. "Milford, being a man, cut his thumb. Show Einar your cut thumb, Milford."

Milford held up a bandaged thumb. "Helpless," he said.

"Don't try anything fancy, Lucy," Einar said kindly. "Maybe a couple of boiled eggs would be nice. Ever boil eggs?"

"Someday," Lucy said, "I will kill you. Right now I advise you to sit down and watch."

SHE did odd things with foods. She took several boiled potatoes and mashed them. She added lard, salt and flour a little at a time until she had a manageable dough. This she rolled out into cakes thin as shoe leather. She baked them naked on the iron-lidded stove. When properly tanned she took off the first one, buttered and rolled it and handed the limp warm affair to Einar. "Try that one on for Mama," she said.

Einar took it reverently. *"Lefse!"* he said. He bit into it; his eyes closed and it was clear he was a man near heaven.

"He's going to roll over now," Milford said, "and want his belly scratched."

"This entirely lovely female has just made *lefse*," Einar said, "a kind of Norwegian ambrosia." He gazed fondly at Lucy. "How come?"

"Pop and Mother are Norwegians. We have the stuff at home all the time." She saw she had him. "Would you like some *romegrøt*, Einar? All I've got to do is boil some whipping cream, sift in some flour, dip off the butter, add some boiling milk, some sugar and salt. I serve it with hot butter and cinnamon."

"That's *romegrøt*, all right," Einar said. His face bore a look of love. "And *fattigmand?*"

"Sure, and *krumkake*, too. With a little more time we could have *kjøtkaker*. Do you like *kjøtkaker*, Einar?"

"Why is it," Milford asked, "that Norwegian always sounds like somebody talking dirty?"

No one answered. Two things prevented it: The first drops of a spring mountain rainstorm began to fall; and a big blue sedan arrived.

"Oh, Judas!" Lucy cried. "I forgot!"

Three people alighted and strode over to the tent. "Hi, Pop. Hi, Emily," Lucy said. "Hello, Ronald."

Ronald was a shapely, rather short, dark-haired man with white teeth and a mustache. He was superbly attired for roughing it in Beverly Hills. He stared at Lucy. "What's that you've got on?"

"This tall gentleman's underwear," she said. "Ronald, I'd like you to meet Einar O'Rourke. Einar, this is Ronald Simpson, my father and my mother, and—"

"The devil with all that!" Ronald cried. "What are you doing in his underwear?"

"I fell in the lake."

Einar looked down at Ronald. "Who is this loud citizen?"

Ronald put his hand on Einar's chest. "Kid, if you want to stay whole, get over there and sit down. This is for grownups."

Einar didn't move. "Who is he?" he asked Lucy.

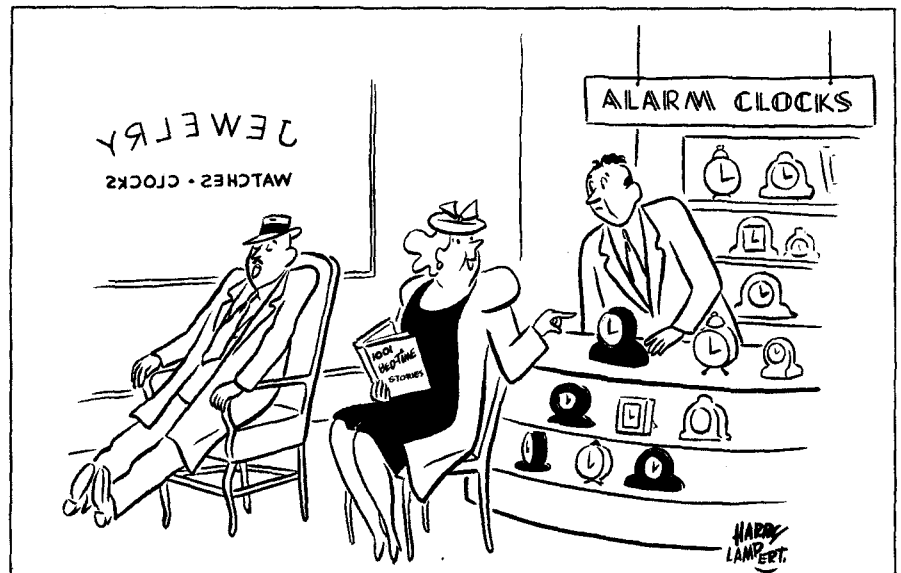
She didn't say, she just looked pleadingly at him.

"I'll tell you, kid," Ronald said. "We're engaged."

"Just barely, Einar," Lucy said.

"This is certainly engrossing," Olaf Johnson said, "except that it is raining."

Other than Milford, who drifted out of the circle toward the cars, no one seemed to hear him. Einar was meditating heavily. "If what Stubby here says is true, Lucinda, I guess you'd better run



COLLIER'S "Okay, he's asleep again. Now let's try that one" HARRY LAMPERT

along with him. I"—he paused—"you can leave the underwear at the lodge." He smiled rather forlornly. "Thanks for the *lefse.*"

Her eyes began to glow. "Is that all you've got to say: 'Thanks for the *lefse*'? Doesn't it mean anything to you that you lugged me out of the lake and that you warmed me up personally and put me in your very own underwear and said I was an entirely lovely female and—"

"You're engaged to this man," Einar said, "that's all there is to it."

"If you liked me you'd bust Ronald one."

"Bah!" said Ronald. "I'd dismantle the kid."

"A little unlikely, but an entertaining thought," Olaf Johnson said. "However, I'm getting soaked. Take Lucy in the convertible, Ronald, as long as this magnificently named gentleman isn't going to bust you one. We'll go on ahead."

Glaring ominously, Lucy gathered up her wet clothes and ran to the car. Milford was standing there, holding open the door for her. He spoke rapidly to her, before Ronald joined them. As Ronald backed the convertible out onto the road and started slowly down the slope it began to pour.

Milford came back to the tent and Einar. "You are nuts about that chick," he said.

"I am," said Einar. "She is an outstanding woman. She cooks *lefse* and *romegrøt*. She is beautiful and charming. No doubt she'd be a fine prolific mother. But she is engaged to Stubby."

"Einar, my jug-headed friend, listen: Lucy loves you, you love her. Now, it may startle you, but that is why people get engaged, because they are in love. No love, no engagement."

"It isn't honorable," Einar said, but he didn't look as if he believed it. He gave it some more thought, heavy stuff. "You're positive, Milford, that she loves me?"

"It's my conservative opinion that she's maniacal."

"Would you suggest, Milford, that tomorrow I go after her?"

Milford smiled like a Machiavellian cupid. "I'd suggest that you get the lead out right now. You'll find her conveniently stalled down the road a piece. I figured when I'd pounded some sense in your stubborn Norsky skull you'd go high-tailing it after her—so your wonderful old buddy stuck a potato in the tail pipe of the convertible. I left enough space so the motor would conk out in about a half mile."

Einar's face was agitated as he digested what Milford had told him. "A half mile would put them inside that rock slide," he said slowly. He stared out at the downpour and had a ghastly vision of massive boulders, loosened by water, thundering down on the convertible and banging the whey out of Lucinda. He loped rapidly to the jeep, Milford in his wake. Einar drove. "If she's even nicked," he roared, "I'll pull you apart, cell by cell."

The car was stalled halfway into the slide area, farther than Milford had calculated. Ronald was out studying the engine. Einar pulled up behind the car, leaped out, removed the spud from the tailpipe, and ran around to the door. He stared in at Lucy. He looked somewhat batty. "All right, Lucinda?"

"Why, Junior," she said happily, "you'll catch cold."

He slammed the door and yelled at Ronald. "Get in and try her now. We'll follow you."

As Ronald lowered the hood, a rock a yard thick came loose above them, crashed down on the road a scant foot in front of the bumper, bounced and rolled thunderously over and down the slope. A smaller one, big as a man's hat, came after it, crashed down on the hood, bashing it some, then ricocheted and went down the slide. Ronald was notably impressed. For what seemed the first time he became aware of his position as he stared up at the thousands of tons of rocks hanging precariously above him. His face wet and white he turned to Einar. "O'Rourke, I don't mind telling you I'm scared. This mountain driving makes me nervous as the devil. Drive us through, will you?"

Einar looked at him a couple of seconds, then slapped him reassuringly on the shoulder. He ran around and got in the left door. "We can't turn around," he said; "we'll have to go on through."

EXCEPT for the rain and occasional thunder they drove through in silence. Here and there a small rock lay on the road, but the slide was as placid as a glacier. When they reached the lodge, Ronald spoke first.

"Thanks, O'Rourke. This is where I get off. Before we stalled back there Lucy straightened me out on a few things. She tells me that with a little basic training you'll make a good fiancé." He patted Lucy's hand. "I'm sorry we didn't make it, but I don't think I ever really thought we would." He got out. "Good luck to both of you."

When he had gone they were quiet, being grateful. Then Einar said, "I want to explain why you stalled back there. Mil—"

She faced him, her chin set. "Now see here, Junior, do you or don't you think I'd be a pretty handy thing around the house? Strong as a horse, good wind, no communicable diseases. Fine old hand with a vacuum cleaner. I can make *lefse* every day, *Kjøtboller* and *romegrøt* on demand. At Christmas, lutfisk with hot butter and *julekake*. Now, yes or no, Junior?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, then," she said, "just stop jawing about potatoes stuck in exhausts and I won't have to mention that Milford told me about it or that I've been up here three summers and those rocks you saw fall today were the first I ever saw come loose. These people up here don't go around building roads that fall on people, you know."

Einar didn't seem to be listening. He just stared at her hungrily, like a six-year-old waiting for Daddy to finish saying grace.

"Another thing, bub, you understand that there has been some skulduggery used in bringing you down? A few dodges not absolutely kosher, but the workings of an honest heart?"

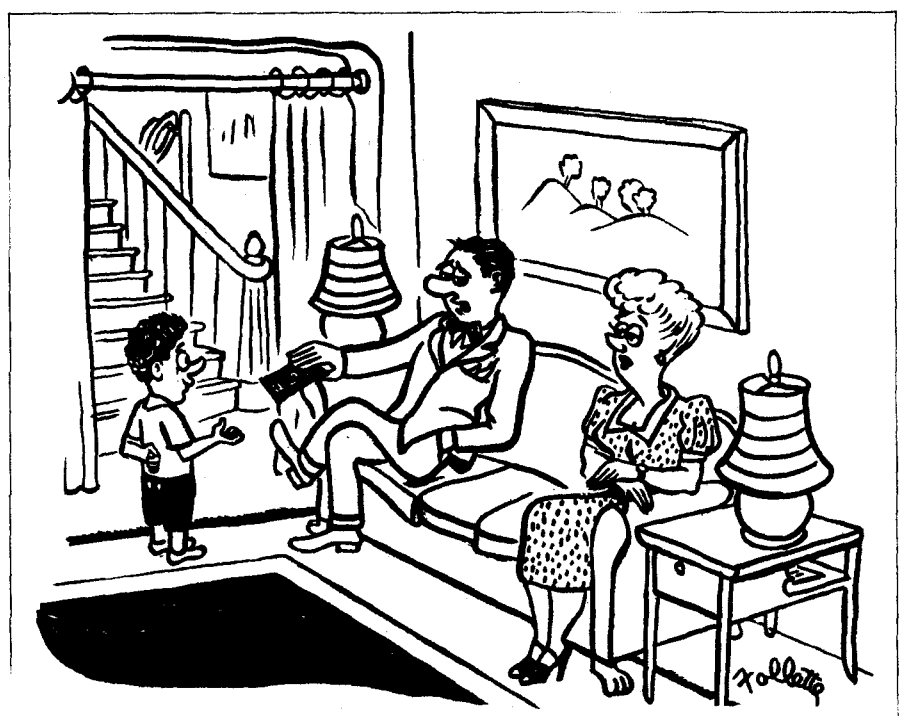
Breathing rather noisily, Einar slid his arms around her. Before going on, she adjusted the fit.

"It's perfectly clear to you, Junior, that you're not getting the kind of dame who falls in lakes, cooks in gents' underwear and sticks her head under falling rocks for just any skinny old male?"

"Yes," Einar said eloquently.

"Then for pity sakes, stop talking and show me how you feel. When a girl gets through proposing she sort of likes to be kis—"

THE END



"A quarter? Here's a whole dollar—take her to the movies with you!"

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

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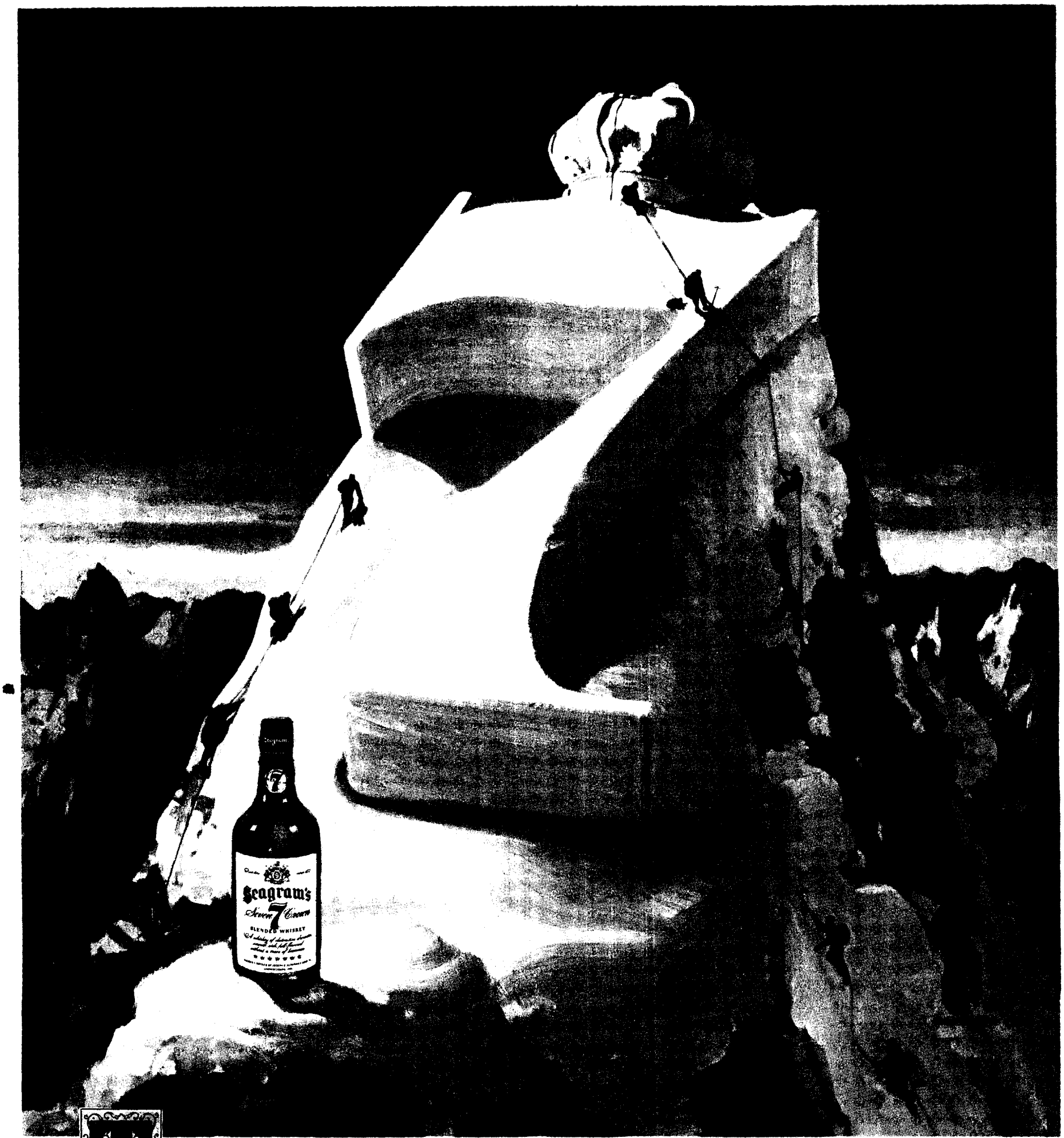

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BERLIN'S WINTER OF FEAR

Continued from page 17

In apartment houses, a favorite trick is to slip out into the hall at night, armed with a long extension cord, and plug into the building maintenance circuit, which registers on the landlord's meter. The best system of all, however, is to do as one Berliner did, before he was caught —keep everything in the house going all the time, and at the end of the month stop the wildly spinning hand at the point on the meter where it is supposed to be after thirty days.

Food, of course, remains the most important commodity, but almost any article has some value to someone, somewhere. There are times when the whole of Berlin seems to be on the prowl, coursing through the streets with brief cases, handbags and knapsacks. Occasionally, the police check the contents and turn up a surprising variety of goods, including guns, firewood, cigarette butts, bread, and, in one peculiar instance, a brief case full of manure.

Prefer to Work for Americans

For Berliners clever enough to live by their wits, life on the whole can be bearable. The luckier ones are the ones who are able to work for Allied nationals, preferably Americans, who can pay them in warm meals and cigarettes for services performed. Many Berlin tradesmen, having found a good thing, are reluctant to do work for fellow Germans, who must pay in worthless marks. Not long ago, a paper hanger, for example, quoted a price of 70 marks to an American housewife for having a room papered, his theory being that he would also come away with several warm meals under his belt and a store of cigarettes for black-market trading. For a German housewife who wanted a similar job done, his price was 400 marks.

The unlucky Berliners are the ones who have traded themselves out of all their possessions, and now have nothing left for bartering. They would be Germans like Walter Preuss, who didn't have much to start with.

Walter Preuss and his family live in a kitchen and three rooms at 82 Schönhauser Allee, in Prenzlauer Berg, a workers' district in the Russian sector of Berlin. There are ten sons and six daughters, one of whom, the eldest at twenty-one, is married to Hans Hanisch, a transport worker, and lives elsewhere in the city. She is going to have a baby soon, and is trying somehow to find clothes for the new child, although her present baby, now over a year old, has never had even a pair of shoes.

For the 17 people in the Preuss apartment, there are nine single beds, iron cots which, through an adroit manipulation of human bodies, can hold two or three children each. The only other furniture is a chair and a table in the kitchen. The windows are mostly cardboard, and the family stays in the kitchen most of the time since it is the only room that is ever warm. Worst of all is the overpowering smell. One piece of soap a month is not enough to keep 17 people clean.

Before the war, Walter Preuss was a common laborer, but now he is almost stone deaf and it is not safe for him to leave the house unless one of the children goes with him. Occasionally, he tries to mend shoes, repair bicycles, or fix windows in the neighborhood, but how many people in Prenzlauer Berg have shoes, or bicycles, or even windows?

One of the Preuss sons works as an apprentice locksmith at 40 marks a month, and another is a delivery boy for a tailor, who pays him 80 marks a month. Most of the other children are too young to work, and due to the shoe shortage some can't even go to school. Thus, the total income for the Preuss family of seventeen is 120 marks a month, which, at the military exchange rate, is $12. The Preusses, of course, are worse off than most families, since the average monthly wage in Berlin is 130 marks, or $13.

For breakfast, each of the children gets three slices of bread, once in a great while larded with a thin paste of fat. Lunch is a warm meal consisting mostly of vegetables, although the Preusses usually are able to buy a sliver of meat each ten days or so. Dinner is three slices of bread again.

German relief workers have the names and address of the Preuss family, and not long ago a young woman from a relief organization called on them. She stayed for nearly an hour, asking questions and poking through the dark, malodorous apartment with its nine dirty beds and its 17 unwashed people. When we left, I asked her what she intended to do for the Preusses.

"Nothing," she said. "What can we do? There is no food, no fuel, no clothes. We can do nothing."

Misery, unfortunately, does not become Berlin. It was different when the flags flew and the bands played, but now something seems to have gone askew with the abundant German spirit. Outside of a few relief agencies, which are almost completely hamstrung by shortages, no one seems willing to help anyone else. Instead, it is every man for himself, and the battle for survival has deteriorated into such a vicious free-for-all that, for sheer meanness, Berlin is unsurpassed by any other city in the world. If Berlin had a crest now, it would undoubtedly depict two Berliners at each other's throat, with a third Berliner making off with their overcoats.

Under the Nazis, informing on relatives, close friends and neighbors was a popular pastime, but it is even more popular now. There is no explanation for it other than that some Germans seem to enjoy informing on other Germans as an investment in future benefits which might somehow accrue from it. A man walks into his house carrying a log for his cold stove, and a jealous neighbor immediately reports him for stealing. If he looks too contented, he is apt to be reported for looking too contented. If, on the other hand, he looks suspiciously doleful, he has a good chance of being reported for looking doleful. None of it makes sense.

A Nazi Party Book Racket

Not many months ago, an enterprising citizen was arrested for forging Nazi party books and selling them to people interested in having their friends arrested as unreconstructed Nazis. It was quite a switch from the old days, when the custom was to have your friends arrested for *not* being Nazis. In any event, it was a simple matter to buy a phony party book, insert the desired name in it, "find" it lying about somewhere, take it to the police, and have the unfortunate victim hauled up as a new Hitler. Before the forger was discovered, he had put a considerable number of party books into circulation, and a lot of bewildered Berliners were having a terrible time trying to stay out of jail.

In the same charitable spirit, three German children recently went to the Army's Criminal Investigation Division, in the American sector of Berlin, to report confidentially that their father was hiding gold in his house. The startled father, of course, immediately found himself being prepared for the inquisition, while his three children observed the proceedings with great curiosity. Finally, after a long search failed to uncover the alleged hoard, the C.I.D. released the man, and his children confessed. They had done it just for the hell of it.

As opposed to informing, which is simply personalized revenge, professional spying on the international level is carried on by each of the four powers in Berlin, although there is precious little information to be gained from it that cannot be gathered simply by reading the newspapers. Virtually all the agents are Germans who spy for and on the Russians, British, French, Americans and, occasionally, other Germans.

Some of the spies, particularly those engaged by the Russians, are coerced into the work, and the Russians are believed to be operating a sort of graduate school of espionage at Zeesen, a few kilometers outside Berlin in the Russian zone. Other Germans apparently have taken up the profession to satisfy personal grudges against one or more of the occupation

"One nice thing about today's prices, Mrs. Wilson — no more lugging heavy bundles"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

powers. Most of them, however, are extemporaneous spies and are interested only in the extra rations or special privileges that go with their jobs.

Were it not for the fact that it is somewhat disillusioning to find the Russians, particularly, entertaining such a monumental distrust of everyone else in Berlin, the spying that goes on might be even funnier than it already is. Actually, it is intended to be a very solemn business, but the attempts at intrigue so far have fizzled into a grimly pathetic comedy of errors that no Hollywood B picture would dare portray.

Being Germans with no special regard for the interests of their employers, most of the agents are notoriously unreliable. A ridiculous amount of information is shared among the agents, irrespective of whom they pretend to be serving. Some spies even work for two or three powers at once. Moreover, what information they do manage to pick up is usually worthless. One Russian spy was apprehended in an American office in Berlin, stealthily making off with a Congressional Directory and a U.S. Postal Guide as though he were carrying the plans for Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

Not so funny, however, are the mysterious disappearances of Berliners from their homes or offices. More than 5,000 members of the SPD party, the Communists' strongest opposition, have been whisked off into the Russian zone and nothing more has been heard from them. Germans working in American offices periodically disappear without a word. They simply go out to lunch and never come back. The result is that nervous Berliners, already afraid enough of the Russians, are literally frightened out of their wits by a knock on the door or a tap on the shoulder.

Unfortunately, they can expect little protection from Berlin police, who, under a rather complicated arrangement, are headed by Paul Margraf, an erstwhile soldier of fortune who was captured by the Russians at Stalingrad and spent part of the war in Moscow as a member of the Free German Committee headed by Von Paulus.

The Russians Keep Him in Power

The Americans, British and French all would like to be rid of Margraf, who has already been presented with a stinging vote of no confidence by the city assembly, but there is a powerful joker in the Berlin city constitution that permits the Russians to exercise their familiar veto in the *Kommandatura*, the quadripartite control authority for Berlin, and the Russians are obviously quite fond of Margraf.

The whole police force, in fact, is wondrously corrupt, and Berlin policemen, to judge from the roster at the Ringstrasse Jail, comprise some of the most active thieves in the city. Crimes of violence are committed with no more frequency in Berlin than in any other city of comparable size, but there is a staggering amount of stealing, whether by professional criminals, amateur criminals or the police themselves.

From a humanitarian point of view, it is impossible not to be in sympathy with the plight of the hungry, cold Berliner. But unfortunately, it is not quite so easy to feel sorry for someone who obviously feels sorrier for himself than you do. Probably no people in the world today have a greater capacity for self-pity, unencumbered by reason, than the people of Berlin.

A group of German doctors displayed this fatal weakness several months ago when, in a statement notable for the vast amount of chauvinism crammed into it, they announced that the German people were, in effect, being slowly and surely destroyed through a lack of attention on the part of the occupation powers.

"The German people, once enterprising and diligent, has been deprived of its vigor and initiative," the doctors said. "Frank and strong-minded men, once fit successfully to join international competition, have lost all their strength through the lack of calories and protein. The people once described as one of 'poets and philosophers,' is now blind to all other interests but those concerned with the daily bread. Constructive cooperation has been supplanted by envy, jealousy and a quarrelsome temper.

"We, the German physicians, feel ourselves duty bound to point out to the whole world that the things happening here are the very opposite to the 'education for democracy' promised us. What we are now witnessing is the destruction of the spiritual and physical substance of a great nation, and nobody may disclaim responsibility unless he does everything in his power to save and help."

It was an interesting statement. In 1942, when the German "poets" and "philosophers" were winning, one Hermann Goering told German occupation officials in the countries that had been overrun: "You have not been sent there to provide for the well-being of the people under your supervision. This eternal worrying for other people has to stop once and for all. If you tell me that those people will have to go hungry, I am not touched one bit."

THE END

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"There are right ways and wrong ways to scold a child, dear,"

SAID ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY to scold a child, woman," thundered Elmer, the bull, "and that's *good and loud.*"

"But, darling," gasped Elsie, the Borden Cow, "if you shout at the little angel, you'll scare him—make him unsure of himself and afraid of you."

"No son of Elmer's will ever be afraid," boasted Elmer. "I'll teach him to have confidence in himself."

"First," smiled Elsie, "you'll have to teach him to have confidence in *you*. That's why you mustn't frighten him when he's naughty, or disobedient, or knocks over his *Borden's Milk.*"

PENNY FOR PENNY *your best food buy is milk! Drink plenty of delicious Borden's Milk with meals, between meals, and get extra nourishment into the family's diet with milk dishes!*

"What in tarnation's name are you dragging Borden's Milk into this for?" bellowed Elmer.

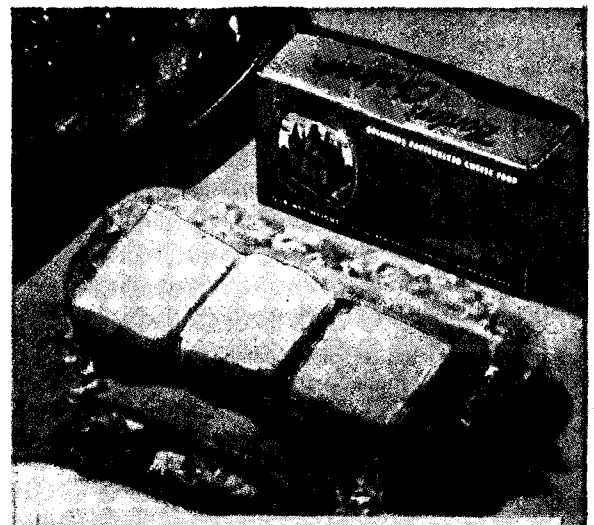
"Just to illustrate a point," blithely answered Elsie. "To go on—suppose a child *does* spill his milk over himself, and everything . . . A *wise* parent doesn't scold."

"What does he do," guffawed Elmer, "feed the kid chicken legs from then on?"

"Don't be silly," said Elsie. "The wise parent gives him more milk. Then he tells the child that if he wants to be big and strong like his daddy, he'll drink every drop of his Borden's Milk. It's teeming with vitamins, minerals, proteins and other good things. And Borden's Milk tastes so glorious even little milk-shy dears fall in love with it."

"There's one little dear that's going to be shy an ever-loving husband," threatened Elmer, "if she doesn't forget Borden's."

"You can't scare *me*, darling," laughed Elsie. "Besides, you'd have something to bellow about if I stopped telling the world about things like *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* Now you take that great cheese food, Borden's Chateau.* Its mellow-mild Cheddar flavor sends cheese lovers into ecstasies."



PACK CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT *into lunch boxes with Borden's Chateau! It slices, spreads, melts beautifully. Grand for sandwiches, alone or with chopped olives or sliced meats.*

"I don't want to go into any ecstasy—or any place else," snapped Elmer. "I want us to get back to talking about how to scold a kid."

"And we shall, dear," agreed Elsie, "just as soon as I tell folks they can make wonderfully fluffy omelets with Chateau, and light-as-a-cloud soufflés, and oh-so-good Chateau sauces. You know what I always say—"

"The whole blooming world knows what *you* always say," groaned Elmer. "But I'm beating you to it this time—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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COME TO THE FAIR

Continued from page 22

the girls all turn their backs—and they are a very pretty sight lined up there at the bar with their high heels and rounded bottoms, for Palenque is famous for its beautiful girls. Don Chuchu surveys them from the doorway, smiling. Then he says in a quiet tone, shaking his head, 'No, you are all too tall. I do not like such tall girls.' And suddenly his guns are out, there is a roar, and all the girls grow shorter—suddenly one after another, but very rapidly, each one down the line loses two inches in height and the high heels are flying everywhere about the cantina. Now take into account that there are six girls, each having two heels, making twelve, and that Don Chuchu has two guns, each having six balls, also making twelve. That is a formidable example, no?"

"Si, formidable de veras," Chato said. "And you are of the category of this Don Chuchu?"

"No, I cannot claim to be of that category—but I am competent with the little arm. And I have achieved some fame myself, as you would know if you read the newspapers—or perhaps you do not read?"

"No, I do not read but I hear everything of any importance. What was the occasion?"

"It was the occasion three weeks ago when I killed two with two shots in the barrio of San Miguel. The newspapers were full of it for several days."

Chato looked at his companion for a moment and when he spoke all of the sarcasm had gone from his voice: "Then you are that Juancho Muñoz. I'm sorry, but I did not know before."

"It was forced upon me, as was proved in court," Juancho said quietly, almost apologetically. "I was attacked, and so it was done in heat. I have never killed cold—have you, Chato?"

"Only once."

They were both silent for a moment and then Juancho asked, hesitantly, "How was it?"

Chato spoke slowly, his small black eyes fixed, as though they weren't seeing anything at all. "It is in the stomach," he said. "It is a great cold in the stomach—as though all the ice on Chimborazo were one heavy frozen ball in the stomach."

NOW there was a growing activity along the Alameda. Other cars were parking along the curb, groups of people were beginning to gather on the sidewalks, and several trucks bearing big lettered signs and loaded with gay, shouting youths went by, heading toward the airport.

"Tell me, Juancho," Chato said thoughtfully, "was it after this happening in the barrio of San Miguel that you joined the *Acción Popular*?"

"Yes, it was only a few days later, after I was released, that I was approached by the individual with the cast in his eye whom they call Tuerto. He was very genial and persuasive. He took me to the meetings where, for many evenings, they talked to me of politics—indoctrination they said it was. It was all most complicated and I'm afraid there was much that I did not understand; but meanwhile they gave me food and treated me with great courtesy."

Chato's round face, no longer composed, was knit-browed and troubled. He spat out the dead cigarette and said, "Then later I suppose they suggested this enterprise. I had assumed that you were a party member of long standing."

"No, I have never been active politically before—but you no doubt are an old *partidario?*"

"No. I, also, have been indoctrinated only recently."

Now the street was quite congested with cars and trucks and people. There was the sound of young voices singing, little flags fluttered brightly in the sun, and a file of school children dressed in their best came marching along. Directly opposite where the two men sat waiting in the car the teachers halted the children and marshaled them into a line on the sidewalk.

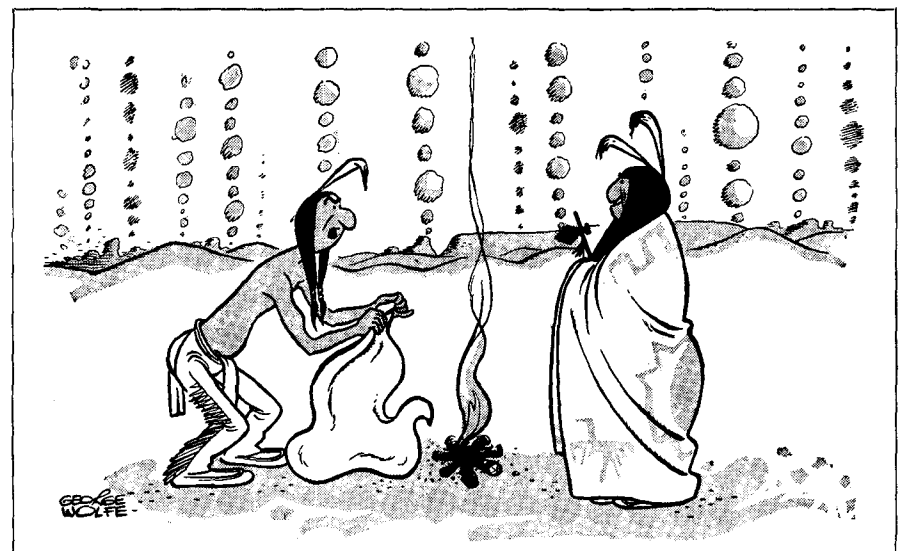
"Ah, that is not good," Chato said. "I had not taken such a possibility into account."

"I do not like that—we must be very careful of the children. Tell me, Chato—this killing, cold—is it very bad?"

"Very bad, Juancho. There is the moment—just the one moment—for which you must prepare. The stomach must be prepared for the moment."

The Alameda was crowded now along its whole length. Trucks and busses rolled by in a constant stream, the air rang with *vivas,* and groups of workers waved large banners bearing the picture of the president of the republic.

"It is an enormous demonstration," Juancho said. "There is much greater enthusiasm than I had expected from what they told me. They said that it would be only an organized demonstration, paid for by the government—but they could not pay all these people, nor create such enthusiasm, surely."



"I've been trying to get my wife for the past hour but the sky is busy!"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE WOLFE

"No, that would be impossible. This individual is very popular with the people—that is an obvious fact."

"Do you believe all the things which they of the *Acción* said of him—that he steals great sums and lives like a *gringo* millionaire?"

"I do not believe that. He is an elderly man, a scholar, who works very hard. They taught us that his philosophy is vicious and impractical, but nevertheless he works very hard. Many times I have passed his office in the palace late at night and always the lights are burning and the guards are on post, indicating that he is there at work."

"They say that he keeps many women, lavishing jewels and riches upon them."

"He is not that type of person.. I hear all the gossip of the capital and I have never met one who can confirm these things of his own knowledge. That is propaganda such as politicians always use."

"I wish that I had understood more of the indoctrination."

Chato looked at his companion thoughtfully. *"Pues,* in accepting a part in this enterprise," he said, "your motives were not entirely political. You had other motives—stronger ones, perhaps?"

"I am afraid that is the truth. But mind you it was the indoctrination which convinced me. I first had to believe that it was for the right and for the good of my country. I would not have accepted otherwise."

"Your other motive—it was money, no?"

"Pues, indirectly. It was really for the fair."

"The fair?"

"The fair at Palenque. You know about that, of course. Palenque is famous for its fair."

"You wanted money to go to the fair at Palenque?"

"You would not understand, I suppose, not being a Palenqueño. But this desire to return for the fair is very strong in all who are of that province. The Indians, the cholos, and even the few whites who have their roots there know a great hunger to return to the valley in the mountains when the time for the fiesta of the Virgin approaches. Perhaps you cannot tell the date by the position of the stars in the sky, nor have the education to read a printed calendar; but nevertheless you will know that the time is drawing near as the urge grows stronger and stronger, day by day, within you. I have felt it very plainly every year since I left the valley eight years ago. And another strange thing that I have felt. Faced with death, I had the sudden thought that flashed through my mind: I would not mind death if I could go to the fair in Palenque once more. It was on that occasion in the barrio of San Miguel when I was attacked by those two and when, in the first instant, I thought that death was with me—all in one piece, like a ray, came this thought—and with it, the desire to live which impelled me to action. It all happened together, as part of a single thing—the danger, and the thought of the fair, and then my gun firing—and it was only afterward that they became separated for me."

"In these eight years then you have never gone back?"

"I have always lacked sufficient money at the proper time. Often I have had sufficient money but never at the proper time. I had begun to think that it was ordained that I should never return to Palenque for the fair; and then this opportunity came and it was at the proper time and I thought: No, the saints are not contrary to my going to the fair once again, for surely I shall go this year, and at the same time I shall accomplish something splendid for my country, since these men who are educated and so much wiser than I have told me so!"

"In this of killing cold, Juancho, it is necessary that one have at least the hope that it is for the right. He must have that to sustain him—unless he is only an assassin and a traitor."

"Then you believe truly in this *Acción Popular?* They convinced you truly?"

Chato moved uneasily. "Like you," he said, "I did not understand much of what they said; and with me it was still more difficult for I have always lived in the capital and have seen much of politicians and know much of their ways. But I wished to be convinced for I, too, needed money, being a poor man with a large family, and in the end I had, at least, the hope. That is all I got out of it, really—the hope that it was for the right. We both started out with that, Juancho, and we must cling to it—both of us."

OUT in the street the civil guards had cleared the traffic and were driving the people back to the sidewalks. From the distance, toward the airport, came the sound of sirens and the sputtering of motorcycles. All along the Alameda the excitement grew, the flags fluttered wildly and the cheering swelled to a single voice, sustained and high-pitched.

"It will be soon now," Juancho said. He wiped the sweat from his face with a coat sleeve, examined again the revolver that lay on his knee, and glanced nervously toward the latticed second stories, crowded now with people leaning from the windows.

The two men sat quiet and tense. The motorcade approached slowly. The cheering and the sputtering of exhausts grew still louder and then at last the troopers were passing, helmets and slung rifles gleaming.

Chato's face had changed completely. Seeing it now, one would not think of it as puffy and composed at all. The mouth was tight, the eyes were hard and steady under the drawn brows, the nostrils were sucked in and the skin looked dry and shiny, stretched over the cheekbones.

Then they could see him. He was less than a block away—standing in an open car, bareheaded, smiling, waving his hands. He stood straight and tall above the people, the sunlight glinting from his eyeglasses and from his thin, silvery hair. Slowly, steadily the figure drew nearer, moving above the heads of the people like the figure of a saint in a religious procession. A hundred yards, seventy-five yards—fifty yards from the two men who sat there, waiting.

Then it happened. When he was only fifty yards away, it happened.

"Maldito!" Chato said, breathing out between clenched teeth.

The car had halted. The school children had surged out from the sidewalk, surrounded the car and halted it—only fifty yards away.

Chato was leaning back with his eyes closed, breathing out deeply, rapidly, the tense lines of his face relaxing slowly.

"I was ready," he said softly. "I had prepared for it and it was not the right time. It is too far."

Juancho looked about him stupidly, like one coming out of a dream.

A small girl was handing a wreath of flowers to the president and he was leaning over, listening to the words which were lost in the tumult of cheering.

"That was the moment," Chato said. "I was prepared, but it was too soon." He seemed spent, sick with exhaustion.

The police lines had broken and all the people had surged out, filling the Alameda, crowding in a solid mass about the president's car. The whole street was a sea of distorted faces, of arms thrashing wildly toward the sky, and the *vivas* rose like the voice of a gigantic, frenzied animal. The child finished speaking and the

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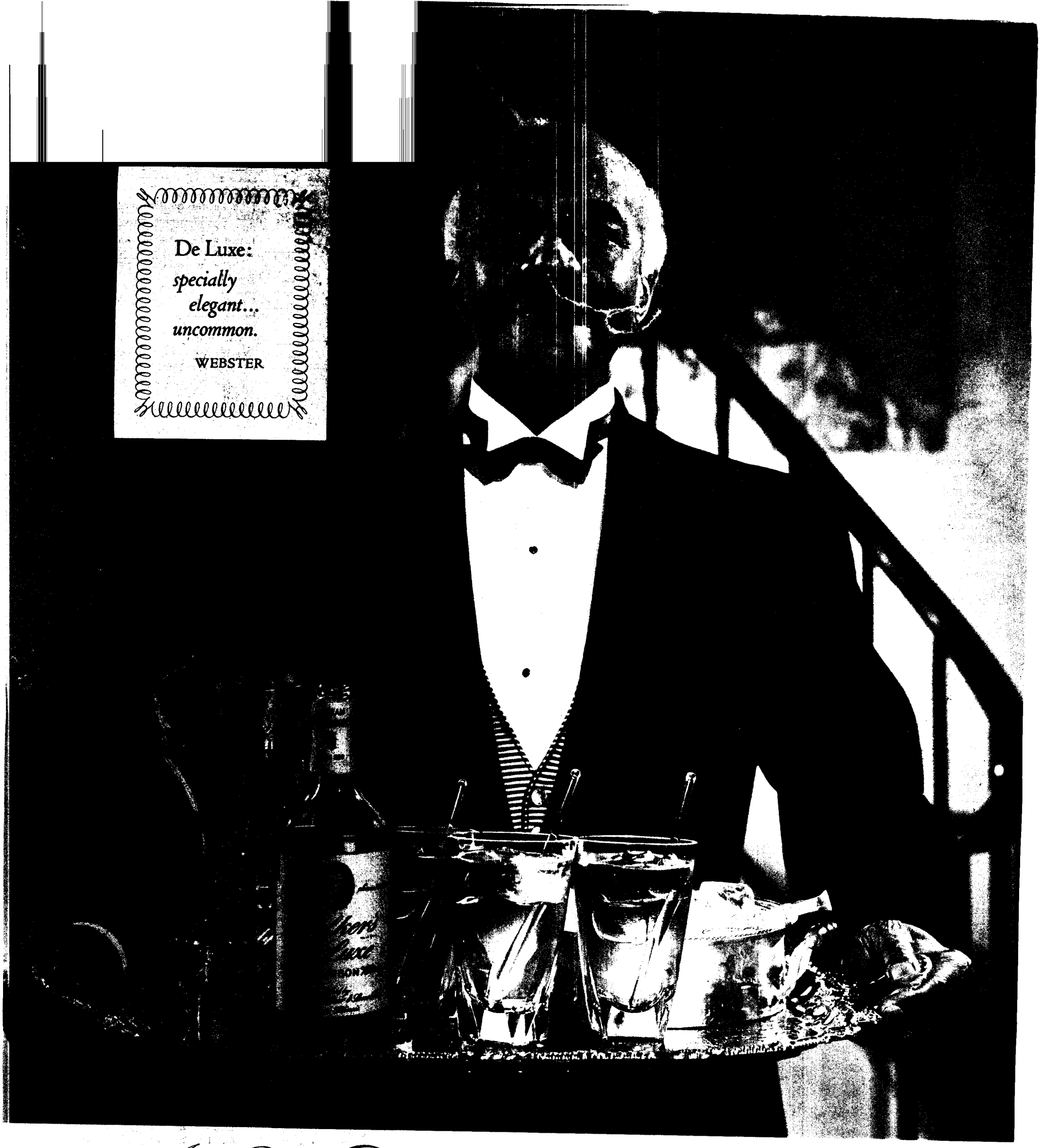

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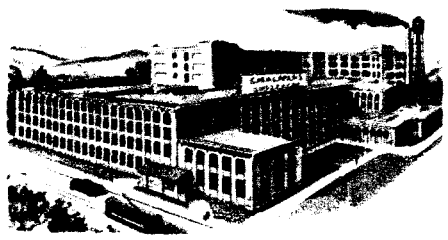

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In response to these and many other letters, we tell you Chalmers union suits are now available to everyone. . . .

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"At the beginning of the war, I bought the last available Chalmers Porosknit union suits in Marshall Field's Men's Store. Now they are rapidly wearing out. Still no more have come in to the above store. When are you going to start making this fine "ventilated underwear" again?"

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"Ever since I've been married (more than 32 years), my husband has worn Chalmers underwear. Just before the war I was able to buy six pairs of long drawers. I cut them short (used the cut-off for patches). He has been wearing them ever since. But they are mostly patches . . . in fact, I've even patched some of the patches! So . . . will you please tell me if and where I can buy them."

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president looked about him, smiling upon the upturned faces.

"He has a presence," Juancho said, whispering, "and there is a great distinction. He is much older than I had imagined."

A sound truck drew up beside the president's car, a microphone was passed over and the president raised his hand. The clamor died and then his voice came—clear and calm, speaking to the people.

"We must not listen, Juancho," Chato said, as though pleading.

THE voice was gentle but it carried far, seeming to rise to the distant mountains themselves and echo back along the ancient Alameda. He used the simple words and intimate forms of the common people; but from his lips, with the cultured, scholarly voice, they came with a certain strange nobility, a classic dignity.

"The voice is very compelling," Juancho said.

"We must not listen! If you are to go to the fair in Palenque, Juancho, we must not listen!"

"I am not listening to the words—it is the voice that holds one. It is very compelling."

He spoke of the chaotic, desperate condition of the country when his administration began, and then he described, one by one, all the reforms that had been accomplished—the abuses that had been rectified, the benefits that had been achieved for the Indians and the laboring classes, the new freedoms that had been established for the first time in the country's history.

His tone was matter-of-fact, his logic smooth and precise.

"He is telling the truth," Juancho said, as though speaking to himself. "One forgets these things."

"It is very difficult not to listen. He has great eloquence."

"One is compelled to listen to the truth when he hears it. He has, in truth, accomplished all these things, but I had forgotten."

Now he was speaking of the things that still remained to be done. He admitted the mistakes that had been made, acknowledged the abuses that still existed and told of the reforms that he hoped to accomplish.

He outlined his program of public works, of wider social reforms, of increased educational facilities, of sanitation and public health. Then his voice rose and he spoke of the forces that were opposing the accomplishment of his program.

In anger and in eloquent vehemence he condemned their illegal methods, attacked their motives as selfish and narrow. He described their scheming and plotting, reciting detailed evidence, with names and dates and places.

The two men moved uneasily, looking at each other. They recognized the names, knew the accuracy of the dates and places.

Chato spoke in a tired, flat voice: "It is necessary to have at least the hope that it is for the right—without that it is impossible."

"This individual is a good man, and he is good for the country."

"What's the matter with cooking? Why don't they take cooking any more?"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

"My stomach would refuse now. I could not prepare my stomach again."

A moment passed and then Juancho asked, quietly, "Shall we go now?"

"Yes, let us go, Juancho."

Quietly, as though not to disturb the voice that was speaking to the people, Juancho started the motor and eased out the clutch. The car moved forward, turned into the side street and picked up speed.

"Do you think there is some hope for us, Chato?"

"There is hope, I believe, but I do not know. We shall say that we found the place taken by another car—that we cruised about for a long time but the car remained there and that finally we found another place but it was a bad position, surrounded by *carabineros,* and we were afraid."

"But wouldn't some of them have been there watching us?"

"I do not believe that, for they are all known and suspect and they would have taken great care to be seen elsewhere."

"There is hope for us then. Perhaps, after all, I shall go to the fair at Palenque once again—next year, perhaps."

WHEN it was all over, when the Alameda was quiet again and the people were at siesta, a door opened and daylight swept into the deep gloom of a hallway.

Two men, cold-eyed and quick of movement, dismantled a pair of carbines and fitted the pieces into a violin case. The distance was a dozen feet perhaps from where the other two men had sat waiting in the car.

"That will prove," the older man said, "that it is always best to act with caution. It also proves that appearances are deceiving and that one cannot rely too much on an informer. I have known that one for a long time and I doubted his story from the beginning."

"But everything fitted so perfectly—the exact position, the description of the men, and even the car. I was convinced to the last moment—until they pulled away."

"Coincidence is often amazing and one must learn to use caution. You see, if I had not insisted upon waiting until they moved, we should have had on our consciences the killing of two innocents."

"God is with those two."

"God is with them, *de veras.*"

THE END

"I've been listening to Winchell and Drew Pearson and, frankly, I'm worried. I haven't been feeling nearly as depressed as I should"

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY

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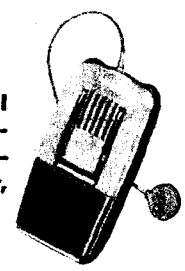

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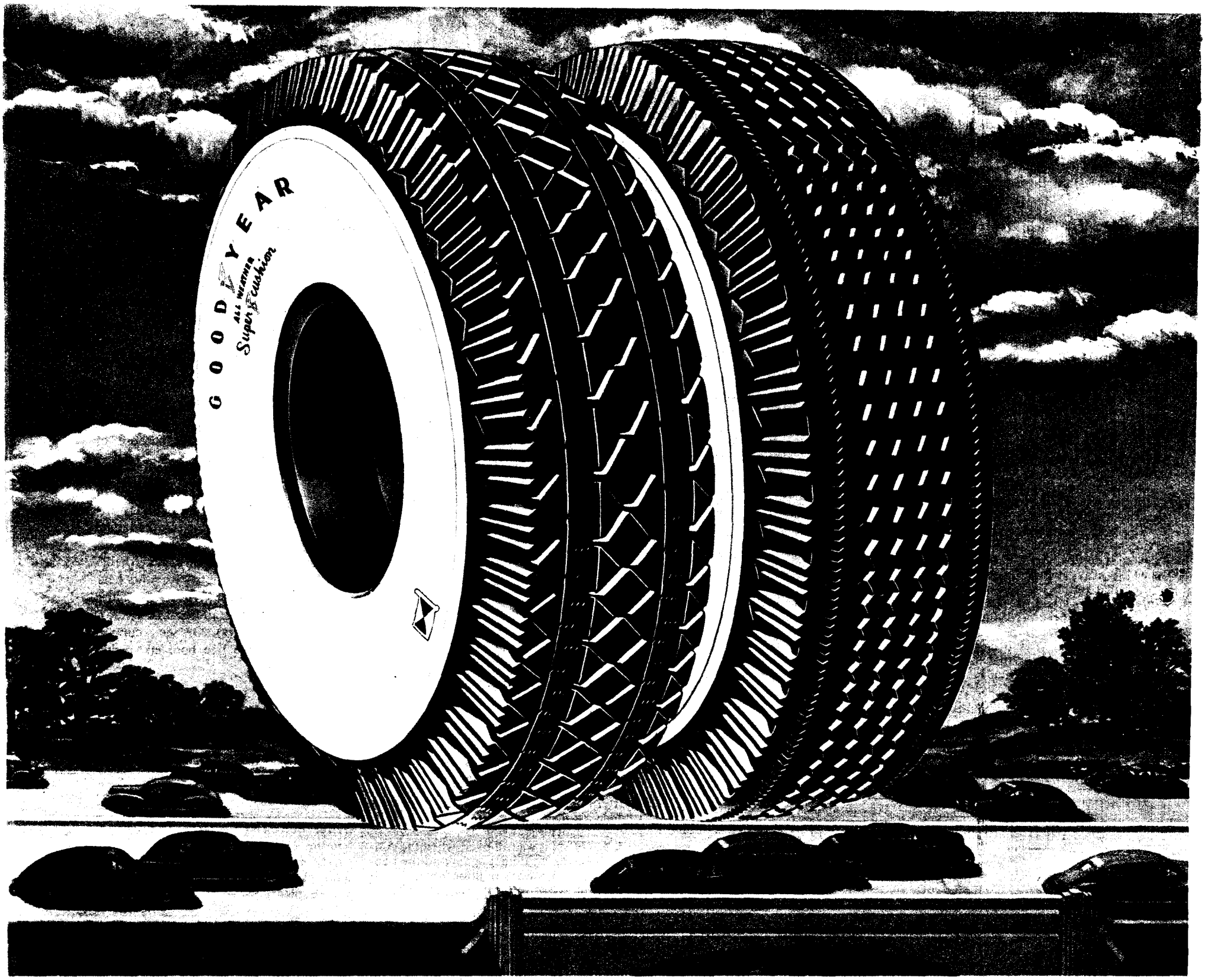

For the smoothest, safest ride you've ever had, more mileage and greater car economy, switch to Super-Cushions — whether your car is old or new. They'll make a big difference in its road performance. So, see your Goodyear dealer *now*. If he doesn't have Super-Cushions in your size at the moment, he'll be getting them in soon.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

The new Super-Cushi

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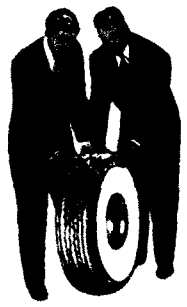
15 years!" car makers say



GREAT NEW SUPER-CUSHION RUNS ON ONLY 24 POUNDS OF AIR; GIVES INCREDIBLY SOFTER RIDE, EASIER, SAFER CAR HANDLING; LENGTHENS LIFE OF YOUR CAR

Take it from the auto men! "This tire makes a great improvement in the operation and performance of the modern motor car!"

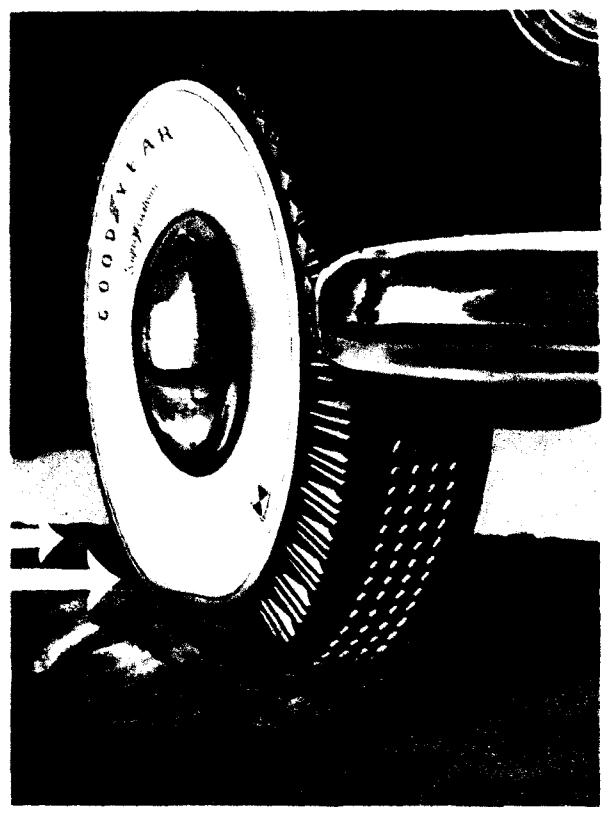
That statement wasn't made by *Goodyear* engineers. It was made by *automobile* engineers—men who design and test cars for America's leading auto makers. Openly astonished at the performance of Goodyear's new Super-Cushion, they quickly adopted it for their new cars.

And once you've had the luxurious new experience of riding with Super-Cushions on *your* car, we believe you'll never again be satisfied with conventional tires.

Here's why...

CONVENTIONAL TIRE

SUPER-CUSHION



1. A softer ride—and a wonderful new ease and safety in car handling!

The Super-Cushion is bigger and *softer* than conventional tires. It contains *more* air—but runs on *only 24 pounds* of air pressure instead of 28 to 32.

So you get a noticeably smoother, *softer* ride—on good roads and bad. And these tires make a car handle with an ease and stability you've never felt before!

Your car *hugs* the road. It seems to *float* in and out of traffic, to *flow* around curves. There's less side-sway, less tug and jar on the steering wheel. *You get an altogether new feeling of driving security—of effortless mastery over your car!*

2. First tire to lick lateral shock—cuts down car maintenance costs!

Conventional tires and springs protect your car against up-and-down road shock. But till Goodyear developed the Super-Cushion, lateral (crosswise) shock was one of the few problems in the modern motor car that had never been licked.

Bigger, softer Super-Cushions *soak up* these crosswise jolts and shocks, *soak up* vibration. Naturally, this means less driving fatigue.

But it also means less stress and strain on every part of your car. *It means fewer rattles, fewer repair bills. It means these tires actually lengthen the life of your car!*

3. Super-Cushions give greater mileage—have extra resistance to blowouts!

Super-Cushions run *cooler*, so they build up less pressure and consistently average *more mileage than the finest standard tires!* (Heat, you know, is a tire's worst enemy.)

Because they're softer, they "roll with the punch," are harder to cut or bruise, have extra resistance to blowouts.

Two other big Super-Cushion advantages:

On a small car, they give you the ride and feeling of security you get in a big car.

They're so much bigger that they dress up the appearance of *any* car—large or small!

ion by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

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MOVIE MENACE

Continued from page 13

was fourteen had probably rung up some kind of juvenile record for waywardness. He covered all of New England and most of the South.

He attended four high schools and was graduated from none. His last appearance in the halls of learning was at Haaren High School, New York City, where Bob played the C-melody saxophone in the school band.

His mother, who knew not a note of music, had taught him to play the saxophone out of a book. As an example of sheer maternal determination, Mrs. Mitchum is a paragon—she also taught a younger sister to dance although she herself had never learned. She accomplished this by reading from a book and illustrating steps with her fingers. Bob unquestionably inherited a large measure of his versatility from his mother.

His Alibi Wasn't Good Enough

At sixteen he set out to ride the rods to Florida and made it as far as Savannah. There he was nabbed by the constabulary and accused of robbing a shoe store. Bob pointed out that this was impossible, since he had been in jail for vagrancy at the time of the theft, but the Georgia authorities thought the boy looked as if he ought to be clapped in irons anyway.

Georgia chain gangs are notorious and have frequently been exposed as despicable. Bob turns in a minority report. Not so bad, he says. Indeed, he had a pretty good time.

With a large Creole on the gang, alleged to be a competent murderer, Bob hatched up a business arrangement. As newcomers arrived, Bob assured them they would have no place to sleep unless they bought space from him, at two bits per space. When the newcomer discovered that he had been mulcted by the kid, Bob would run and hide behind the Creole, no man to tamper with.

Thus supplied with a little cash when his term ended, Bob started home by way of Cleveland but ran into trouble there when his money gave out and his left foot began to swell, the result of a gangrene infection due to a tight iron. He appealed to the police, whom he regarded—and still regards—as fine friendly fellows, was popped into a municipal hospital and was told the foot would be amputated next morning.

Bob had other plans. He fled in the night and rode the rods back to Philadelphia in zero weather. The resourceful Mrs. Mitchum applied the proper herbs and unguents, a brew she had learned in the South, and Bob was soon on his feet again.

He then found steady employment as handy man and business manager to Carol Righter, the distinguished astrologer. Mr. Righter moved in top-drawer circles. He foretold the rosy future for first-class members of society only, performing in Bar Harbor, Newport, Philadelphia and various hangouts of the well-to-do. This was dinner-jacket stuff, handsomely profitable.

The pair left for California, however, shortly after a distressing incident in Philadelphia. Sponsored by a lady of high social position, they had been performing in the best drawing rooms for several months, until the evening when a watchful butler detected young Robert trying to make off with seven bottles of whisky.

Mr. Righter, Bob points out now, is a scientist who takes his profession seriously. They disagreed on the commercial possibilities of stargazing, and Bob found himself at liberty.

By this time he had started a family, having married a Philadelphia girl with whom he fell in love at sixteen. They subsisted on practically nothing while Bob tried to earn a living writing satiric ballads for the use of small-time night-club entertainers. Although he actually sold a few of these, he now explains that the only ones that were usable were on such a low, blue level that he is ashamed to recall them. He patched up his one blue suit with adhesive tape and sought work as an extra at the studios.

This eventually led him to William Boyd, better known to the millions as Hopalong Cassidy of the horse operas. Mr. Boyd looked Mitchum over, found him big, sturdy and tough-looking, and asked him if he rode well.

"Broke ponies in Wyoming," drawled Bob, who had never forked a horse in his life.

"You'll do," said Boyd. "Ride off into the sunset on that nag."

Bob mounted from the wrong side and was promptly tossed 15 feet. He was thrown four more times before Mr. Boyd, a man of mercy and good humor, stopped the act. Mr. Boyd recalled that he himself had been unable to ride when he was turned overnight into a Western star, and he liked this boy. He took him on and gave him parts leaning against fence posts where he could point and mutter, "That-a-way," as the desperadoes fled down Gower Gulch.

After eight Hopalongs, Bob began to get small parts in big pictures. The role of Panhandle in Walter Wanger's We've Never Been Licked was probably his turning point. From then on—this is shortly before the war—he got increasingly important parts in such robust films as Trombone from Heaven, Pig Iron, Gung Ho, Minesweeper, and Destroyer. He was featured in Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, and began to be squinted at appreciatively by various producers.

In 1941, an old back injury kept Mitchum out of the service, so he quit pictures and went to work at Lockheed. It terrified him. He operated a drop hammer which he was convinced was possessed of low cunning and was plotting to smash him. He was enormously relieved when the Army took him in March of 1942. He spent most of his military career as a drill sergeant, because he had the biggest voice in three battalions and because he looked mean. He was finally released because of his dependents, which by that time included two small boys.

Mitchum returned to Hollywood broke and with no feeling of security about continuing a career in pictures. He owned one civilian suit. A brother and a sister had arrived and moved in. The children were getting expensive. There was a minimum of bread in the house—and some mysterious stranger had parked a

"... Well, Sergeant, I don't exactly know how to describe it. . . . It's nothing I can put my finger on—but there's a certain eerie tenseness in the neighborhood . . . as though something awful is about to happen!"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

But the cumulative effect of Bob's pictures and the dearth of male stars during the war were in his favor. He was not only grabbed by RKO again, but David O. Selznick, who has developed more unusual top talent than any other man in Hollywood, bought a share of Bob's contract. Having D.O.S. own part of your contract is like having the National City Bank indorse your mortgage. Mitchum began to prosper immediately.

As his acclaim piled up, Robert discovered that a Menace is a guy who finds it difficult to sit for more than a few minutes in a bar without attracting the attentions of gentlemen who decide, after a few shots, that this is the man they have longed all their life to take a poke at. Robert is large—six foot one, weighs 180 pounds and has a torso that could trade measurements with a Pilsner keg—but he is a peaceful man.

Not so long ago, Bob and his wife were out for an evening drive. There was a little accident, something about a grazed fender. Mitchum stepped outside to make polite inquiry. Three men and a girl immediately made disconcerting remarks about his brains, breeding and ability to stay out of booby hatches. Mitchum took 'em on, and was doing all right when he realized that the girl was laughing fit to kill.

"Some rugged feller," she chortled.

This made Mitchum laugh too. He realized then for the first time that his own wife was taking part in the fray. She was beating him about the head with a shoe, under the impression that she was stopping the fight to save Robert's valuable face for pictures. Come to find out, too, that the Mitchum assailants comprised a wedding party and that Bob had given the groom a bloody nose. They all repaired to a bar and had a drink.

Like Bogart and the other bad men, Bob is getting used to the fact of life that his presence almost anywhere is likely to inspire some befuddled gent to assert his maleness by taking a swing at him.

In San Francisco recently Mitchum and some of the crew stepped into a bar thickly populated with sailors. As part of his make-up for his picture with Loretta Young, Bob wore long, curly hair, dribbling in ringlets about his ears.

Remarks were passed. Bob took them as long as possible, then stood up. Standing up is one of his best histrionic tricks. From a slumping position, Robert uncoils slowly, seeming to grow higher and wider by the foot. As he reached his full height, a small, awe-struck sailor poured oil on the waters. "Fellers," he said, "I judge from his altitude that this ain't no sissy." Battle was averted.

Broad A's and a Tavern Accent

Although his education is most informal, Mitchum has become reasonably well read. He talks with the racy vocabulary of a renegade Harvard professor who has taken up barkeeping. His philosophy, if you can call it that, is founded on the belief that people should be let alone and not pushed around.

Last year he made a great deal of money, which he didn't know what to do with and which he entrusted to counselors whose superior business acumen he respected. He returned from an out-of-town chore to discover that he had been sent to the cleaners to the tune of $80,000 and was committed for $20,000 more. He declined to prosecute.

"What's the use?" he explained. "I can't get the money back, and if I start legal foolishness I might send somebody to jail."

The Mitchum family lives quietly in an eight-room house on a steep slope in Beverly Hills. It will come as no surprise, of course, that the Menace spends as much time as possible playing with his children. His favorite recreation is lying on the floor with small boys on top of him while he plays selections from his collection of 400 records, some of them classical. As a domestic man, Bob went to elaborate pains about a year ago to create a garden. He purchased tools, spades, trowels and shrubbery.

One afternoon he carefully dug a hole exactly two feet wide by three feet deep. The hole is there yet.

Not long ago he met Hedda Hopper, proprietor of one of the most-syndicated columns emanating from Hollywood, at one of Atwater Kent's fabulous parties. Van Johnson and his new wife, the former Mrs. Keenan Wynn, and other hard-to-get items were present, but Hedda spent the entire evening interviewing Mitchum.

Bob said later that he was genuinely astonished. "Listen," he said, "I'm in the gravy. It's very fine gravy. But don't think I don't realize that I'm just here between trains."

So far as that goes, Bob's attitude is that Hollywood itself is just here between trains.

THE END

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"Now watch him drop that paper!"

"I feel the same way about Schlitz myself. There's something about that Schlitz flavor that makes you want to drop everything and take time out to enjoy it."

And like the loyalty of a good friend, the quality of Schlitz never wavers. It's always the same grand beer with none of that "harsh bitterness"... the beer that makes people everywhere say, "No wonder it made Milwaukee famous."

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

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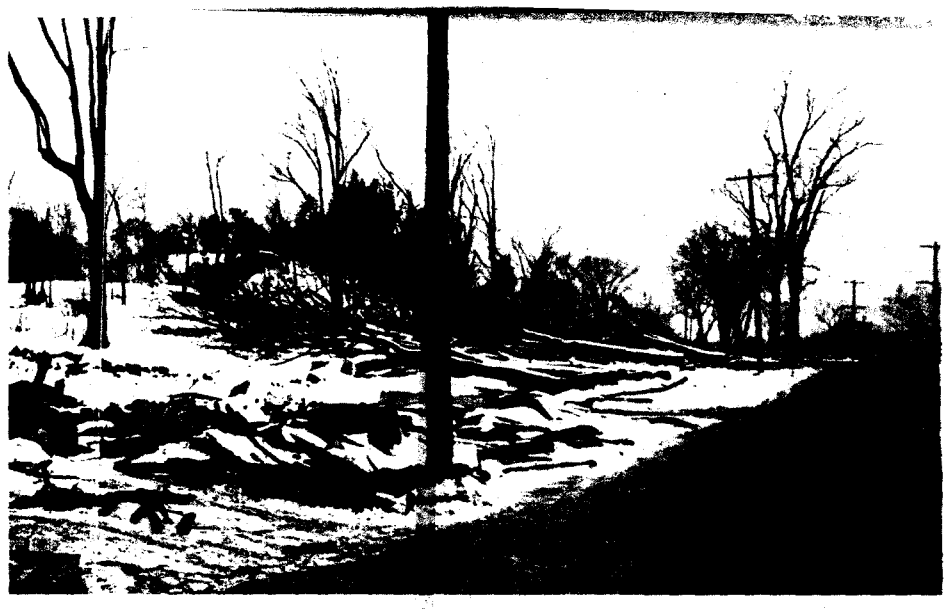
BEFORE: This was Brownfield, Maine, a typical New England village. For more than a century its people had farmed the land and timbered the forests



AFTER: This is Brownfield today, after the forest fire had swept down out of the autumn hills and leveled every building in town for more than a mile

"BROWNFIELD'S STILL HERE"

BY COREY FORD

A Maine town, ravaged by fire, is reborn by faith and hard work

IN LAST week's Collier's, Corey Ford's short short story, The Statue, told of the great forest fire which last autumn swept through Maine, and of the little town of Brownfield which couldn't be killed. The bronze statue of a young soldier in the Civil War symbolized the town's determination to live. Now Collier's presents a sequel: the true account of how Brownfield tackled the task of rebuilding.

WINTER has closed in on Brownfield, Maine. But this is no sleepy, hibernating New England town. Brownfield is busy with a little problem of life or death—and the people are in no doubt as to which it will be.

In last autumn's forest fire, the residents of Brownfield lost their homes, but it never occurred to them for a moment that they were homeless. Their roots were buried deep, a century deep, in the soil of Brownfield; the town would come up again from the roots. The statue still stood in the center of the fire-blackened village square; and around the smoking foundations, the day after the fire, men and women poked in the ashes and made their plans to rebuild. The young war veteran standing near the monument spoke for the town: "Only the houses are gone. Brownfield's still here."

New Englanders have a way of taking disaster in stride. They set about meeting this disaster with the stoic patience they might show in shoveling out after a heavy blizzard. Some of these charred light poles weren't too bad; they'd do for framing a shed maybe. This crumpled tin roofing would come in handy to keep out the weather till they could knock some kind of shelter together. Might use some of this twisted pipe for reinforcing the concrete floor of the new barn. Nails would be scarce; men and women with buckets began gathering the fire-rusted nails that had scattered on the ground when the beams burned away.

Neighbors helped. Hastily scrawled notices appeared on gateposts and scorched telephone poles: "Plenty of potatoes at Shepherd River Farm." "We have canned goods, apples, flour. Apply American Legion, Fryeburg."

In Charley Harmon's one-family house, eighteen people were living. "First one in at night gets the best bed." Mrs. Julia Wells, Brownfield's veteran postmistress, moved her precious sacks of mail into the front room, dumped the letters on the double bed, and began sorting them all over again. Mail was distributed in Brownfield that night. "We lost just one day," Mrs. Wells said proudly.

The Maine Central ran an old-fashioned combination baggage-car-and-smoker onto a siding near the ruined railroad station, and in the rear of the car the selectmen set up an emergency Town Hall. Slowly they made order out of chaos, contacted the governor, sent out appeals for aid, helped the scattered members of families locate one another, made the first official estimate of the staggering loss; almost 70 per cent of the houses in town destroyed, 363 people homeless.

Donations of food and clothing from friends and sympathizers all over the nation, together with routine disaster-bundles from the Salvation Army and the Red Cross, were heaped on the plush seats in the front part of the car, and people who had lost all their clothes in the fire could come in and pick out anything that might fit them amid that harlequin collection of high-heeled slippers, evening clothes, feathered straw hats, an impressive heap of men's suit coats without any pants. "Mebbe they figgered we only got burnt out from the waist up."

Within a week, the sound of hammer and saw echoed throughout the ghost village. The Quimbys completed the first house, a tar-paper-covered cottage. The plume of smoke from Mrs. Quimby's kitchen stove waved like a white banner, rallying the town. Mr. Harris, whose 100-year-old farm had been wiped out to the last chicken house and shed, started a two-story frame house just across the road; he moved his family into the upper floor just three weeks later.

Gray-haired Jennie Wentworth had been postal messenger for seventeen years; every morning she had met the train, delivered the sacks of mail to the Brownfield post office. Miss Wentworth had taken care of herself all her life, and she was not going to be beholden to anybody now. She herself hauled planks, wrestled beams, drove nails; her new house was one of the first half dozen finished. "You got to keep going. If you stop and think, you go crazy, and what's the good of going crazy?"

Rounding Up the Livestock

Slowly the town was getting its second wind. The chickens that had been wandering loose amid the ruins were gathered up, put in newly fenced yards. Horses and cows, turned out to pasture when the flames closed in, were herded into neighbors' barns that were still standing. Mrs. Thelma Hill tried in vain to coax her pigs back into pens: "They were so frightened by the fire, they won't stay shut up."

But the children of Brownfield, running as wild as the animals, were a more serious problem. All three of the town's rural schools had been leveled, and since the end of October the school children had been enjoying a prolonged holiday. The federal government came to their aid; supplied four prefabricated houses which could be joined together to form a single schoolhouse capable of accommodating all the children in town. Work has been progressing steadily on the project; the new Brownfield school should be in use by the time this report appears.

The first snow began early in November, and still there were scores and scores of homeless families who had little or no insurance, who could not afford to rebuild. Brownfield was assigned forty prefab metal houses, which had been turned over to the State of Maine by the War Assets Administration for distribution in the fire area. Professional contractors, hired to assemble the units, imported their own carpenters and electricians and mechanics; while the men of Brownfield stood by with hands in pockets and watched, puzzled and disturbed by what many of them felt was an obvious reluctance on the part of the union labor to work with nonunion men.

"When we try to get a job putting up our own houses," they complained to us, "we're told that all they have is pick-and-shovel work. Not much money in pick-and-shovel, especially when you've been supporting your family on a carpenter's or electrician's pay. But they say those jobs are all taken. We'd work hard. We wouldn't take off on the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, for instance, and not come back to work again till next Monday; not with cold weather coming on so fast. We want to get these houses up."

The contractors denied any such discrimination, of course. The foreman on the job insisted to us vehemently that his union felt very kindly disposed toward all nonunion men in the disaster area, and would be only too happy to work alongside them; he'd hire any qualified nonunion

(Continued on page 51)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 43 AND 44

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In an old freight car, on a siding near the burned railway station, the town of Brownfield conducts its routine business. Selectmen P. J. McLucas (left) and Herbert Blake interview a local citizen who wants a driver's license, while Tax Collector Annette Hill studies the town books saved from the fire. McLucas, who lost his home, sleeps in the rear of the car after business hours

Daughter Lois chews bubble gum contentedly as Mrs. Hill watches a workman finish the framework of her new prefabricated house. Mrs. Hill, who lost everything she owned when her farm and barns burned, has had to board her cows with neighbors, while her pigs wander freely around town. "They were too frightened by the fire. They won't stay in pens any more"

Local children, who have enjoyed an enforced vacation since all three of Brownfield's schools were destroyed, play around the site of the new government schoolhouse

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George Ward, at 54, still can swing a hammer; he's putting up his house all alone. "Mebbe I can't only build half of it at first, but I'll move in that an' then finish the other half when I c'n afford it." Mr. Ward, like most of Brownfield, has small patience with union rules and contractors and red tape

The ladies of Brownfield pitch in together to help finish the emergency government building which will be the new Town Hall. Some of the jobs are strange, but they adapt themselves cheerfully. "Spreading linoleum paste is about the same as buttering a pie crust. I'd lay it quicker with a rolling pin, though"

Mrs. Ruth Quimby's house was the first to go up in the town after the fire. It's only a tar-paper cottage, with a shed covered with tin roofing that the Quimbys salvaged from the foundations of their old home, but it's weather-tight and warm. Mr. Quimby got a deer last fall, so they have venison to eat

Irvin Rowe lost his house and everything he had in the fire; he's hard at work building another. Mr. Rowe isn't particularly afraid of winter. "When it snows, we'll shovel it off and keep on building. A man just works that much faster if it's cold. They's a lot of things you think you can't do till you find out you can"

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JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY

Continued from page 12

ought to be made on the next roll call."

Rayburn said he would canvass the situation and call back. He did, late in the afternoon.

"I do not remember exactly what Sam told me," said Garner, "but this is the impression it made on my mind: Conferences had been in progress all day and Smith's bloc was standing firm. Roosevelt could not break into other delegations, and Mississippi and some other states were about ready to desert him. Feelers showed that California would go to Roosevelt if I released the delegates. Texas would not, unless I went on the ticket with the New York governor. They had to sell the Texas delegates on the idea that Roosevelt, as governor of the most populous state, and I, as head of one branch of the government which the Democrats held, would be a winning ticket. If Texas and California did not go to Roosevelt on the fourth ballot, Rayburn thought the convention was in for a deadlock—

A Vital Decision Is Reached

"I didn't like the thought of taking the Vice-Presidential nomination. But I wanted another 1924 deadlock even less. So I said to Sam, 'All right, release my delegates and see what you can do. I'll do anything to see the Democrats win one more national election.' "

The Californians leaped jubilantly on the Roosevelt wagon. They had the honor all delegations like—that of casting the decisive vote. The Texans went sullenly to Roosevelt, but their 46 votes counted nonetheless and, with the 44 from California, gave Roosevelt all he needed, with some to spare. Also, they set off a flood tide of breaks to Roosevelt in other states.

Shortly afterward Will Rogers, who, although not a delegate, had been working for Garner, came to the press box and sat down beside me. He was low in spirit.

"Here I have been neutral all my life until now," he said, "and the first time I come out for a man he throws his strength to a fellow with a Harvard accent. No good can come to a Texan who does a thing like that."

Garner was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by acclamation. But for a variety of reasons the Texans were not happy even with Garner on the ticket. Texas was for the League of Nations, and Roosevelt's repudiation of the League in his February 2, 1932, speech before the New York State Grange had been badly received in the Lone Star State.

"It's a kangaroo ticket," said Archie Parr, a veteran Texas political leader, "stronger in the hindquarters than in front."

While he was preparing to assume the office which he called "no man's land somewhere between the executive and legislative branches," Garner was asked by President-elect Roosevelt to attend and participate in Cabinet meetings. This made his role more difficult. When presiding in the Senate he would be associated with the legislative branch; when attending Cabinet meetings, with the executive. There was a chance that the senators with whom he had to work would resent that divided function.

But Garner accepted the invitation.

"I decided that in order to carry out such responsibility I must make an agreement with the President-elect," he said. "That agreement included three things:

"In the first place, in order to serve the President and the country in that capacity, I did not feel I should make public statements. I also suggested that we agree during my term in the Vice-Presidency and association in the Cabinet that I would not make any recommendation for public office unless I was asked for a recommendation.

"The third part of the agreement was that I would not make any recommendation as to national policy—unless I was asked."

Just before he surrendered the gavel as Speaker, Garner called in newspapermen covering the House for a final conference. At its conclusion, he said:

The Valedictory as Speaker

"You have been coming in here every day. You have asked me a lot of questions and you have printed a lot about me. There hasn't been a more vociferous man in the country than I have been. I have been carrying on about Republican mismanagement and the combination of Morgan, Mellon and Mills—sometimes throwing in Mammon for good measure.

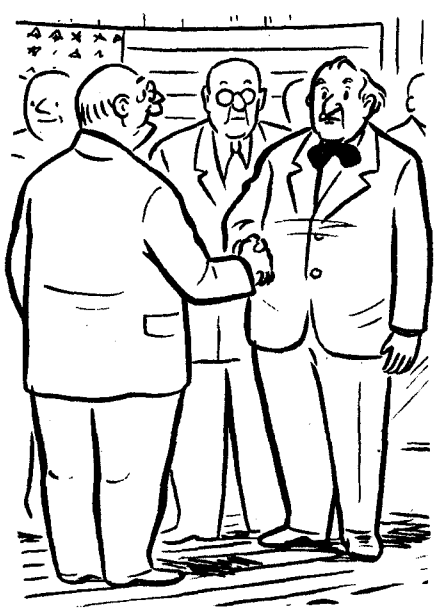
"Somebody had to do this. We Democrats have not had much organization and no one in particular to speak for the party. So I took over the job and used whatever ammunition I had ready. It is different now. Tomorrow I am going over to the other side of the Capitol. I will always be glad to see you, but don't ask me to talk. That is not my job any more. The man who moves into the White House tomorrow will do the talking."

The bank holiday which greeted the new Administration called for quick legislation, and here the new President and Vice-President had their first disagreement. Roosevelt was against the plan to have the government guarantee bank deposits, and Garner favored it.

As a matter of fact, their argument about this began shortly after the election and continued intermittently for weeks. I sat between them at a dinner the first time Roosevelt and Garner met after their 1932 victory election and heard their first argument.

"It won't work, John," said Roosevelt. "You had it in Texas and it was a failure, and so it was in Oklahoma and other states. The weak banks will pull down the strong. It's not a new idea, and it has never worked."

Garner replied, "You'll have to have it, Cap'n, or get more clerks in the Postal Savings Banks. The people who have taken their money out of banks are not going to put it back without some guarantee. A national guarantee can be made



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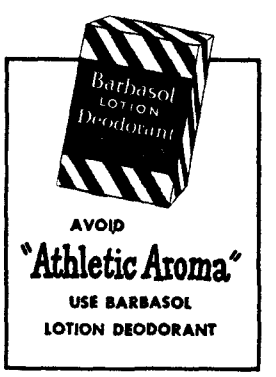

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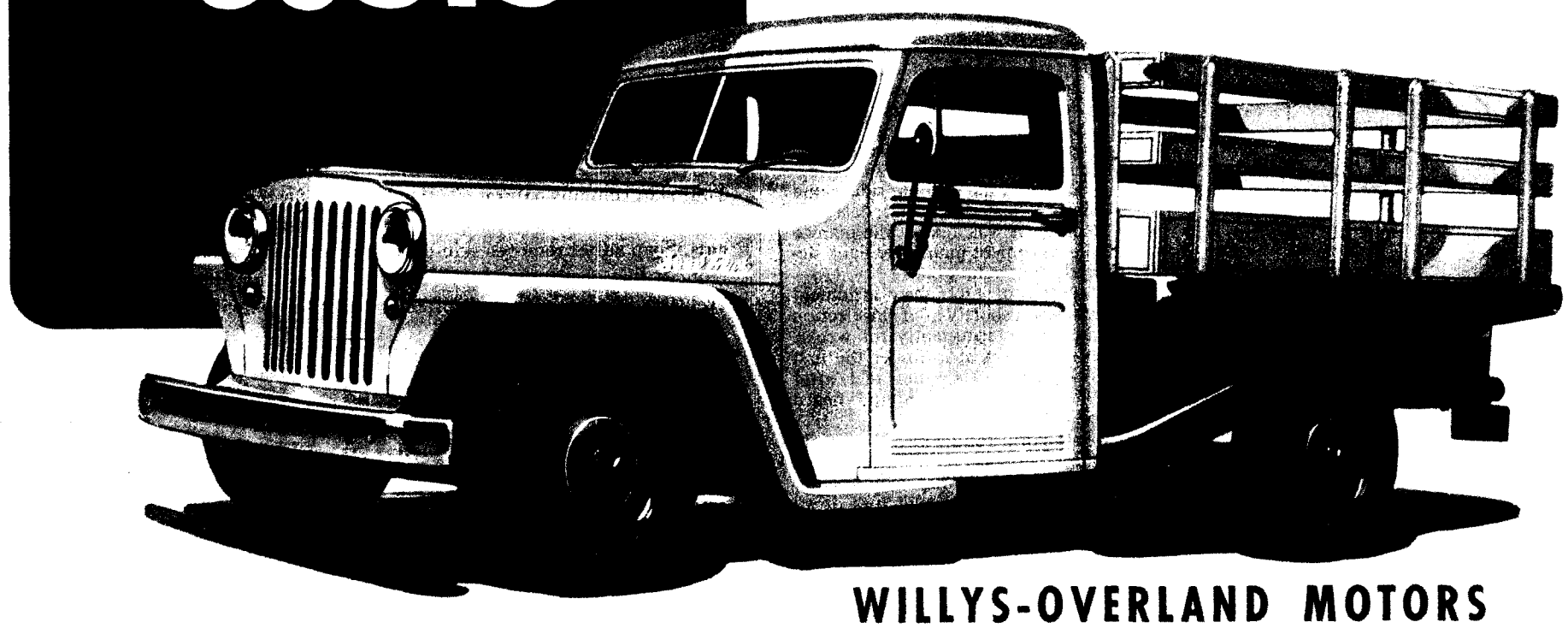

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to work. Depositors are not going to run on banks which have a government guarantee. It would be like making a run on the government itself, and the people know that the government coins money and issues currency."

Some weeks afterward, Garner told me that he had hopes that Roosevelt could be won over to the bank-guarantee proposal. He talked to Roosevelt as the President-elect lay in bed at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, just before Inauguration Day.

"I was on one side of the bed and Gus Lonergan (senator from Connecticut) sat on the other side," Garner related. "I told him I'd have to get Tom Love (ex-Texas Banking Commissioner) up here to tell him why it didn't work in Texas and as a state system elsewhere, but can be made to work as a national proposition."

Bill Passes—with Amendment

That disagreement between Roosevelt and Garner was amiable. But Roosevelt remained unconverted. In the Senate, Senator Vandenberg attached a bank-deposit guarantee to the general banking bill and both Houses adopted it despite a letter from the President to House and Senate conferees asking them to reject the Vandenberg amendment. The President signed the bill.

A long time afterward when Roosevelt in a statement praised the plan, Garner winked and said:

"I see Roosevelt is claiming credit for the guarantee of bank deposits."

Within a few weeks after inauguration Garner was his party's legislative tactician operating from three offices. In the Vice-President's room, a work of marble, gilt and walnut just off the Senate, he held quick conferences, often just at roll-call time.

At the four-room suite in the Senate Office Building, Mrs. Garner and the Vice-President's clerical force held forth. She had always been his secretary and continued to be. He saw visitors there.

In the "Board of Education," a hideaway in part of the old Supreme Court Chambers which contained nothing more formal than a table and a few straight chairs, the knottiest problems were settled. After any session, senators dropped into the room and there with Garner would often "strike a blow for liberty." It was a place of hospitality and felicity, where a good deal of the real Senate business was consummated.

If the Vice-President was publicly silent he was privately vocal. The Administration, including F.D.R., consulted him about everything. When he objected to a policy or a piece of legislation, he made his objections in a salty way.

In later years when they no longer saw eye to eye on many things, Garner said:

"Even when the going was toughest I determined not to have a rupture with the President if I could prevent it. Sometimes you could persuade him. He was a charming fellow . . . But he was a hard man to have an understanding with. He would deviate from the understanding.

"I have seen many stories about things on which we disagreed. But the thing most frequently a bone of contention between us I have never seen mentioned. He was constantly trying to influence me in the appointment of Senate committees. He would suggest personnel for conference and special committees. Of course, I had nothing to do with the appointment of the regular standing committees of the Senate. He would say to me about the special and conference committees: 'Jack, you ought not to appoint our enemies on these committees.'

"The issue of committee assignments did not become really embarrassing to me until the second term, when the New Dealers began noticeably to divide away from the Democrats on ideology. On the investigating committees especially, it was embarrassing to me. The right of investigation is a sacred right and one of the highest duties of the legislative branch. I tried to be very careful in the appointment of these committees. I didn't want to appoint publicity seekers. If these committees were conducted like courts they would not fulfill their functions, but such committees must not overstep the bounds of decency. The purpose of an investigation is to get useful information. If the committee member was a man of moral and intellectual integrity, intent on doing his duty as he saw it, I never gave much attention to his party politics and none to his shading within a party. I made up my mind I was going to put on the committees men I thought had stability and equipment for the task.

"I told Roosevelt I would follow the Senate wishes as much as possible on this. I had to treat the Senate with dignity. If I had not, it would have been up to the Senate to take the power of committee appointments away from me. It should have done so. The Senate never overruled any of my rulings. It overrode Marshall (Vice-President under Wilson) five times in one day."

The one-hundred-day special session from March 9th to June 16th (the now famous revolutionary 100 days) took up the sweeping recovery program. Some of the ideas were pretty radical, but Garner was willing to go a long way with a new idea. He had heard himself classified as both a conservative and a progressive.

"I consider myself a Democrat without any affix or suffix," he said. "I think I am progressive and I hope a sound progressive. When legislation is proposed I want the proposer to tell me how it will work in practice. A sure-footed progressive is one who takes an action with a purpose, knowing that the action is reasonably certain to accomplish that purpose."

Views on President's Powers

He had misgivings about much of the legislation and many of the grants of power to the President. He said:

"Sometimes conditions in a country justify temporary violations of deep principles of government. If there ever has been such a time it is now. But in grants of power you have the historical fact that executives always surrender a granted power with great reluctance."

Of N.R.A., he said: "It is a moony adventure and I don't think it will work, but I am willing to see it tried. You probably can put the big industries under codes, but you can't manage the business of the whole country from Washington. If it isn't administered right it can become a monopolistic, cartelizing scheme."

As justification for going along with some legislation, the wisdom of which he was doubtful, Garner said:

"I am an organization Democrat. I never in my life cast a vote against my own conviction except when I had to go along with the Democratic organization. I have done that and will do it again. Party policy is the composite judgment of the party. You've got to have caucuses and discipline and responsibility, and when your party decides on a program everybody has got to fall in line."

He was again in disagreement with Roosevelt as the 100-day special session adjourned. This was not over a legislative matter but one over which the President had absolute authority, the recognition of Russia. Roosevelt broached the subject rather casually to Garner in the summer of 1933, and the Vice-President told him he was opposed to it.

"I think the country and the bulk of the Democratic party are opposed to recognition," he said. "What support there is for it seems pretty tepid, and the opposition is hot against it."

"It must be wonderful to work in such pleasant surroundings!"

COLLIER'S FRED BALK

Garner knew of no Democratic leader who was strong for recognition, except Henry T. Rainey, who had succeeded him as Speaker. Senator Joe Robinson was for recognition but not unconditional recognition, which was what Russia reportedly wanted.

"My considered judgment," Garner told the President, "is that we will gain nothing by recognition and may lose a lot. Even from a dollar-diplomacy standpoint, I don't think it can be justified. I don't think Russia has any ability to buy from us. We would have to furnish the credit for any purchasing she did.

"I doubt if more than from 2 to 5 per cent of the Russian people belong to the Communist party. I think that Kerensky and his followers were the only hope of the Russian people for self-government. These Communists have established a stable government. There is no doubt about that. But they have done it by one blood purge after another, behind closed doors, and of which the world has had very slim reports. I wouldn't be in any hurry to recognize a regime which refuses to acknowledge the sanctity of international obligations and has refused to restore the confiscated property of Americans.

"Maybe the best way to get along with them is to let them alone."

Garner left Washington after the recess, convinced that the President was intent on recognition and would find an opportunity for conversations with the Soviet government just as soon as possible. Recognition came the following November 16th, after a few days of discussion between the President and Soviet Foreign Minister Maksim Litvinov.

Garner's comment on all this was: "It's all through and the dishes wiped so far as I am concerned. The President has absolute power in the matter of recognition. I hope it turns out better than I think it will. Every other civilized country in the world has given American citizens better protection than Russia. It may open the Closed Door (the 1933 word for the Iron Curtain).

"If we have acquiesced in the Comintern and given it opportunity to work unhampered in this country, we may be inviting trouble. This outfit wants to pull down our government and every government in South America and every capitalistic government everywhere. In time of a depression such as this, when millions of people are out of work, it looks like a poor time to invite in organized and disciplined agitators."

Garner was inclined to think that the discussions had been superficial and that the nine days between Litvinov's arrival on November 8th and the agreement on November 16th constituted undue speed for negotiations of such consequences. The whole thing seemed to him to have been an amateurish job of negotiation—dilettante diplomacy.

Events of following years did not change Garner's attitude toward Russia. Just after Poland was invaded he said to President Roosevelt:

"You haven't much choice, Cap'n. Either Hitler or Stalin would conquer the world. Hitler by force, and Stalin by chicanery, corruption, treachery and undermining."

Objections to the Wagner Act

Neither was Garner wholly happy about the Wagner Labor Relations Act, passed midway of the first Roosevelt term. He believed labor legislation was necessary, but he deeply distrusted any legislation that played favorites.

"The principal obligation of government," he declared, "established in accordance with American principles and traditions, is to protect all the people in the free enjoyment of the fruits of their labor and the pursuit of happiness."

He continued: "It takes a lot of laws to meet modern conditions even under that philosophy. But the Wagner bill is one-sided, makes government a partisan of labor, and its effort to stop the exploitation of labor has in it the seed of exploitation of capital. This can be cured by amendment. First, give it its day in court, and in experience.

"My ideal, and I think the ideal of all true Democrats, has been to make the Democratic party an instrument of good government for all the people. I don't want the Democratic party to be an organized labor party or a capitalist party, and this bill can be administered in a way to make it the organized labor party."

To a Texan who wrote to him protesting that some acts of the Administration were apostasy to Democratic principles, he replied:

"You can't do everything you want to, and I can't do half what I would like to do. You can't control everybody you would like to, and I am in the same fix."

As the first Roosevelt term drew to a close, the President apparently felt that Garner was selfless, referred to him as "Mr. Common Sense," and found him versatile and useful. Garner said his relations with the President had been very satisfactory.

He thought so many laws had been passed that there was danger that the country would be overgoverned both by statute and regulation; that there were too many emergencies and the President

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"PLANNING THE NEWLYWEDS' HOME" by Haddon Sundblom. Number 13 in the series, "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

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was being given too many blank checks; but all this, he thought, could be cured in the second term.

The Vice-President can shed his presiding duties by the simple act of beckoning a senator or the president pro tempore to the chair. Garner knew how to wander around the Senate Chamber during a zigzaggy debate while someone else presided, and sit down in the seat next to a wavering senator at exactly the right time to come up with that senator's vote on the subsequent roll call.

The Vice-President never seemed to be physically or mentally tired. His good humor kept the Senate in good humor.

There was a new story or anecdote about him every week. His language was picturesque but seldom so sulphurous as quoted.

He was doing very well in the office he did not want. Garner was what he was. You could like him or let him be, and the Senate liked him. And he liked the Senate.

As for his role at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue: He attended the Cabinet meetings diligently. Some he found interesting, and some so time-killing and unproductive that he walked out at the half.

"With the Cabinet members generally I have pleasant relations," he said.

Cordell Hull he had worked with and respected highly for a quarter of a century. Claude Swanson with whom he had very pleasant relations in Congress was ill most of the time after he went into the Cabinet. Daniel Roper, also an old acquaintance, he regarded as able in some ways but tiresomely loquacious. George Dern and later Harry Woodring he admired for courageously expressing their viewpoint whatever it might be.

You can easily perform the trick described on page 28, for, no matter which figure originally is selected, the final result will always be 18. Merely follow the procedure described.

For James A. Farley his esteem was increasing all the time.

"Farley is not only a master mechanic in politics, but he is an able public servant," he said. "I believe he is doing the best job in the Post Office Department of anyone I have known."

Frances Perkins, he thought, expressed a view on welfare matters that was very useful but was not adequate for the post she filled, especially at a time of great growth in the ranks of organized labor and of increasing labor problems.

"In the economy effort at the beginning of this Administration," he said, "she came nearer living up to the program than any other Cabinet member."

Mr. Ickes Keeps His Distance

He seemed to think that it was by unspoken mutual consent that he and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes were not exactly buddies.

"I don't recall ever having had a conversation with Ickes," he said. "We just speak or nod. We don't seem to hit it off."

Henry Wallace, he thought, had crazy ideas and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., had no ideas at all. Morgenthau was a never-ceasing source of wonder to Garner. He wondered by just what method of sorcery one of such meager abilities remained in the high post of Secretary of the Treasury.

Garner was an expert on taxation and fiscal matters and had occupied the top Democratic post on the tax-making committee of the House. After long dealing with such able Secretaries of the Treasury as McAdoo, Glass, Houston, Mellon and Mills the helplessness of Morgenthau appalled him. Once Garner said:

"Morgenthau is the most servile man toward Roosevelt I have ever seen. I mean servile, not loyal. When he is called on in the Cabinet meetings, he speaks his piece and leaves. It looks like he is afraid someone will ask him a question and he will give an answer that will displease Roosevelt."

The Vice-President tried to joke and exchange pleasantries with Morgenthau but gave it up because he "had no sense of humor." He thought perhaps the phrase was "exactly two words too long."

Once when it was rumored that Morgenthau would resign, Garner said:

"He won't. Even if he seriously wanted to his father wouldn't let him."

The Vice-President got along very well with the brain trust although he said he could not understand some of their imported words and gaudy phrases. All in all, his first time as Vice-President was pleasant.

"The job is delightful," he said. "I like it. But it is almost entirely unimportant."

One of his closest friends was Republican Leader Charles L. McNary, of Oregon. Senator William E. Borah broke precedent to introduce a resolution praising Garner's fairness as presiding officer, and the Senate unanimously passed it.

Not Satisfied with Scorekeeper

Carter Glass, the famous Virginia senator, was another intimate of the Vice-President and his most frequent companion at baseball games, one of Garner's favorite recreations. He called Glass his private scorekeeper, but said he was an unsatisfactory one.

"Carter scores too many errors and not enough hits," Garner explained.

From a Democratic party standpoint, the term New Deal disturbed him. It was exasperating when officeholders, some of them political castoffs from other parties, began to refer to the *New Deal* party. Men in high Administration posts for the first time began to say they were New Dealers, not Democrats.

These New Dealers admitted to no Democratic party loyalty, regarded themselves merely as coalitionists with the Democrats.

The left-wing New Dealers were proposing strange innovations. The spend-and-spend, tax-and-tax, elect-and-elect theory had not been expounded, but it was on its way.

Mr. Garner believed this group really began to gain Roosevelt's ear after Louis Howe was no longer at the White House. This little gnome of a man manifestly exerted more influence with Roosevelt than anyone had up to that time, although Harry Hopkins later had a similar relationship. After a long illness, Howe died on April 18, 1936.

His last words to Garner from his deathbed were:

"Hold Franklin down!"

But Garner's relations with Roosevelt were excellent. They saw each other often. Roosevelt made him a member of his cuff-links club, an informal group of White House intimates.

"I like to play poker with him," Garner said.

There was no doubt that the Democrats would renominate Roosevelt and Garner in 1936. Just before the Democratic National Convention at Philadelphia, Garner said:

"Whatever have been his faults and his errors Roosevelt has been a good President for the country. He's got too much power. Some power we have granted him is no longer needed. The other can be worked into the framework of the law. He has been matured by four years in office. With good administration of the laws we have enacted, his second term should be an Indian summer."

(This is the first of a series of articles telling the Garner Story. The second will appear next week.)

Chew some on your next Twosome
YES, EVERYONE SAYS THE FLAVOR'S SO NICE!
FLEER'S IS GRAND FOR BREAKING THE ICE!
FLEERS Candy Coated GUM
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Want More Flavor? Ask for Fleer's!
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"We've come a long way, General"

"That we have, Sergeant. A long, long way. Guess you and I were in on the birth of a Big Idea when we joined up with this outfit back in 1917."

The Big Idea looked different then than it does now. Single-seaters. Open cockpits. One engine. One compass. One machine gun—if you were lucky. And they dropped the bombs by hand.

No radio or radar. They flew "by the seat of their pants." They shouted directions between airplanes when they were out on a mission. Or maybe they just waggled their wings.

And a "mission" was really something. Couple of guys with the Big Idea going off looking for a Fokker or a Rumpler to pick a fight with.

"Flak" was "Archy." Dog-fights were the order of the day. Hedge-hopping through machine-gun bullets to pepper observation balloons was rare sport.

A lot of good guys hung up a mighty fine record in honor of the Big Idea. And then the war was over. The Air Force came home and people began to think of other things. But a lot of men stayed on to watch their baby grow up.

Well, in the second big war, it took a while to get revved up again. Then came teams of sleek fighters . . . the Fortresses . . . the Superforts. Thousand-bomber raids. Rockets. Ten-ton block-busters and now jet fighters and bombers.

But it's still the Big Idea. It always will be, even when they get to cruising around up there at fifteen hundred miles an hour. It's that faith every Air Force man keeps tucked under his silver wings or under his mechanic's coveralls.

It's faith in his country. Faith in his team. Faith in his machine. Faith in himself. Add these together and you find the undying determination that America shall never be bested in the air by anyone—anywhere.

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YOUR ARMY AND AIR FORCE SERVE THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE

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COLLIER'S "My husband said his first word today" SIDNEY HOFF

"BROWNFIELD'S STILL HERE"

Continued from page 42

carpenter or electrician from Brownfield who applied. "How many Brownfield carpenters and electricians are on your pay roll right now?" we asked him.

"Well, right now there don't happen to be any," he said, "but we'd hire them if they were qualified."

"Who decides if they're qualified?"

"I do."

(P.S.: A Brownfield boy, a skilled mechanic, had been helping Collier's photographer, Jerry Cooke, take the pictures which accompany this report. The day after Cooke left, this Brownfield boy applied to the same foreman for a job. Pick-and-shovel work only, the foreman said. He paused, looked at the boy closer. "Weren't you hanging around with that magazine fellow?" he asked. The boy admitted he had been. "Go see the timekeeper," the foreman said, "and tell him I said you're a carpenter." P.P.S.: He got the job.)

Now that the first shock of the disaster had worn off, sobering problems began to loom ahead. The selectmen had completed their appraisal of the damage, and it was a heartbreaking picture. The town's income from taxes next year would be drastically reduced: The assessed valuation of property in town was cut to 67 per cent, and the surrounding forestland, on which the town had depended for tax revenue, was 50 per cent destroyed. There would be staggering bills for fire-fighting, appropriations were needed for local relief, the town's treasury was depleted.

Nor could they raise the tax rate; the destitute families could barely afford to buy food, let alone pay more taxes. Some of the townspeople, fainthearted, wondered whether they'd better give up and declare Brownfield defunct. Selectman Preston McLucas, who had lost his own home and all he had in the fire, squared his shoulders and his spectacles glinted:

"No, by God! We're not going to quit. Look, there's 28,000,000 board feet of burned timber in the woods that has to be cut and got out before July, when decay will start. That's work for everybody; and that means more tax money for the town treasury. That should get us by in '48, if we budget ourselves properly at town meeting. And people are moving back. Eighty-four per cent of the families who were burnt out have signified their intent to rebuild. By 1949 there'll be enough taxable property in town to meet expenses. We'll make out somehow. Brownfield's still here . . ."

Its appearance is sadly altered, of course. The ancient elms, killed by the fierce heat, lie felled on either side of the highway to avoid accident. The century-old white houses and the lean, lovely Congregational Church and the Odd Fellows Hall are gone; the olive-drab metal houses, standing beside empty cellar holes along the bare main street, give the town a grim military look.

But Brownfield—like all the other stricken New England towns—is rebuilding, slow but sure. Families are trickling back from the surrounding towns to which they were evacuated, and lights burn at night in the windows of the new prefab houses. At Christmas, thanks to a state-wide campaign conducted by the Gannett Newspapers of Maine, the tireless American Legion distributed to every burned-out family in the state a sixty-pound basket of food, along with a fifteen-dollar check. Other gifts poured in. The snow was deep on Christmas Eve, but there was a community tree with colored lights. Brownfield said quietly: "It's nice to know how many neighbors there are in the world." The scars are disappearing. Brownfield is still here, and will be here for another century to come.

THE END

"The principal export of the United States is money!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

WASHINGTON
★ ★ ★ ★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

THE White House isn't saying so out loud, but it's watching John L. Lewis with bated breath. It's afraid the bushy-browed miner boss is cooking up a wage-boost coup. There is good reason for this fear. Lewis gave a significant glimpse of his hand at a recent unpublicized miner-operator conference held by the Commerce Department.

Lewis disclosed that he plans to ask for miner pensions when the present wage contract is reopened this spring. The contract runs until June 30th, but new demands must be made by April 1st. Lewis talked in terms of $100-a-month pension for miners who have reached sixty and worked at coal digging for 20 years. The money would come from the welfare fund, already in excess of $50,000,000. Lewis indicated he wants more revenue for the fund, by increasing the present 10-cents-a-ton levy, and more pay for his miners.

The operators quietly indicated they were prepared to agree to both demands. Enjoying unprecedented prosperity, they want no shutdown. They told dismayed Commerce officials the increased costs would be passed on to consumers. That's why the White House is in a dither. Lewis has very strong cards and knows it.

BIG mystery in Minnesota is why Harold Stassen hasn't endorsed Senator Joe Ball for re-election. Stassen appointed Ball to the Senate and backed him at the polls in 1942. But, to date, he has not lifted a finger for his onetime protégé. And Ball needs help. He has trailed Democratic Mayor Hubert Humphrey of Minneapolis in every poll. Various reasons given for Stassen's silence: fear that his Presidential aspirations may be hurt by Ball's aggressive antiunion stand; that Stassen is secretly planning to run for the Senate if he doesn't make the grade at the G.O.P. convention in Philadelphia.

ARMY, Air and Navy high brass are tied in a knot backstage over an unprecedented scheme. The Army and Air Force want to make continental U.S. a "Theater" with a commanding general ruling all the armed forces in the country. Theoretically, this commanding general of the U.S. would be under the President; actually, he'd function under the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Navy is bucking the plan. Even during the war, Britain, Japan and Germany didn't have such a militaristic setup at home.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has a secret family pride. He believes he is distantly related, on his mother's side, to John Tyler of Virginia, 10th U.S. President. . . . Representative J. Parnell Thomas, truculent chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, is getting set to make a try for the New Jersey seat held by solemn Senator Albert Hawkes. . . . The American Legion Convention is still many months off but a boom already has been launched to make James F. Green, a thirty-two-year-old Omaha attorney, the next national commander. . . . A newsstand directly across from the Treasury Department sells several hundred horoscopes every month.

THERE is something cooking in inner U.S. Commie circles. It has all the earmarks of another upheaval in the high command and, as usual in such cases, a new party line. Ex-boss Earl Browder has suddenly become very active again. He is circulating a book in which he proclaims that capitalists aren't so bad after all and there is no reason why Commies can't play ball with them. Significance of Browder's resurgence is that despite his axing in 1946, he still has close Kremlin ties.

DETERMINATION of hulking Ed Johnson to quit his seat as senator from Colorado is giving Democratic strategists a big headache. They've got two worries: that without Johnson on the ticket, the party can't carry the state; and that Representative John A. Carroll, war veteran and militant Denver New Dealer, may replace Johnson. Carroll won in 1946 despite the G.O.P. swing.

If Johnson does persist in retiring, old-line Democrats want Governor Lee Knous, a potent vote getter, to run. But so far, Knous has evinced no interest. He's in the midst of a big patronage-loaded road-building and housing program, and if he went to Washington the lieutenant governor, a Republican, would take over. Meanwhile, the New Deal wing of the party is whooping it up for Carroll. A smart politico, he's sitting tight and saying nothing.

IT'S almost unbelievable, but there is one Congressional committee that actually practices economy instead of merely mouthing it. It's the House Committee on Public Lands, headed by able, conscientious Representative Richard J. Welch (R.-Cal.). Although one of the hardest-working committees on Capitol Hill, with jurisdiction over Territories, Indian Affairs, Insular Affairs, Irrigation and Reclamation, Public Lands, and Mining, the committee saved $72,500 in clerical and traveling expenses. Welch and his colleagues chalked up this unique record by doing the work themselves instead of hiring a big staff to do it.

IT'S been a long time since Happy Days Are Here Again was a fit refrain around the stock market. But despite the doleful doldrums of the security marts, they have enjoyed one happy distinction. Amid all the welter of scandals and shockers that have cracked from one end to the other of Pennsylvania Avenue, the stock market has gone its sad and lonely way unsmeared. Unlike other times, the stock market has been able to hold up its hands clean and unashamed —albeit empty.

WITHOUT hoopla and U.S. millions, three little Central American countries—Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela—are quietly giving a demonstration of self-help that Western Europe could well follow. They are organizing a customs union to promote trade between them. The trio already has a jointly owned shipping line and is working on a similar air line.

AT ONE of Washington's numerous cocktail parties, tall, witty, ex-OPA boss Paul Porter was asked by the host why he didn't mingle more. Grinned Porter, "I always keep close to a wall in Washington. I've learned it's the only way to keep from being stabbed in the back."

ROBERT S. ALLEN

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GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS TO GOOD TASTE

Ice Gave All 48 States a Seashore...

America's early fishermen little dreamed that ice, which drove them off the Atlantic in winter, would some day bring to your table, wherever you dined, all the delicacies of the sea the year 'round.

Today, thanks to refrigeration and fast transportation, a great industry supplies all America with seafood in great and appetizing variety—fresh lobsters, crabs, tender scrod and pompano, shrimp, oysters on the half shell, whatever your favorite may be. Each is delicious—especially when served with golden, brilliant Budweiser. This world-famous beer brings out the flavor of fine food, yet it never loses the distinctive taste that makes it preferred wherever you go.

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REMEMBER WHEN . . .

BY JEFFERS GODFREY

Cade yelled, "The rifle, Brad!" But Brad had beaten his yell. His big body was already hurtling down

It was a bitter triumph for the detective. The least he could do was decline the reward

YOUNG state detective Phil Cade didn't know the stout little district attorney across the desk from him too well. But he'd heard a lot about him. Publicity hound. Had contempt for policemen. Liked to put the fear of their jobs in them.

Right now it was evident that Weld Byrnes was trying to be pleasant. He had lost his last two cases and had looked particularly bad in the LeMartin case, front-paged for weeks on end. He came up for re-election next week. Cade saw fear for his own job in the little fat man now.

"I'm sending you to Bruxton to find the rifle that killed Dale Beauregard," Byrnes said. "For a week we've dragged the lake, checked every structure, done a three-mile radius of woods, including Shadow Mountain and that gulch or whatever they call it down there." He smiled. "But I expect you to find the rifle just the same, Cade. You have to find it."

Cade thought: Or you won't be re-elected next week. Weld Byrnes, staring at him, saw in his dark gray eyes and thin lips sagging at the corners no enthusiasm for the hunt. Or fear of his job. Cade had always the farm his father left him in Harmonville. He said, "You expect me to find the rifle?"

Byrnes said, "Hope to—let's put it that way," and checked a sheet of paper on his desk. "You're a local boy, Cade, according to this. You lived there in Bruxton till you were twenty-one. Ten years ago. Then you moved with your folks to Harmonville. That's right, is it?"

"Yes," Cade said.

"That's why I'm sending you, Cade—that and, of course, your work on that case out in Trenton last month. For a young man you did a great piece of work there. Now for Bruxton—you knew Dale Beauregard and his wife, the former Jane Cameron?"

"Went to school with them. Dale went away to college the last years."

"Then you'll understand what I say now. The killer must be a local man. The life of neither Beauregard nor his wife touched the outer world. They were small-town people, their interests and associations entirely within the town and the farms around. All right. Now, in the town I've checked the banking angle. A business reason for the murder. It just isn't there, Cade. So that leaves the usual thing—the triangle."

BYRNES stood up and lighted a cigarette. He offered one tardily to Cade. Cade refused it.

Byrnes resumed: "Someone picked Dale Beauregard off with a rifle, and from a considerable distance, when he stepped out on his lighted front porch for a look at the night before he locked up to go to bed. A habit with him at ten o'clock. I've gone into the accidental angle, Cade—night hunters, adventuring boy, all that. Nothing there. So it's the triangle—and who hated Beauregard enough to do that? Or put it this way: Who loved his wife enough to do that?"

Cade was thinking: I used to love her about enough to do a thing like that—and maybe I still do. I don't know.

Weld Byrnes was saying, "You knew them both, Cade. You must know then that as far as Mrs. Beauregard is concerned, there just wasn't any triangle. She's not that kind of woman."

"I know that," Cade said.

"So what do I have to do, Cade? I have to go back ten years to dig up a triangle. She jilted a man ten years ago to marry Dale Beauregard. Know who he is?"

"Fair Hendlin," Cade said, and added to himself: And I was another.

Byrnes leaned across the desk. "That's the fellow, Cade. Know him?"

"Yes," Cade said. "I know him. Everyone in Bruxton used to be proud to know him. He saved my life one time, when I was swimming in the lake."

The district attorney pulled back from the desk. He seemed about to

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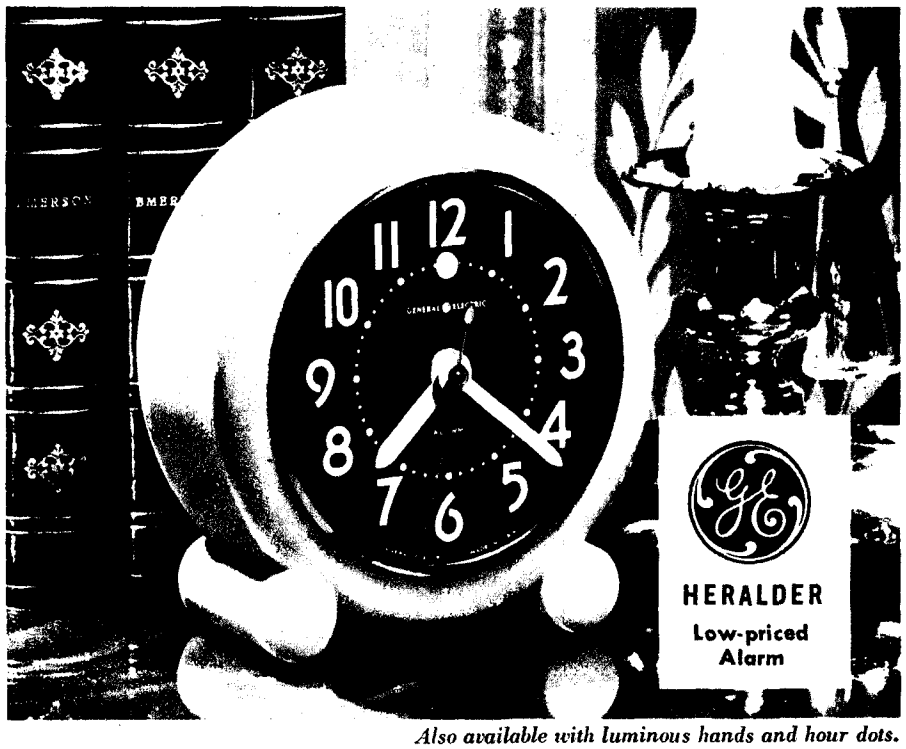
What kind of sleeper are you?



Also available with luminous hands and hour dots.

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Happily (for *you*, for *us!*) the General Electric Alarm Clock shown here is made to order for *any kind of sleeper!* Why? Because of its most ingenious feature: "Select-A-Larm."

This feature gives each sleeper *his own brand of volume control.* If you're a light sleeper, set the alarm volume to "whisper." If an average sleeper, set it at "call." But if you *really* sleep, set the alarm volume to full pitch. Believe us, you—will *arise!*

Plus all these advantages

No winding—runs electrically.

Quiet—no distracting "ticktock."

Dependable—wakes you on time, every time.

Accurate—electrically checked by your power company to correspond with official Arlington time.

Presenting the Illuminated Alarm . . . MORNING STAR

Something new in the alarm clock field! The face is of gleaming, ivory plastic. Behind the face there is a light. A switch on the back of the clock turns this light on, as desired —or off!

When it's ON, hands and numbers stand out clearly—even in the dark. This handy clock also serves as a convenient night light. Swell idea, eh? General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

say, "Then perhaps you'd better not—" He reconsidered. There was an election next week. He said instead, "You're not a man to let old debts interfere with the discharge of your duty?"

"Probably not," Cade said.

Byrnes nodded. "Now this is what I'm going on, Cade. Two boys court a girl, one marries her. Ten years go by. Hendlin has nothing to do with the Beauregards during that time. He meets them occasionally—around the town, at social affairs. Says hello—always civil, but distant. Meanwhile stays a bachelor, works the prospering farm his father left him into the best Hereford farm in the state. You wouldn't call that a triangle, would you, Cade?"

"No," Cade said.

"But I do. I say Fairlee Hendlin kept on loving Jane Beauregard and hating Dale, during all those ten years. The hate kept pulling at him. This night he took a rifle. Waited, knowing Beauregard's ten o'clock habit. Shot him. Hid the rifle. You go out there, Cade. Find his rifle."

Cade stood up. He said, "There's a thousand places a rifle could be."

Byrnes, taking his hand, said, "We've checked 999 of them for you, Cade. All you have to do is figure the thousandth!"

"That may be easy enough," Cade said, then seemed to frown at himself for saying it. He said quickly, "I meant outside there's a thousand places. A man could drive out, drive back. You can't search the whole state."

"Outside is out, Cade, you can go ahead on that. The police were on this thing fast. Efficient, for once. Checked all roads within the hour. And Hendlin —we know his every move from midnight on. He had two hours, but inside the town, Cade. And that's where the gun is—inside the town."

"All right," Cade said. "I'll go down there and take a look."

He left the county building and walked out to his car. On the clock tower over the courthouse across the street he saw that it was a little after four. He could make Bruxton, easy driving, by suppertime. In an old black bag in the back of the car he always carried a change of clothing and a toothbrush.

He got into the car and drove along through late fall dusk. A country of farms, little else. And the farms not much good. Leave it to Fair Hendlin, with his energy and know-how, to build up the best Hereford herd in the state.

He drove through Center Merrilee, where the Bruxton folks used to come to the movies to get the latest films—the Bruxton twice-weekly show was always old pictures, and none too choice. In his day, for a boy to take a girl to the second show in Merrilee and for the midnight ride home was really living life.

CADE remembered, more keenly now, what he had never forgotten and could never forget. His last night in Bruxton—the night before his father moved the family to the new farm in Harmonville. He'd dressed up after supper and driven his jalopy up to Jane Cameron's. It was summer.

He hadn't more than stepped from the car when he heard her father yell from the porch, "Here comes the boy that shot the boy in Oshkosh," and heard him chuckle. That's what he'd been to her father for years—the boy who shot the boy in Oshkosh. When he first got his eye on Jane, to see her or just to be near her, he used to take his rifle after school and shoot along the Cameron timber and gradually work his way across the fields to the house.

Her father had come from the barn one afternoon and said, "You seem to be doing a powerful lot of shooting around here lately, son."

Shaking in his boots, he answered, "Have to keep practicing, Mr. Cameron. Shooting a boy way out west in Oshkosh next Saturday." He meant his rifle club at school. They shot boys from other schools all over the country, mailing back and forth their scores and targets.

Her father said, "A thousand miles! I'll say you need practice!"

This last night Jane showed up after a while and came running to the car. He said, "Thought maybe you'd like to take in the movie at Center Merrilee—second show."

Her blue eyes went wide. She said, "This is your last night, isn't it?" She hesitated. Then she said, "Of course, Phil —I'd love to go."

He should have known from her hesitation and from a thousand earlier things that he stood no chance with her. But he was young and his hope could touch any star.

On the way back from the movies, at a turnout on this road he was driving now, he'd stopped the car and asked her to marry him. With nothing to go on, no future, his father trying out a new farm after failing on the old, he asked her and expected she'd say yes. She said no. "So it's Fair Hendlin!" he said, and he found himself hating Fair just because she preferred Fair to him.

She said, "Maybe."

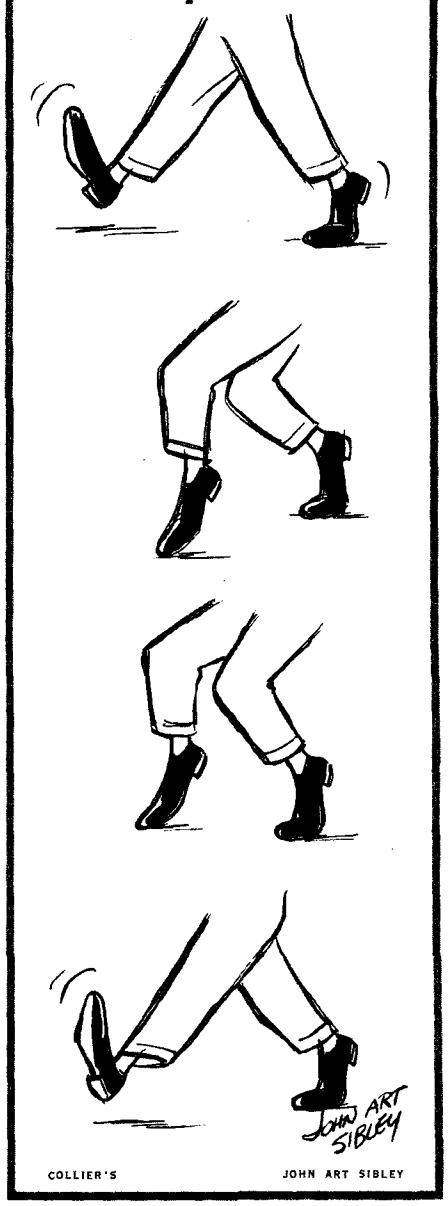
That's all they said. He drove her home.

But she hadn't married Fair. Within a year she married quiet, polished Dale Beauregard, just back from college and readying to take his father's place in the bank. She made the best choice, of course. Dale had the education and his future was secure. Not that that counted too much with her. Of the three, he must have been the one she loved.

Now, Dale was dead. Killed perhaps

FEET FIRST

Hospital Zone



COLLIER'S JOHN ART SIBLEY

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by Fair. That was the district attorney's angle. "During all the ten years, Fair kept on loving Jane, kept on hating Dale." Cade, driving down the short hill and rounding the hairpin turn into the main street of the town, felt that Weld Byrnes for once was right. For himself, he knew that, deep inside, his love was as strong now as it ever was. And within him—God forgive him—there was always hate, unfair unreasoned hate, for any man she married.

AT THE Black Horse Inn, he stopped the coupé. He hauled out his bag and, ducking under the huge sign showing a galloping black horse, entered the small wooden hotel. The proprietor was new to him. He got a room, washed up, and soon was in the little dining room sitting down for supper. He remembered his old ambition to be able to stay at the Black Horse and afford eighteen dollars a week for board and room.

A waitress came in. Cade stood up, said, "Etta!" and shook hands with her. It was Etta Condon, who'd gone to school with him. A slender girl, kind of homely and one hundred per cent a fine girl. He said, "You still here?" She'd started waiting on at the Black Horse right after high school.

"Yes, Phil," she said, "I'm still here."

Cade growled, "But what's the matter with Brad?" Brad Bradley and Etta had gone together at school and it was impossible to think of them apart. Brad, a giant of a man, was in the state police and Cade had heard that he was a sergeant now.

"Oh," she said, her good face as placid as ever, "you know Brad. He's slow naming the date, like in everything else. Says it'll have to wait now till his next promotion, prices and all."

Cade said, "Maybe I can wake him up."

"Maybe," she said. "Brad told me you might be sent here—he's over at headquarters they've put up at the town hall. Says you're the greatest detective in the state. But you look just the same, Phil. Hair's gone a little gray early, like your mother's did."

Cade growled, "And you! You're looking wonderful, Etta. That damned Brad—I'll make him marry you before the night's over!"

That pleased her. She went out and brought back his supper—last Sunday's chicken dinner plus some really good rolls and deep-dish apple pie.

After supper, Cade walked down to the town hall and found Brad Bradley in a room just inside the front door. Big as he was, Sergeant Brad looked fit in the gray-green uniform of the state police.

They shook hands, and Brad said, "Knew you were coming, Phil. They just announced it on the radio."

Cade stared. "What good—"

"Publicity for the D.A.," Brad said. "We vote next week and around here anyways he'll be snowed under. He just issued a statement that you were on the way and there'd be a break in the case in twenty-four hours. The usual stall. Want to go anywhere, Phil?—the motorcycle's outside."

"No, Brad," Cade said. "You've really combed the town for the rifle?"

"Even Brody's Gulch, Phil, and you and Fair in your most devilish days never dared go down in there. I'd say the rifle isn't in town."

"You think Fair Hendlin killed him?"

"No one around here thinks Fair killed him. That's just Byrnes."

Cade turned for the door. A smile broke through his bleak, still face. "What's the idea of keeping a girl like Etta waiting all these years?"

Brad floundered. "This cop's life, Phil. Maybe when I get my next step-rate boost. And besides, how about yourself? You never got married."

"No girl's been waiting for me fifteen years."

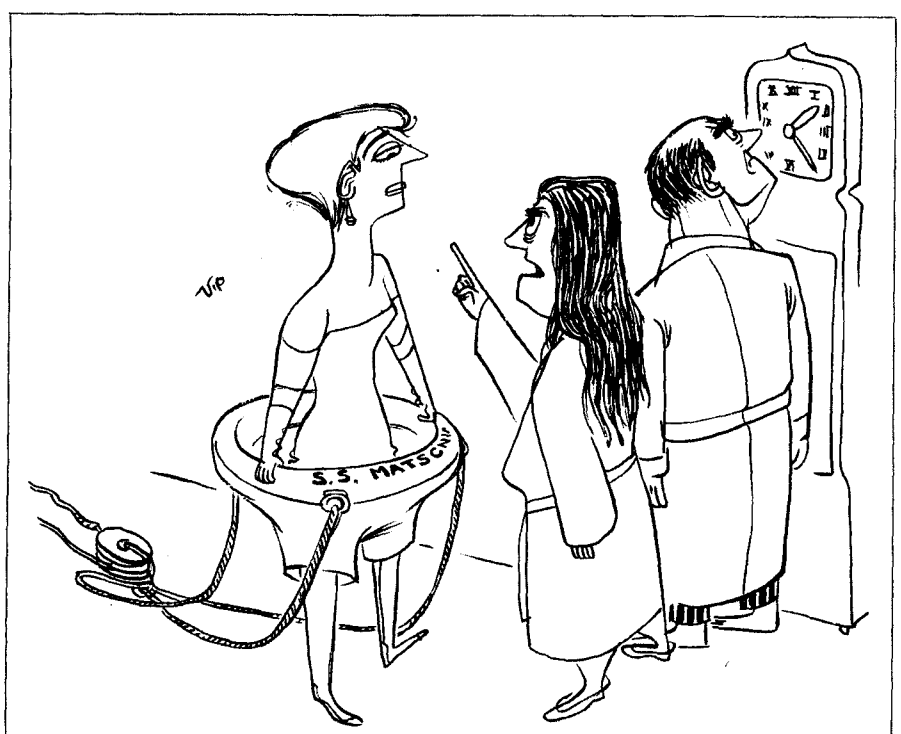
"There may be now."

Cade stared at him. His stare waxed to a glare, then waned. He said, "Be here, Brad. I'll be back."

HE WALKED down to Tipton's store, a hangout in the old days—still a hangout, he found when he stepped in the door. A half-dozen men greeted him, and old Tip, gray cap and unlighted stogie just the same, told him the radio had them all ready for him. For a half hour he stood a steady kidding and heard a rehash of a dozen mishaps of his youth. But no mention was made of Fair Hendlin, his old running mate. These men were careful, sheltering Fair.

"Still cure your own cheese, Tip?" Cade said, and he was doing the proper thing, behind the counter sampling the big cheese, when Fair Hendlin came in.

Every man greeted him, overquickly perhaps, but their friendliness and loyalty were so honest it was good to hear. Fair was as tall as Cade and wider in the shoulders, carelessly dressed in dungarees and a leather jacket over an open blue shirt. He wore no hat, and his hair was light—close to flax in its lightness. His thin handsome face was very mobile,



COLLIER'S "Don't try to tell me you were shipwrecked again" VIRGIL PARTCH

Ever Make Crepes Suzette? a Ann Pillsbury

SO NEW, SO EASY, SO ELEGANT!

Who'd dream you'd be vying with the most gifted French chef in making this classic dessert? In this delightfully easy version of a famous delicacy, Ann Pillsbury adds a novel orange sauce. But it's that famous blend, Pillsbury Pancake Mix, that gives these wafer-thin pancakes their special lusciousness . . . just as it makes the eatin'est pancakes that ever came to breakfast! Try it, *all* ways. As the French say—it's terrific!

Ann Pillsbury's CREPES SUZETTE AMERICAN

Makes 6.

Combine . . . ½ cup **Pillsbury Pancake Mix**
1 cup **milk**
2 **eggs**, slightly beaten
grated rind of ½ **lemon**

Bake . . . . . in small, 7-inch, lightly greased frying pan. Use small amount of batter and tilt pan so that pancake batter will cover entire surface of pan and will be very thin. Turn only once.

Roll . . . . . and place in baking pan. Cover with Sauce. Keep warm until serving time.

Crepes Suzette Sauce

Blend together . . . ½ cup **butter**
½ cup **powdered sugar**
grated rind and juice of 1 **orange**

Heat . . . . . combined mixture and pour over rolled pancakes.

Ready-prepared — plain or with buckwheat

Pillsbury Pancake Mix
The Blend with no end of uses

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Pillsbury BEST XXXX Pancake Mix
Buckwheat WHEAT & CORN pancake MIX

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and his blue eyes gleamed back a special message to each man for his greeting.

Cade, watching him, caught the old magic, and his own face was a broad grin as he moved around the counter.

"Hello, Fair," he said, and held out his hand.

Fair said, "You're the one I rushed down to see, Phil. Soon as it came over the air."

"Big cattleman, hey?" Cade said.

"Not so big, Phil. Oh, Tip! Give me a pack of the usual, will you?" Tip tossed him a pack of cigarettes. Cade took one, Fair another. Fair held a match. "Let's get out and have a talk, shall we, Phil? Car's outside, if you want to go anywhere."

Cade followed Fair out of the store and a few steps down the street. Fair stopped beside a new silver sport car, so long in the hood that to Cade, used to his flivver, it seemed to take up half a block.

Then Fair, standing there, really startled him. Without any preliminary Fair said, his voice tight, "Remember when I saved your life, Phil, on the lake?"

Cade said, "Yes, I remember it. Why?"

"I just wanted to be sure you remembered," Fair said, and now he was leaning back against the car, easy and relaxed.

Cade thought: That's a hell of a thing for the most modest guy in the world to say. Maybe he's asking for mercy. Maybe he's innocent, though—just asking a stop to Weld Byrnes' hounding.

WHATEVER it was, Cade picked it up. It was the opening he needed. He took hold of it and went into the plan that had made him blurt out in Byrnes' office that the thousandth place, the place where the gun was, might be easy to find.

He said, "But the thing I remember best though, Fair, is the time you dared me to swing up to the ledge over Brody's Gulch and see the secret cave you found. That's the time I was really scared. Remember that cave, Fair?" He held his breath waiting for Fair's answer.

Fair's voice came, slow and negligent: "Of course I remember it, Phil. And if you were scared, it's news to me." Cade's heart leaped, watching the lazy smile on the handsome face. Fair admits the cave, which no one knows about but us. Fair's innocent—there's no rifle in the cave. Fair went on: "But you're still weak on directions, I see, Phil. You never did know north from south." He stopped then, as if the matter was of no importance. He opened the door of the long car and said, "Come on out to the house, Phil. I've got a hundred things—"

Cade said, "Tomorrow, Fair, if you're not going to be busy. But what's this about directions?"

Fair closed the car door.

"Why, that cave, Phil—you ought to remember that wasn't over Brody's Gulch. It was on the Cornish side of the mountain."

Cade had never been on the Cornish side of the mountain in his life. To him it had always been the other side of the mountain—foreign soil, the realm of Cornish boys.

He nodded and said, "Yeah, I was always weak on directions, as you say. Remember the time I ran the ball over our own goal line in the Albion game?" So the rifle was hidden in the cave. Fair had killed Dale Beauregard. Cade said, "We'll punch the bag plenty tomorrow, Fair, if you have time. Right now I have to go down to the town hall and check things over with Brad Bradley. You know something, Fair? That son of a gun hasn't married Etta yet."

"I know," Fair said, opening the door of the car again. "And there's one girl who deserves the best, let alone big Brad."

Cade said, "Damned if I don't prod him up again when I go down there now. I'll really let him have it this time. Well, Fair, it's great to have seen you, and look for me tomorrow."

"You bet I'll be looking for you," Fair said, and got into the silver car.

Cade walked slowly toward the town hall. By half circling to a store window now and then, he watched the car. Its progress down the street was unhurried. But when it turned out of sight and began the hill, he heard it accelerate to great speed. He started to run.

At the town hall he said, "Fast, Brad—hop the cycle. Got your gun?" He tumbled into the sidecar. "The halfway house. No lights."

THE two-mile stretch up to the halfway house was a dirt road, winding and rather less than car-wide. The moon was good, but shadows of lining trees and bushes hid the holes. In the sidecar Cade clung for his life. Brad, without lights, did an expert's job, and his slews at the turns gave him a maximum of speed and Cade plenty of discomfort.

At the flat parking area behind the skeleton of a house that was called halfway, Cade said, "Shove the cycle into the bushes, Brad," and went running for the trail. On the trail both men kept stumbling. Once Brad, off his feet, panted, "We'll be killed without a light, Phil."

Cade said, "Neither of us got families—you had a fifteen-year chance with Etta." After a while, Cade left the trail and fought through brush straight up the mountain slope. He halted below an overhang of ledge and waited for Brad to catch up. "Lucky, Brad," he said. Then: "Listen!" A motor sounded, coming up the road.

Brad said, "Who is it?"

Cade answered, "Fair Hendlin. His rifle's up here, I think, in a cave." He reached up, and pulled himself onto the ledge. He helped huge Brad up and said, "That'll take some of that pot off you." He crept along the ledge to where it shelved wide to overhang Brody's Gulch, a thousand feet below. He said, "Somewhere along here, behind a fall of rock, there's a small opening to a fair-sized cave. We have to find it."

He groped along. The moonlight, helping, was tricky just the same. Three times he crept back and forth along the ledge, feeling for the cave. When at last he found it, the motor no longer sounded below.

Cade said, "He'll show up in a few minutes—he's left the parking place. We'll have to climb higher, to get some shelter." They climbed off the ledge, into brush above the cave. When Brad was all set, Cade said, "We'll wait till he goes in and gets the rifle. I'll make the first move." He moved a dozen steps to Brad's left, flattened himself, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket.

Bushes began to swish and crack below. In a few minutes Fair Hendlin showed, walking along the ledge. He came without caution, suspecting nothing. He looked a mile tall in the moonlight. Suddenly he ducked down, stretched, and was gone into the cave. It seemed only seconds before he was out again and on his feet, the rifle in his hand. Then he did something that Cade hadn't figured on. He raised the rifle, pushed it high and back over his shoulder. He was going to throw it into Brody's Gulch. Brody's Gulch, that he knew had been gone over with a fine-toothed comb and wouldn't be searched again. Brody's Gulch, where no man ever went, so the rifle would never be found.

Brad was the nearer.

Cade yelled, "*The rifle,* Brad!"

But Brad had beaten his yell. His big body was hurtling down and it folded around Fair like a collapsing tent.

Cade had covered a few yards toward them when he stopped. Fair, not Brad, was on his feet. Fair reached down. He began to drag Brad to the rim of the ledge. To drop him into Brody's Gulch!

Cade advanced his pistol and fired. Fair half raised, slumped, and slid across Brad.

Cade dropped down to the ledge. He rolled Fair off Brad and said, "You conscious, Brad?"

Brad said, "Landed on my head. My leg's broken, I guess."

CADE knelt beside Fair. He'd hit Fair in the chest, and Fair was dying. He slid an arm under Fair and raised the towhead a little, holding it cradled in his arm. The eyes were closed, but there was movement in the face—a twisting and a trying. As on that day long back when Fair had fought the mile to shore with him to save his life.

Fair's lips began to move. The lips formed words, almost soundless words. "I want to confess—whoever you are. I killed Dale Beauregard. I had no reason. Just hate. Every year the same. Fresh. Fresh as the day he married her."

The lips stopped moving and the twisting left the face. Cade thought that life was gone.

But the blue eyes opened and he saw a flash of recognition in them. The lips moved again, without the twisting now—as if amazement was strength enough. The lips said, "You, Phil!" Went still. Stirred again. "You had little to do—"

Cade waited. There was no more. Those were Fair Hendlin's last words. When he was sure Fair was dead, Cade eased the flax-white head down on the rocks and stood up.

He took off his coat and put it over Brad. He said, "The keys, Brad?"

Brad said, "In the cycle. And I'm all right. Don't break your neck on my account."

Cade moved swiftly along the ledge and swung down into the brush. He was careful through the brush, but on the trail he ran his best. Fair Hendlin's new car stood in the middle of the parking area, and the key was in the ignition. Cade jumped in and drove the big car down the mountain road. He almost wrecked it on every turn. He tried to brake it down, but Fair kept saying to him: "You had little to do."

When he reached Tipton's store, he was surprised it wasn't yet nine o'clock.

EATING breakfast next morning at the Black Horse, Cade read in the morning paper a strictly Weld Byrnes version of the night. Byrnes' genius had picked a local man. Sent him down there. Local man had just followed his nose. Found a cave. Found the rifle. Found the killer. The district attorney was in every paragraph and in every picture. He'd be reelected next week by fifty thousand easy.

Etta came in with a cup of coffee.

Cade pointed to a picture in the paper, a picture of Brad Bradley marrying Etta from a hospital bed, with Weld Byrnes blotting out the minister in the background. He said, "According to this, Cupid Byrnes convinces pretty Etta Condon she ought to marry heroic sergeant right away. Isn't that the cart before the horse?"

Etta, a woman, said, "I don't see what's so wrong with it. And, Phil, that Mr. Byrnes is certainly a wonderful man! He got waivers and licenses and ministers and—"

"Photographers," Cade said.

"Yes, they were there. But think of that busy man doing all that—"

"What got Brad started?"

"I don't know. He wanted to get married the minute he came out of the anesthesia—"

"I should have broken his leg years ago," Cade said and stood up. "Well, goodby, Etta. I have to get a plane waiting to take me to a case across the state. I rate a plane now, for some reason." He moved for the door.

Etta stepped around in front of him. "You're not leaving, Phil, without seeing Jane Beauregard?"

Cade said, "Seeing Jane Beauregard?"

"She's always asked about you whenever we talked about old times. And now you've solved Dale's—"

"Sure, sure," Cade said and tried to step around her. He'd thought plenty about what she was talking about. He had a good chance now, of course—the only one left of the three. But the thought left a bad taste in his mouth. It had been a bitter day. He wanted to gain no advantage from it.

Etta had him by the hand. "Don't be a fool, Phil!" she said. "Go out there and see her, if only for a minute. Or give me some little message to take to her."

Cade drew his hand away. He tried to make his voice sound light and easy; but the lightness came out phony—phony, like the smile cracking the dreariness of his face. Fair Hendlin was speaking to him again, speaking with the last dregs of a great reproach, and—as best he could—Cade was answering Fair now as he said, "I'd have little to do, doing a thing like that, Etta." Turning quickly away, he walked out to the car waiting to take him to the airport.

THE END

CHARLES STRAUSS

SPORTING ODDS

Prize bag of the season probably belongs to Wayne Moller of De Smet, South Dakota. Moller went hunting recently, sighted a flock of geese and fired—one shot. To his amazement 68 geese plummeted from the sky. A bolt of lightning had struck them at the moment Moller fired.

—Kenneth M. Smalley, Jr., New York, N. Y.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

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THE BUSYBODY

Continued from page 19

in goggles and raccoon coat at the wheel. He stops and calls one of the girls over and offers her a lollipop. That's the last they see of her until they find her down a well two days later. Every one of her playmates can describe the car from yellow body to double windshields. It has white-walled tires, two spares, is the latest model and costs around six thousand smackers on the hoof. But the girls do not get the number on the rear plate.

But the case is still as easy to crack as an egg in your vest pocket. A man in a raccoon coat with goggles and an expensive yellow car. What more do you want?

Ten days later the police have listed over sixty-six yellow, chromium-plated roadsters of the same model and price.

Seventeen of the owners have goggles and raccoon coats. The three little playmates look at all of them in the line-up. But the elements of distance, childish indifference and average appearance nixes the identifications. Raccoon coats are hay.

The leg work put in by Al and me would go twice around the world with enough left over for a big knot. But we kept at it. We tracked high-priced cars down to their garage nests until we were having yellow chromium-plated nightmares. Just when the case looks colder than *smörgåsbord* Eaton got a post card he could understand himself.

It says, "Trace the lollipop," and the author is old reliable Busybody.

There was more philosophy and concentrated sense in that one crack than you will ever find on the paper in a bonbon. The Busybody meant a man in a raccoon coat and goggles buttered no parsnips in a car. But a man in a shaggy coat with goggles buying a lollipop would stand out like a lifesaver in the Kiddies' Pool.

It was a switch scaling down from a six-thousand-smacker car to a penny confection; from casing homes, night clubs and office buildings to fingering cheap stands and dingy little stores where they sold candy by the lick.

But Al threw all those switches like an ape in a signal tower. He found the hole in the wall where the man in the raccoon coat had leaned across a narrow counter in a dark store and impressed the tired dame running the joint. He didn't have two heads, six fingers on each hand or a mole on his beezer. He didn't have a dimple in his future, either. For the man in the raccoon coat used perfume. The dame didn't know whether it was Idiot's Delight, Nuit d' Election or Heart of Newark. But she could recognize that perfume again in a tannery.

So the next line-up in raccoons and goggles was a sniffing contest. The tired dame went up and down the line taking quick little sniffs. She put the olfactory whammy on the fifth guy from the end and eliminated another crackaloo from the tournament. He fried nice.

Well, Eaton's accordion-pleated chest is extended to two octaves past all possible conceit. The only way to live with that guy was to put your twin beds on opposite sides of a wide, reliable ocean. Just to show her versatility the Busybody pegs in six quick post cards that send a society dame to clink for smuggling pearls of great import duty, blows a whistle on a mouthpiece who talked like Daniel Webster looked, fingers a synthetic duke, locates the stashaway of the biggest bond robbery in history, knocks a redheaded blackmailer loose from her apples and impeaches the mayor of the burg for malfeasance of emoluments. And Eaton takes the bows.

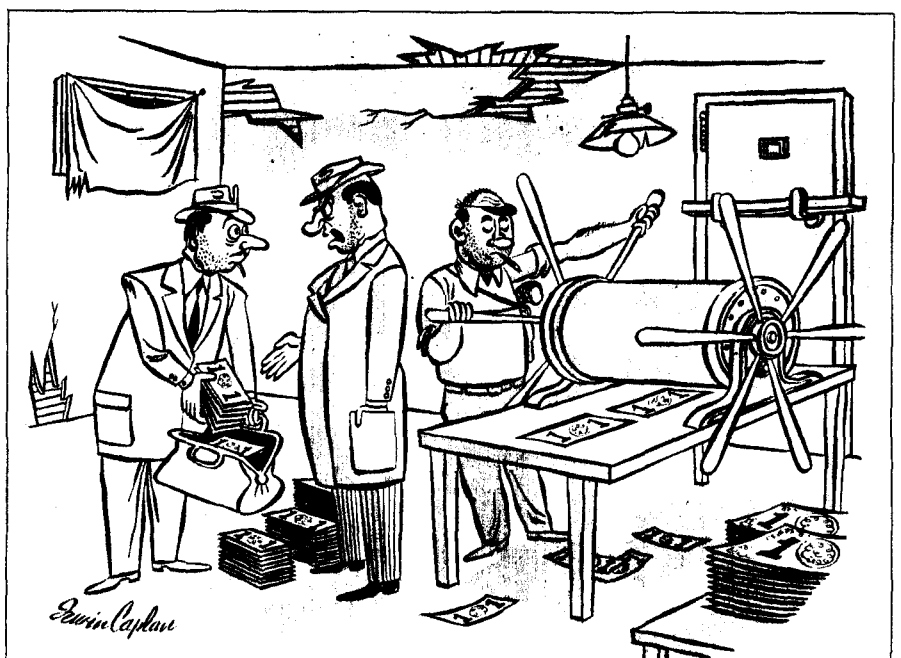
AL AND me set down in Perry's Glue Pot to figure how anybody could know so much in so many different directions unless she had built-in radar, and a bird dog's tail. She must live in an ivory tower with southern exposure and send out homing pigeons with a beak for news.

Meanwhile, Eaton gets his salary upjacked and the wolf has pupped in Al's vestibule. Then along comes the Cottage Built for One.

We call it that because it is an empty shack twenty-six paces back from the street in a fair-to-medium neighborhood.

One cold morning in late March after a fluke snowstorm, some kids see footprints in the snow outside the cottage. They lead from the walk up to the cottage steps. On about the third or fourth morning some bright younker wonders why there are no extra lines of footprints going the other way. So the kids drop in for an informal prowl and come out yelling like Comanche singing teachers.

There's a stifferoo in there and he is deader than anything in vinegar. It's the usual corpus blotto in a cottage with his shoes on. Just as routine as blue serge, and the High Fuzz in the Big Store says the man went in there to get away from



"We've got to work out another set-up. With labor and materials what they are, it's costing me a buck fifty-five apiece to print these"

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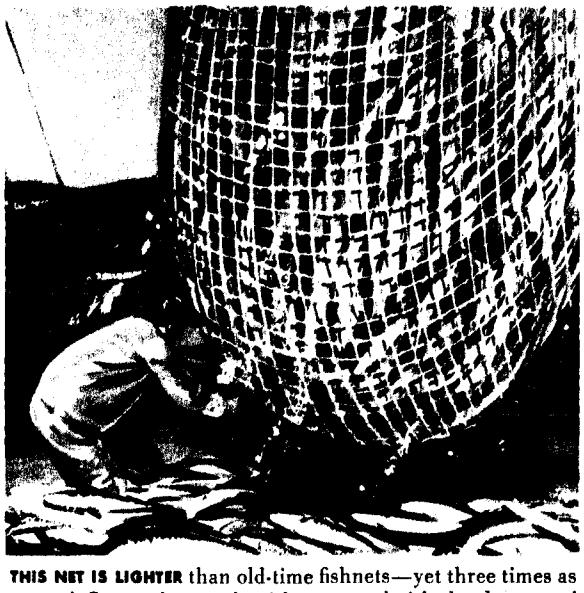
news about nylon

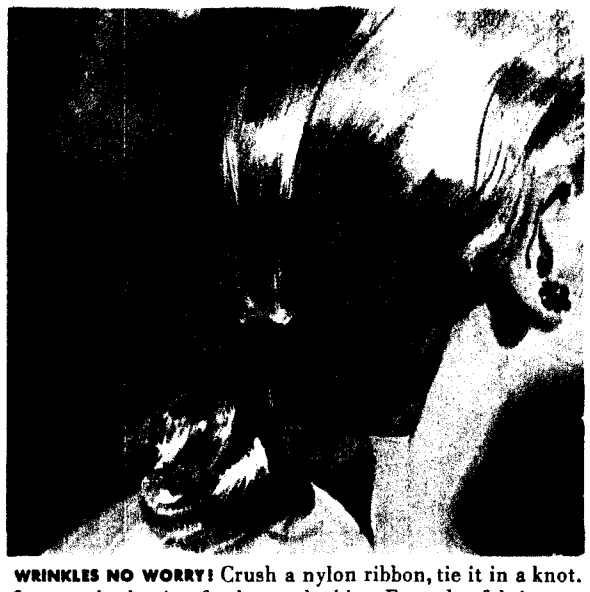
it all started with a stocking

—a stocking sheerer, lighter, lovelier — and stronger — than any woman had known before. A stocking that dried in a twinkle, kept its shape, its elasticity. A stocking that became women's all-time favorite almost overnight.

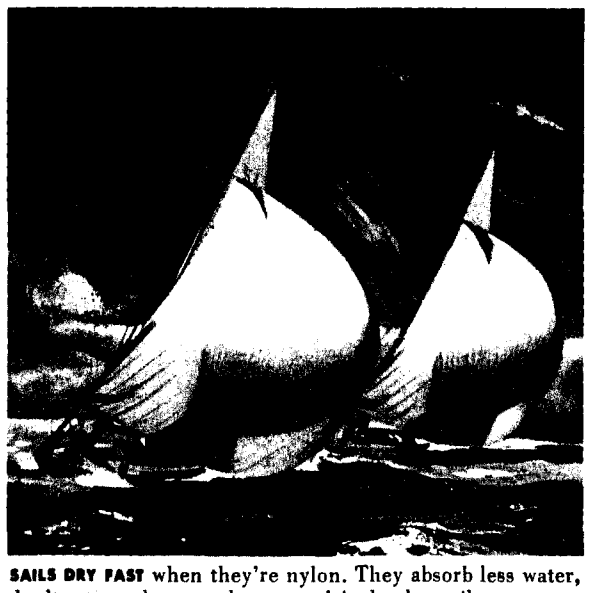
You know that story—but do you know about nylon sox, slips, panties, girdles—about nylon in tires, tow ropes, garden and industrial hose? Read on . . . there's a lot of news about nylon—



THIS NET IS LIGHTER than old-time fishnets—yet three times as strong! Saves the catch—it's so tough it's hard to tear! Quick-drying, doesn't rot, never needs tar—salt water and marine growths don't affect it. What's it made of? NYLON!



WRINKLES NO WORRY! Crush a nylon ribbon, tie it in a knot. It comes back crisp, fresh, new-looking. For nylon fabrics can be made to hold their shape. When a ribbon lasts longer, looks years lovelier—on a hat, or in her hair—that's NYLON!



SAILS DRY FAST when they're nylon. They absorb less water, don't rot, can be stowed away wet! And nylon sails are strong —hard to rip. They're light and compact, save space. Sound reasons all, why sailors swear by the sails made of NYLON!

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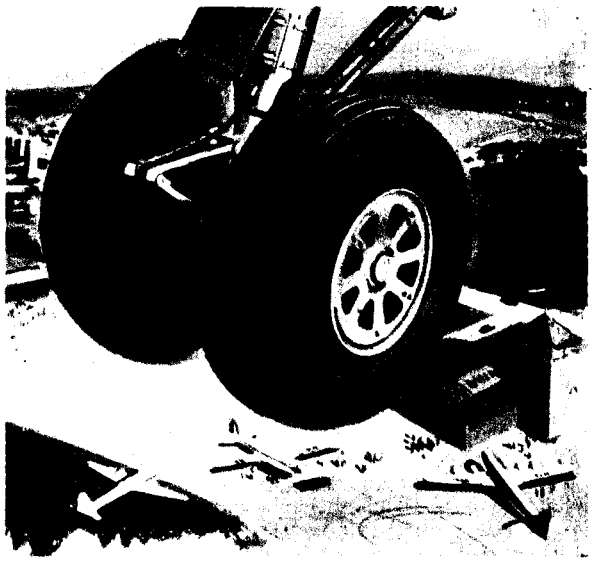
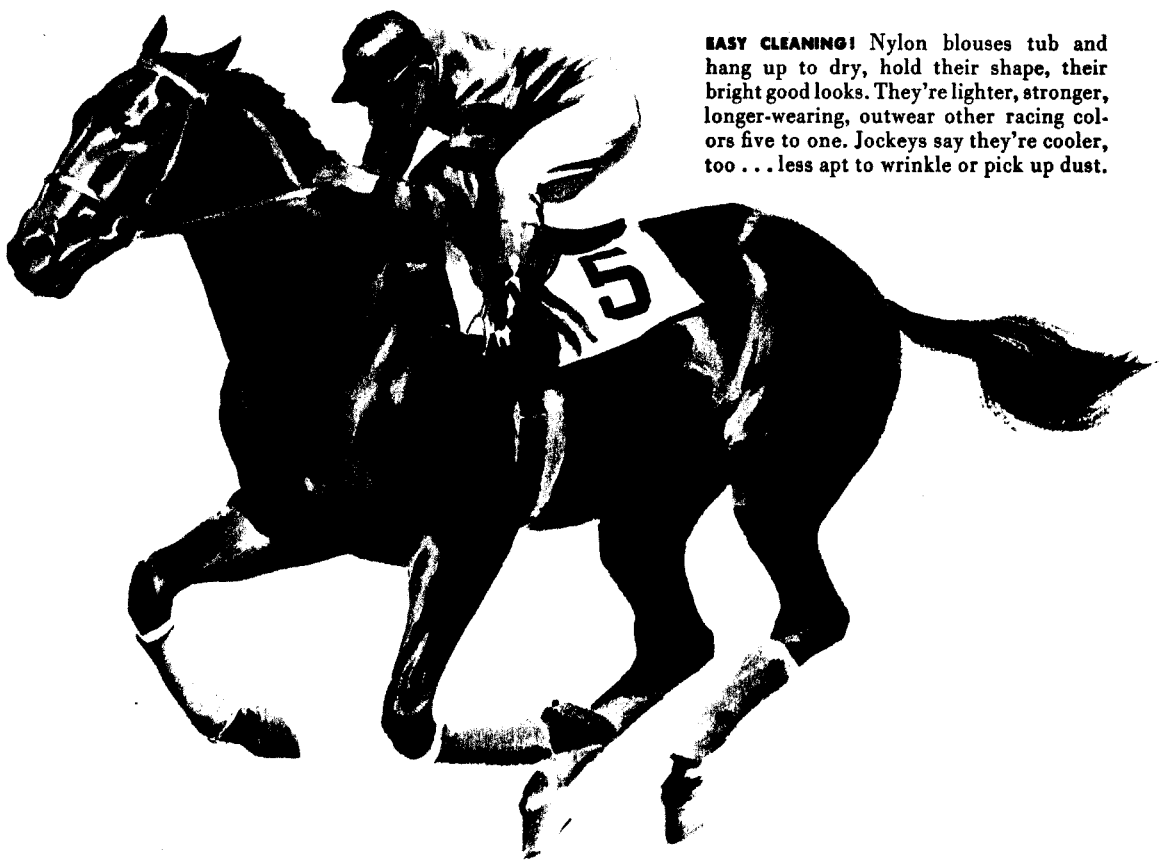


NYLON CAN TAKE IT! When 50 tons of loaded airplane land on the runway, that, friends, is tire punishment. And nylon helps tires take it! Strongest, lightest, toughest fiber that ever gave backbone to a heavy truck or plane tire—that's NYLON!

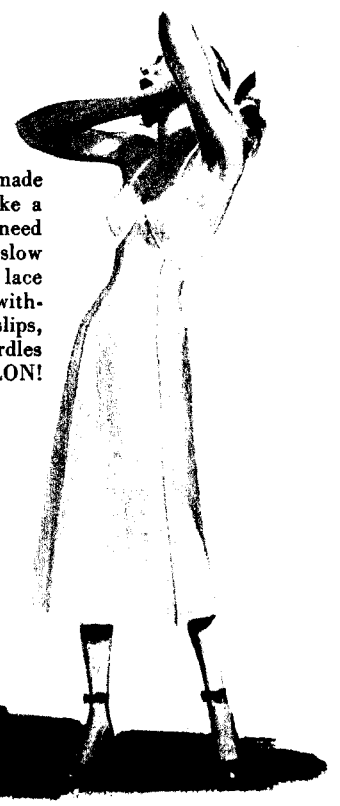
HOLDS ITS SHAPE! Forget shrinking, sagging, stretching! Here's a sweater you can toss in the tub, hang up to dry—a sweater that dries fast, never needs to be "blocked" or reset, a soft and snuggly sweater. Look for the sweater labeled NYLON!

STRONGER! SAFER! When a mountain climber trusts his life to a rope . . . he's lucky if the rope is nylon. For nylon takes terrific stress without snapping, stands sudden loads with less strain, resists abrasion. And it's light, elastic, easy to handle!



EASY CLEANING! Nylon blouses tub and hang up to dry, hold their shape, their bright good looks. They're lighter, stronger, longer-wearing, outwear other racing colors five to one. Jockeys say they're cooler, too . . . less apt to wrinkle or pick up dust.

STANDS REPEATED WASHINGS. Commercial laundries use strong nylon net bags to hold each "family wash" in the washer...and the nets last longer than any laundry bag ever used before. If it's stronger, lighter, extra long wearing . . . it's NYLON!



SAVES IRONING! The slip is made of nylon. It will wash like a hankie, dry dream-fast, need little or no ironing, and be slow to sag or stretch. Its nylon lace will stay fresh and crisp without shrinking . . . In slips, bras, panties, negligees, girdles . . . if it's *nicer* . . . it's NYLON!

Look for all these in products made of nylon fibers:

STRENGTH • LIGHTNESS • TOUGHNESS
LONG WEAR • ELASTICITY • RESILIENCE
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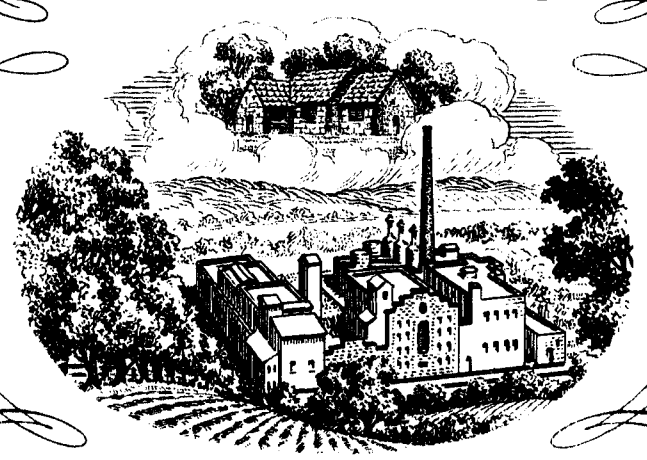
THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW



The world has beaten a path to its door for more than a hundred years

Around the little spring-house where Old Crow was born has grown up a great modern distillery. And the fame of Col. James Crow's whiskey has become world-wide.

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the snowstorm and the sudden cold snap. His twenty-six footprints on the walk, his one on the step and his five on the porch prove that like a checkup in the Navy.

The evidence is there in the snow like steel etchings. Just on a hunch, Al lifts two cakes of the snow, one with the right print, and the other with a left print, and slips them in the bottom of his refrigerator for future reference. He has a funny feeling about this case and he doesn't want his evidence soaking into the ground come a thaw.

THERE'S nothing on the poor guy for identification in papers, cards or labels. The Fuzz says the man went in there for shelter, and the coroner ratifies with a decision of suicide with intent to live a little longer. Eaton has himself photographed pointing at the footprints. If conceit was education he would have his wallpapered with diplomas. He goes to Florida for a rest after Al has done all the work.

But he comes back fast when he hears Al has busted the Cottage for One case open again. It really was the Busybody who sent in one word, "Fore."

Al heps that it means the Cottage business, for there is no other case on the docket at that time. So he goes downtown and asks to see the guy's clothing. He examines the clothing and finally comes down to the kicks. He looks them over and asks himself the classic quiz, "Why should a homeless bum be wearing golf shoes?"

That's what the "Fore" means and Al knows he has something by the short hair and the hold is mutual. Eaton goes to work trying to find out who the man is and the unknown is tagged the Golfer. We print pictures of the shoes which are sold by the millions in all sizes. They have cleats on them, and the Golfer probably wore them to keep from slipping in the snow. That's what we thought.

But it doesn't get us anywhere except maybe people look at one another's dogs in streetcars.

Then the Busybody sends in a card from her file index of inside information, "Reverse the line of march."

Eaton has to hand that over to Al who reads it forward and backward, starts in the middle and goes both ways and finally candles it in the light like an egg. Wrong dice are worse than no dice.

We go down to the Glue Pot for further research. The Fuzz has let Al keep the shoes and he is studying them like they were illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg. They seem to have pictures on the soles. Al finally jumps up and hollers, "Eureka!"

"I have busted this wide open," says Al, "and Eaton will get a raise."

Al takes off his own shoes and asks the barkeep for a broom. He puts on the golf kicks and smooths down the sawdust. Then he walks around backward while I look at him thinking his gears have jammed.

"Listen," he says to me. "At first the Busybody's crack gave me no more information than a weather vane indoors. But now I get it about reversing the line of march. The Cottage Built for One was built for two.

Al stopped and motioned to the barkeep for another shot of scalp tightener. "Two guys go in there for some reason and they have an argument or they are drunk. One slugs the other in a fit of anger. Or maybe it is premeditated. Anyway, the guy is dead and I have his shoes under my arm right now. I know he isn't in them.

"The other fellow panics up and breaks for the door. To his surprise he finds it has snowed while he was inside. Right then and there—" Al reached for his wrinkle eradicator.

"—Right then and there the fellow has an idea that is brighter than a lightning bug with a supercharger." Al downed the complexion booster.

"He walked out backward."

He patted the soles of the shoes. "From now on it is a simple sum in arithmetic."

WELL, Al washes that one up faster than an office boy with a date. Al figures that the real reason the two guys were wearing golf shoes was because they were golf nuts and had been out that March day for an early crack at the links.

He tries the golf shoes in the tracks in the snow in his refrigerator and busts the thing wide open. It's murder as sure as handles on pumps. Al has noticed there are two cleats missing from the left shoe and one from the right. That happens to poor golfers.

Now, when he puts the shoes to the test in the tracks in the snow it works out different.

In the tracks there are two cleats missing from the right shoe and only one from the left. That happens to good golfers.

The rest is simple. Al and me we start playing golf in the locker rooms of all the suburban clubs. And, finally, we match the ribbons.

What's the answer? The usual triangle in country clubs.

Now the guy can walk backward about ten steps until he bumps into a stone wall and steel bars either way.

Al is running the paper while Eaton recovers. He is firmly convinced the Busybody is a dame. Sometimes I figure it is Al. But then, it might be me.

Come to look it over it might be you.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Gosh . . . this takes me back to the winter of '45!" HANK KETCHAM

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

. . . Noted the cover title Christmas in Peacetime, by C. C. Beall, and my blood fairly boiled. . . .

STELLA M. DARE, Pres. Willow Creek Home Economics Club, Osceola, Ind.

At what temperature does blood boil peacefully?

FOR CAT'S SAKE!

DEAR EDITOR: What is this nonsense about only house cats and pedestal cats being entitled to live, and that even they be locked up at night! (Nobody's Cat, Dec. 27th.) Every dog has his day, therefore let the cats have their nights. I personally do not like cats, either the two-legged or four-legged variety, but cats do have their place.

Why, man, the farms would be overrun by rats and mice if it were not for the cats. If the cats did not prowl the fields the mice would clean up on the bumblebee's nest. Now what would the clover-seed crop amount to if it were not for the big buzzing bumblebees and the cats?

Let Mother Nature balance her own affairs. Has not government interference caused enough trouble?

LOUIS DENNIS, Sandusky, Ohio

LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF PIGSKINS

DEAR SIRS: Jack S. Passerman's letter (The Week's Mail, Jan. 3d) has me puzzled. In criticizing the Big Nine's contract with the West Coast, he stated that the two teams meeting in the Rose Bowl each year battle for the national title. If this is true, and the Rose Bowl is more than merely a traditional get-together, what do the Tournaments of Orange, Cotton, Pineapple, Glass, etc., determine?

JOAN DEBACHER, Age 14, Lima, Ohio

That we need a Bowl Game Winners' Elimination Tournament to determine who really is National Champion, which is Notre Dame in the first place.

LIFE ISN'T JUST A BOWL OF DUST

DEAR SIR: Wessel Smitter's We Are Plowing A New Dust Bowl (Dec. 27th) does a vast injustice to this particular part of the country, one of the richest wheat-growing belts in the U.S.

In 1948 we will again come up with a huge wheat crop. After all, farming methods and farm equipment have developed along with the years.

WARREN E. GLADHART, Pratt Chamber of Commerce, Pratt, Kans.

. . . I recall back in the thirties the Tugwells and the Wallaces made predictions that this area was hopeless and never would produce any crops and would continue to get worse. The past seven years of high production throughout this Great Plains area has proved this prediction was wrong. J. C. NITSCH, Oberlin, Kans.

. . . Mr. Smattering didn't need to read the dwarf juniper (the existence of which I doubt) to obtain the average rainfall in Washington County. At Akron, Colo., the county seat of Washington County, the U.S. government maintains the very fine U.S. Dry Land Field Station. But they didn't use "dwarf juniper" for a rain gauge. With due respect to Mr. Smatters, I think he's nuts. Sure there will be dust storms. If it isn't in grass it will blow sooner or later. MARK LINTZ, Big Springs, Neb.

MALEKIZING

DEAR SIRS: Increasing the production of rice through the "malekizing" process of M. Yonan-Malek (Revolution in Rice, Jan. 10th) may all be very well, but wouldn't it be more practicable first to regulate marketing on the millions of bushels of wheat, corn, potatoes and beans stored in the bins of our farmers pending price manipulations? SELMA LINDER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RIVIERA OF AMERICA

GENTLEMEN: Re Salt Water, Salubrity and Sin by John Kord Lagemann (Jan. 3d), my husband was stationed at Keesler Field, Mississippi, during the war and I spent five months in Biloxi. The article makes it sound like a wonderful place but he forgot to mention the chiggers, other insects, the terrible depressing heat, the electrical storms they have every day in July and August. It was the happiest day of my life when my husband got his orders for his discharge and back to God's country: Oregon.

MRS. R. W. BJORKQUIST, Portland, Ore.

War was war. Try Biloxi now and enjoy the disarmed chiggers.

. . . Anyone reading Mr. Lagemann's vivid portrayal of the Mississippi coast is taken on a most fascinating, historic and romantic sight-seeing tour.

I hope Mr. Lagemann sometime soon will add the frame to the picture and serve up the wealth of beauty of the widespread live oaks, festooned with Spanish moss; the natives "gigging" for flounders by torchlight; the unsurpassed beauty of the sunrise over the Gulf.

Come again, please, Mr. Lagemann.

L. F. DENNIS, Tulsa, Okla.

MENS SANA IN CORPORE LUSCIOUS

GENTLEMEN: Having been for a considerable length of time an admirer of the talents (professional, physical, etc.) of Miss Esther Williams, I can hardly agree with the selection of photographic material in The Week's Mail (Jan. 10th) depicting, under the title of Womanly Wisdom, what appeared to be an extremely grown-up young woman who left only too soon the immature practice of having her diaper changed.

GEORGE W. BRAZIER, JR., Kansas City, Kans.

. . . If Esther Williams is an example of Womanly Wisdom, as one of your readers insists, then Victor Mature ought to be President.

VARDEN WILLIS, Wellesley, Mass.

AERODYNAMIC HEAVEN!

DEAR SIRS: While looking at the picture at the top of Freling Foster's column (Jan. 3d), I suddenly realized that there is something radically wrong with angels having wings. Since we know there is no air a few miles from the earth's surface and since we hardly believe that heaven is within the earth's atmosphere, what good are wings to an angel if there is no air to fly in?

This idea of depicting angels with wings obviously arose back in the days when people didn't know there wasn't any air in outer space, but now I think we had better modernize our angels and provide them with jet propulsion.

HERBERT A. MOORE, Losantville, Ind.

Glad to oblige: Mr. De Zayas has jet-propelled your angels.

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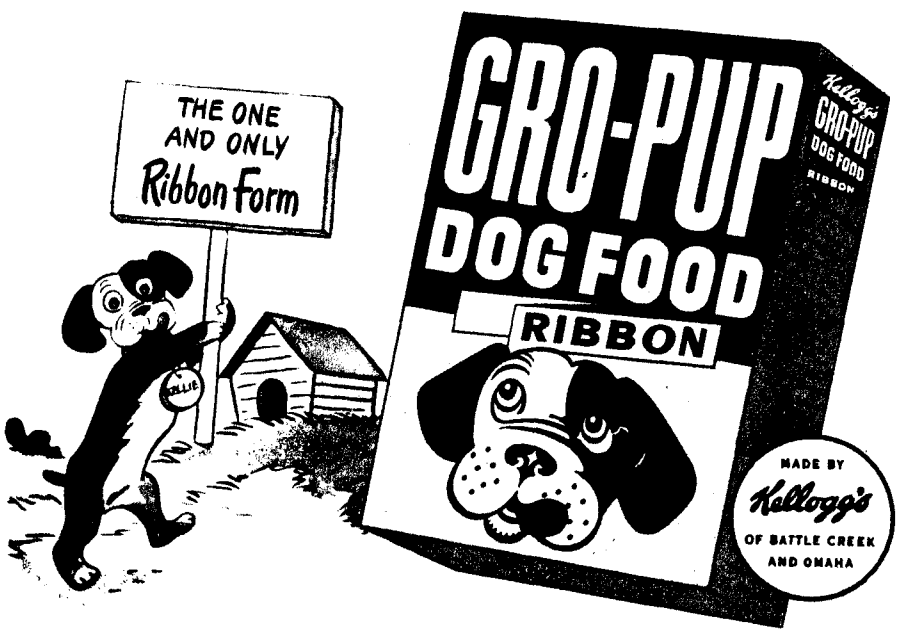
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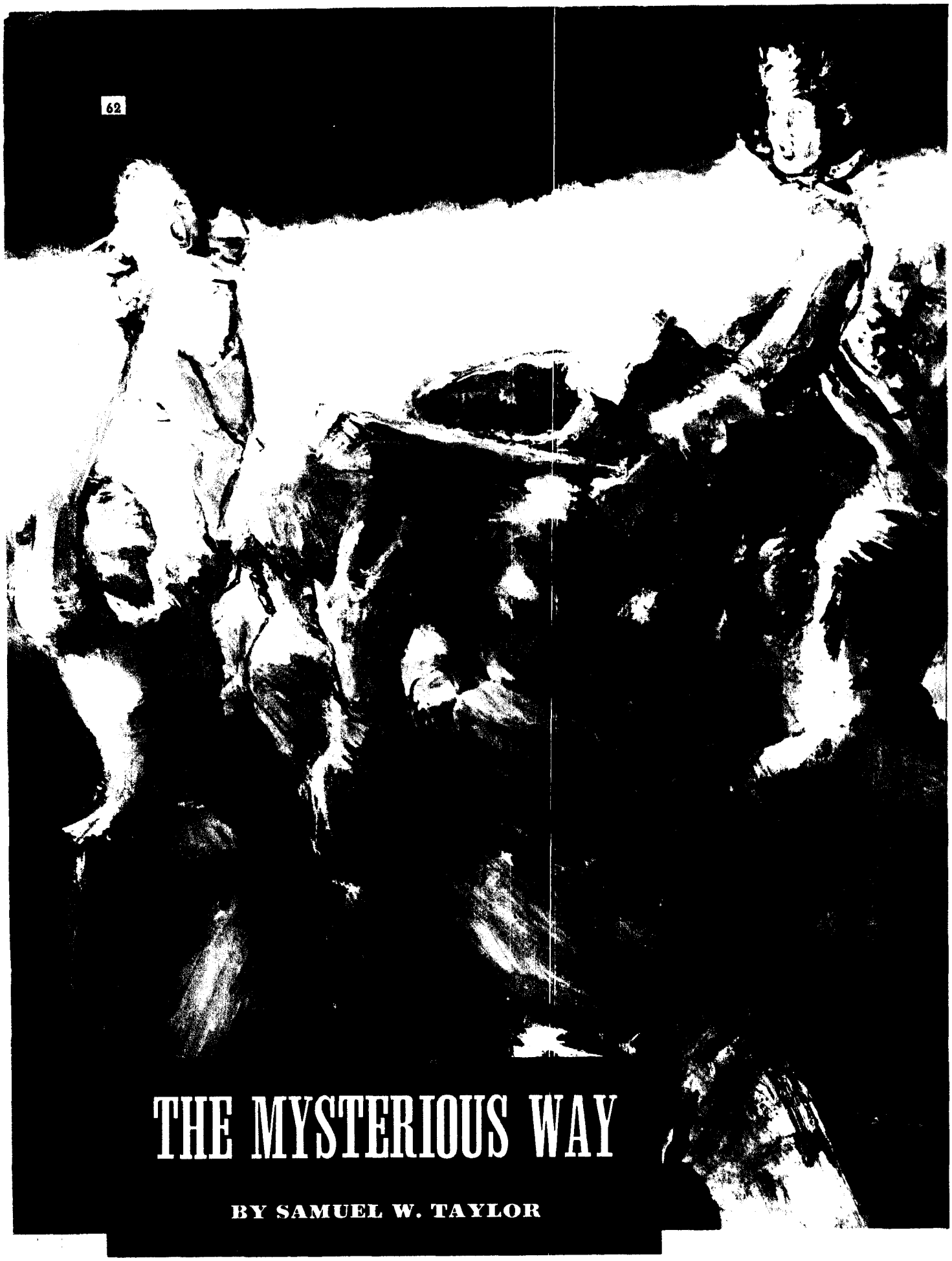

THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Anita rushed into the mob with the baby. "Here, Jack. Kiss the little dear goodby. You may never see him again"

The Story:

OLD MORONI SKINNER started it. He came down from heaven and told his shiftless grandson, JACKSON WHITETOP, to marry KATIE JENSEN, the BISHOP'S daughter. Jackson would have liked nothing better, but Katie was about to marry HENRY BROWN, the storekeeper and sheep rancher who had taken over Jackson's sheep while Jackson was away in the Army, and had been quietly defrauding him (and the income tax people) ever since. Katie didn't know Henry's secret—that he was the father of ANITA SMITH'S illegitimate child. Jackson had been courting BEULAH HESS, who was also being courted by NED HOLT, Henry's sheepherder and unwilling partner in crime.

When Jackson announced that he was going to fix up his run-down house and marry Katie, everybody laughed at him—except old MILO FERGUSON, an apostate who was Henry's helper at the store, to whom Moroni had also appeared. And Jackson had other worries: He was in debt to Henry, and he'd made things worse by leading the bishop into the sin of drinking coffee under the misapprehension that it was a harmless substitute called Coffee-Near. Now the bishop wanted the recipe.

Worst of all, Katie's mother, BERYL JENSEN, tricked the bishop into believing he had received a heavenly message telling him Jackson couldn't marry Katie unless he settled the Trouble that had raged for years in the community. . . .

III

JACKSON had been a very small boy at the time of the Trouble. While his memory of it might have dimmed and his childish innocence at that time have prevented him from grasping its full implications, he grew up with it. The Trouble was still very much alive. Every so often a church official would get up in Sunday meeting and tell the valley people they ought to be ashamed of themselves, that they ought to let the Spirit of the Lord lead them from such foolishness. It always sounded simple enough, but the thing had long since gone beyond reason and logic.

The square brick schoolhouse had always doubled as a place of worship. It was an economical arrangement, and nobody thought much about any change until one Sunday when Apostle Black was visiting. He got up to talk in meeting and said, "As I was coming through the valley I had a vision. I saw a fine new meetinghouse and beside it a lovely amusement hall for dances and socials, and a voice said to me, 'You will dedicate this place of worship for the valley.' "

Inasmuch as Apostle Black was at the time past sixty and in poor health there obviously was no time to lose. And the Spirit of the Lord, people said, could be felt at the meeting. When Apostle Black sat down, Nephi Smith leaped to his feet and donated ten acres of good pasture land at the mouth of East Canyon for a site. Then Old Man Merrill Littlewall jumped up and pledged cement and gravel for a foundation that would last through the millennium. Old Man Merrill Littlewall was leader of the clan which lived at the south of the valley, and there was a considerable rivalry between the south and the north, which had started originally as a squabble over water rights and had branched out into a quiet feud. Old Man Merrill Littlewall's pledge of the foundation put the heat on the north people, and Lehi Carter of the north end got up and pledged timber for the walls.

It was a memorable meeting, and by its close, everything had been pledged for a fine meetinghouse and amusement hall. Plans were drawn. Materials were hauled across the desert from Wendover. Apostle Black was due to arrive to dedicate the site. And then the Trouble began. The whole thing grew from the fact that Bessie Smith proved once again that love will find a way.

Nephi Smith, who'd donated the pasture land for a site, was a devout Saint, a widower with five beautiful daughters. His life had been saddened because four of his daughters had married outside the Temple. Two had run away with gentiles, and twice he'd taken his .30-30 carbine, climbed into his Model T, and returned with a very scared young buck and the bishop to perform the ceremony. They settled down after marriage, though, to be good wives and mothers.

With his youngest, Bessie, Nephi was strict. Bessie was a model girl. She taught Sunday school and was active in Mutual. She was pretty, but she never went out much, because her father always went along too. Nephi Smith was determined that Bessie would be married in the Temple.

Nephi arrived at the bishop's place one evening with Bessie and young Ephraim Todd. Ephraim Todd was a wild one. He had drunk vanilla extract, Jamaica ginger, canned heat and other odd substances before deciding to become his own source of supply; he was the valley bootlegger. And he was a gentile.

"Bishop," Nephi announced, "these youngsters want to get married up. We come for a Temple recommend."

In the crook of his arm Nephi had his old .30-30.

The bishop cleared his throat.

"Ephraim here is willing to embrace the gospel," Nephi said, glaring at the white-faced young buck. "Ain't you?"

Ephraim nodded.

"He wants to go through the Temple. Don't you, Eph?"

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE COURTSHIP

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

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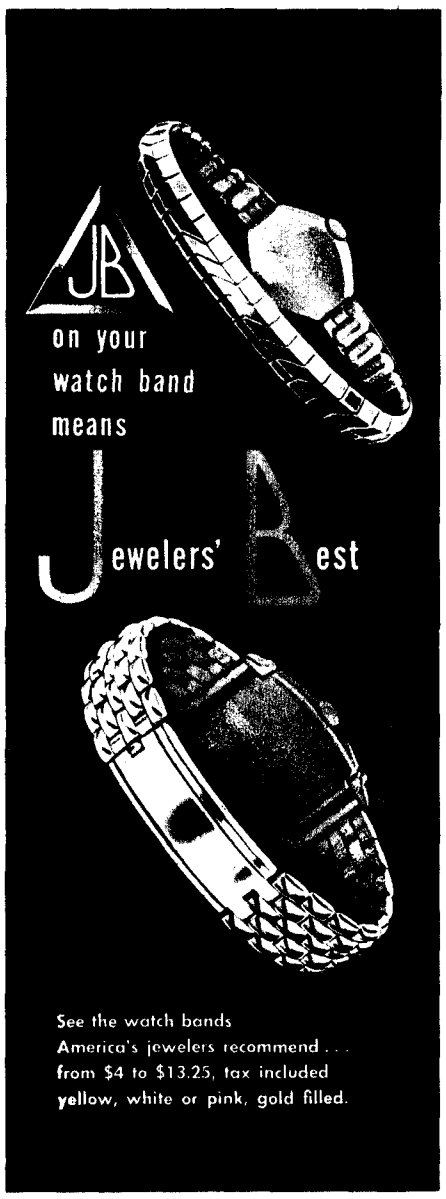

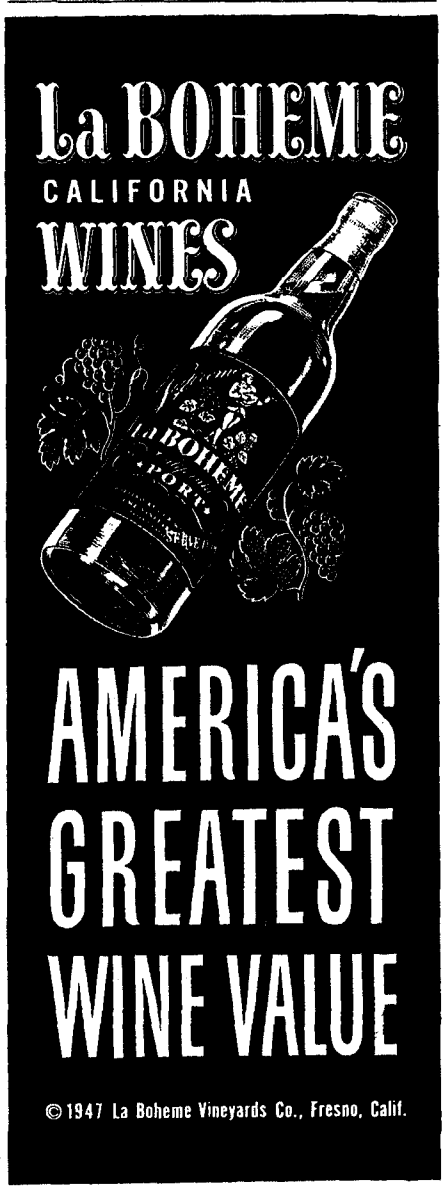

Ephraim nodded.

"He wants a recommend. . . . Don't you, Eph?"

Ephraim nodded.

Bessie remained with downcast eyes.

The bishop again cleared his throat. "That's fine, Ephraim. I'm glad you're going to mend your ways and embrace the gospel. I'll baptize you next fast Sunday, and then we'll see how things turn out. If you work hard in the faith I'm sure it won't be too long before you're an elder and we can talk about a recommend."

"We want that recommend now," Nephi said bluntly. "They're getting married right off. They can't wait."

"Oh," the bishop said. "Brother Smith, I can't furnish a recommend under the circumstances."

"Yes, you can. Bishop, I lived a good life. And I never cut corners on my tithing. And I donated ten acres of my best land for the new meetinghouse."

"Brother Nephi, there isn't a better man in the valley than you are, nor one firmer in the faith. But you're not the one asking for the recommend."

"I am *too* asking for it!"

"You're not the one who's getting married."

"Bishop, it's been my life's ambition to have my daughters married up in the Temple. And Bessie is the onliest one I got left."

"Let us pray for guidance."

"I prayed myself black in the face. I want that recommend and I want it tonight. We're on our way to Salt Lake right now."

Ephraim and Bessie were married next day in Tooele by a justice of the peace. Ephraim never did join the church.

Nephi Smith apostatized. If the church couldn't do that much for him in return for all he'd done, he said, to hell with the whole shebang. The title of the pasture land he'd donated was being searched, and when it came time for signing over the deed, Nephi said to hell with it. He'd pledged the land in a moment of religious hysteria, he said; go ahead and sue.

THE site was piled with lumber and gravel and cement. Teams and scrapers were pledged to begin excavating as soon as Apostle Black arrived to dedicate the site. Apostle Black arrived and gave a spirited talk. There were miles and miles of land in this great valley, he said, that would do for a site. But he returned to Salt Lake without having dedicated one. The Trouble had already begun.

The Littlewall clan had decided to donate a nice site at the south end of the valley, with trees and all. The Carters had picked out a site down at the north end, the ideal place, the only place where a church house should really be.

Old Man Merrill Littlewall claimed that aside from everything else he was building the foundation and ought to have the say where it would go. The Carter faction scoffingly asked how much meeting you could hold in a foundation; the north end was the only place for their timber to stand.

The bishop, being centrally located, offered a compromise site. This might have been accepted, but for a pinto colt that was born on the Carter place with what might have been the letter N on its left shoulder. That, the north end claimed, was a sign. The south thereupon produced a carrot they'd dug up which was twisted somewhat like the letter S. A Carter boy and a Littlewall boy got into a fight at the schoolhouse dance. A Littlewall girl broke her engagement to a Carter boy. Sister Ormand, whose maiden name had been Carter, talked in tongues at a cottage meeting, and, translating herself, said the Lord commanded the meetinghouse to be built on the north. Old Man Merrill Littlewall's wife had a dream in which a voice told her the church would be on the south site, and inasmuch as she had a stroke (her third) shortly afterward, this was taken to be her dying testimony.

The thing was a cause. A man had to be either north or south. The only man in the valley who straddled the fence was the bishop, and both sides resented it. And meanwhile the lumber warped in the weather and the big pile of cement began to harden.

The bishop called for help. Apostle Black arrived to bring the people to their senses. The apostle was late because it had begun to rain and his car got stuck in the desert. The storm, people felt, was a sign. It had been a dry year. Long Creek had dwindled to a bare trickle, and irrigation was impossible. The crops were burning up; people felt they were being punished. Each side blamed the other for being muleheaded and bringing down the wrath of God.

Significantly, it was raining when Apostle Black arrived. Everybody gathered at the schoolhouse that afternoon, hopeful and brimming with thanks and confident the site would be either north or, on the other hand, south, depending upon where each came from.

It was a storm. As the opening hymn began, there was a blinding flash and then thunder rocked the schoolhouse and darkness closed in as the rain came down in sheets. The thunder crashed again and again and the people sang louder and louder as if to appease an angry God, and the rain hit the roof like smashing breakers. It was a cloudburst. They'd wanted rain; they were getting it.

The bishop offered prayer, and Apostle Black got up to speak. He'd hardly got warmed up when the flood came boiling by.

The East Canyon watershed had been overgrazed for years; erosion had begun, and the dry year made things ripe for the cloudburst. One of the first bolts of lightning had struck the big pile of lumber at the mouth of the canyon. It was roaring in flame despite the rain when the wall of water, pushing trees and boulders before it, rolled down the canyon and scooped up the lumber and cement.

When the storm was over, the ten-acre plot Nephi had pledged and then taken back was a sea of boulders. The soil was stripped away and the land worthless. That, people said, was a sign, and it served him right. But the materials for the church were gone, too, the cement worthless, the gravel scattered, the lumber charred, broken and warped.

That was the Trouble. From that time on, any mention of building a meetinghouse was met with stony silence. If the Lord had wanted one built, people felt, He'd had His chance; He'd showed pretty definitely how He felt about things.

Old Nephi Smith had married again and had had one more daughter, Anita. She'd gone off to Salt Lake during the war and had returned with a fatherless baby. Let that be a lesson to apostates, people said; at least, before, his daughters had got married off somehow.

Apostle Black grew old and feeble. . . .

And Jackson Skinner Whitetop, sitting on a box in his kitchen with a cup of coffee on his knee, regarded the bishop with something less than joy.

"Me, sir?" he said croakingly. "*I* am to settle the Trouble?"

"Yes, Brother Jackson." The bishop put his empty cup on the floor and arose, patting his stomach comfortably. "A marvelous wholesome drink; marvelous. Don't forget; I'll pick up a little of it on the way back. Yes, Brother Jackson, a voice told me. You will settle the Trouble. And after that—well, we'll see."

Jackson rummaged his memory for a recipe his mother had used one winter when the store had run out of coffee and the valley was snowed in. Now let's see, there was burned barley, parched corn, scorched bread, eggshells, and a couple of other things he couldn't remember. He browned the ingredients in a skillet, ground them in the old coffee mill, and made a cup of brew that was the color of sheep-dip and tasted like the memory of original sin.

He discarded the experiment and, adjusting the coffee grinder as tight as it would go, pulverized a half pound of coffee into which he'd put a few barley husks and an eggshell as camouflage. He put this in a fruit jar, pasted on a label, and wrote upon it "Coffee-Near."

"In fact," he mused, "that is the nearest coffee the bishop ever drunk."

WHEN the bishop arrived that afternoon, Jackson took the fruit jar out to the car. Katie's greeting was casual, but her father beamed. "Fine, Brother Jackson! Fine! Do you have a minute?"

"All the time in the world."

"What say we go in and brew a cup of this delicious stuff? I have a matter to talk over with you."

"Well, all right," Jackson said, not too eagerly. The last little matter had saddled him with settling the Trouble and building a meetinghouse.

"I'll stay out here," Katie said firmly. "That house gives me the willies."

The bishop gave her a glance of reproving surprise and followed Jackson into the kitchen. "What I don't know," Jackson said, pouring hot water into the coffeepot reluctantly, "is whether this Coffee-Near has any bad effect on the system."

"Nonsense, my boy. What possible harm from a brew of wholesome fruits and grains and berries? I drank two cups while I was here, and I never felt better in my life. Invigorating. My mind sharp as a bell. And on the way I got a marvelous idea. Brother Jackson, you've got something here, and I've taken the liberty of starting the ball rolling."

"Ball rolling?" Jackson said unhappily.

The bishop took the backless chair, and surveyed the kitchen reflectively. "Yes, it could be fixed up. The old log walls are still solid. Something to build on. Got your plans made?"

Jackson put coffee in the pot and set the pot on the edge of the stove. "I figured up a list of stuff I'd need, but I don't know when I'll get around to it. I seen Henry about what I had coming on the sheep. Instead of something coming, I owe him."

"Yes; poor Henry's had hard luck with the sheep."

"I owe him nine thousand dollars."

"H'm. I didn't know it was as bad as that. Are your sheep worth that much?"

"I guess not, but Henry will take them and call it square." Jackson opened the lid of the coffeepot and regarded the brew with rapt attention while he spoke: "I've been wondering, Bishop. Inasmuch as I'm going to be your son-in-law, and

THE RACE MAY NOT BE

TO THE SWIFT!

The cars are streamlined more and more so,
They crowd my head and feet and torso
To make the motors extra fleet,
Despite the jam in every street.
Their pace is constantly arrested
Because the traffic's so congested.
We call this Progress, I suppose,
Constructing cars to race like does,
Although it's obvious, indeed,
We're back to horse and buggy speed.

—Margaret Fishback

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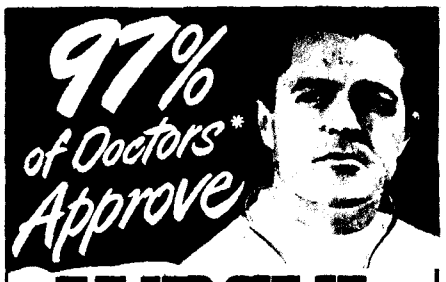

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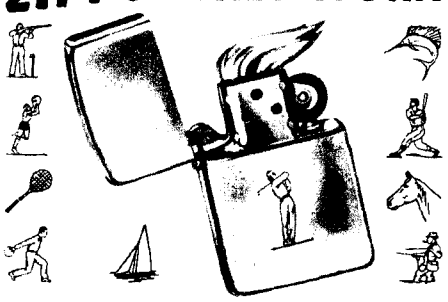

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the ranch here is good if it's run right, I been wondering if you'd like to advance some to fix it up on."

"Do you think a young fellow ought to get married under a load of debt?"

"Well, it depends on the prospects."

"True enough. But from a business standpoint the place is already mortgaged to the hilt."

Jackson had opened the door of the stove and stooped for a chunk of wood. He met the bishop's eye. "*Mortgaged?*" he asked. "What mortgage?"

"The mortgage on the place here."

"You mean this place is mortgaged?"

"I guess your folks weren't much of a hand to talk over business things with you. You remember the winter in Los Angeles? Let's see, when was that? Must be seventeen-eighteen year ago."

"You bet," Jackson said in fond memory. "I was only a kid, but I remember that. Palm trees, days on the beach—"

The bishop coughed. "On borrowed money. Your father came to me and said he wanted to buy that piece of hay land to the north of the place—the Carter field. Good investment. A man can't have too much hay. I advanced him the money and he changed his mind and spent the winter in Los Angeles."

"It was worth every dime they spent," Jackson declared. "The only vacation they ever really took. They never did quit talking about that winter."

"It's over and done with now, Brother Jackson. My concern is the mortgage. Compound interest can be a terrible thing over the years. Your father never paid me a penny on principal or interest. I could have foreclosed, but what would your folks have done? I even paid the taxes to protect myself. It all adds up."

The bishop fished out a stub of pencil, wrote a figure on a scrap of paper and passed it to Jackson. "This is how things stand, including taxes for this year."

Jackson looked at the figure, turned the bit of paper over to see if he was reading the wrong side, and sat down on a box. "This is kind of sudden," he said.

"Do you think a man ought to plan on marriage when he's in debt?"

"Grandpa Skinner told me to."

"How's the brew coming?"

JACKSON poured an extra cup for Katie and took it out to her. She thanked him, took a bit of canned cream but no sugar, sipped, and said, "Coffee-Near? It certainly is near."

"You sound like an expert. What you wearing to the dance tonight?"

"I don't know. What is it to you?"

"All right, if you want to surprise me. You'd look pretty in anything."

"If you're still twanging that string, Henry's taking me to the dance."

"I don't think so."

"You're awfully sure of yourself."

"Got reason to be."

"Why do you think I'd go with you?"

"Will you if Henry don't?"

"Of course he will."

"But if he don't?"

"Don't be silly."

"Then it's a date."

"It certainly isn't. Henry might be called away or something. In which case I'd go with my folks. I'm engaged, after all."

"I mean, if Henry goes to the dance but don't ask you, you'll go with me?"

"Why, certainly, Jack. And also if the moon comes up in the west, and hell freezes over."

"Then it's a date."

"You are," she announced firmly, "the most insufferable conceited jackass, the most—"

"Be seeing you," Jackson said fondly. Returning to the house, he took occasion to look again at the figure on the slip of paper. It looked just the same out here in the light—$14,771.11.

That was an awful lot of money. Particularly to be owing the man you hoped to persuade to be your father-in-law.

The bishop was pouring himself another cup of coffee. "Things look dark now, Brother Jackson, but I'm sure it will all work out. Since receiving the message, I have great faith in you."

Jackson privately felt the bishop could go right on having inspirations forever that would make the marriage impossible. He didn't feel in a position to come right out and say so.

"How does Katie feel about your—er—proposition?" the bishop asked.

"She's thinking it over."

"True love never runs smooth, you know." The bishop sipped, and smacked his lips with gusto. He was in high good humor, and, Jackson felt, had a right to be; he'd made conditions impossible, so why should he worry?

"About that little matter I wanted to speak to you about," the bishop said. "We got talking of other things, but then it's best to know where you stand before you talk business, anyhow."

"Matter?" Jackson said bleakly.

THE bishop chuckled. "Don't get excited. This is good news. That's why I saved it until the last. I got to thinking on the way to Wendover, and as soon as I got there I put in a long-distance call to Salt Lake. Brother Jackson, the ball's rolling. I've always seen the possibilities for marketing a good coffee substitute among the Saints. This stuff of yours is a gold mine. I have some connections in Salt Lake, and we've been looking for exactly this stuff you've been cooking up in your own kitchen. It's still tentative, of course—routine tests and all. But I'm not worried about that part of it, Brother Jackson. We've got the plant and distribution all lined up. I'll wager that in three weeks we're ready to roll. Inside of two months Coffee-Near will be on the breakfast table of every Saint in Utah. We'll push it. In six months—"

"But—you can't do that!" Jackson cried desperately.

The bishop slapped his leg and guffawed. "Here, here, my boy, don't get *that* idea about *me!* I'm not stealing it. That's what I'm here for. I lined the whole thing up on the phone. They'll go to work on that end, and my job is to close the deal with you."

"Well, sir, it's just—well, impossible."

"I don't expect you to know the ins and outs of financing, manufacture, promotion—we'll take care of that, Jack."

"But you can't make it."

"I don't see why not, if you can stir it up in a kitchen."

"Well—it's got to be made in small batches," Jackson said, grasping any straw floating on the rising sea of his duplicity. "Funny thing. Make half a pound, it's swell. Try to make a pound batch and something happens."

"You just let the production men and chemists worry about that. They'll iron it out. I'm authorized to offer you two deals—"

"It wouldn't work out, sir. It's—awful expensive."

"Expensive?"

"Cost you five times as much as coffee."

"But you said it was made out of grains and berries."

"Yes, sir; but there's one ingredient that costs like the dickens."

"Then why do you drink it? It certainly hasn't been because of the Word of Wisdom. And anyhow, Jack, it's different buying things in bulk. This is all tentative; just a basis to work on. You can either take a royalty on every pound sold, or an interest in the company. Or some combination of the two."

"It isn't the price of it," Jackson said, floundering. "It's getting it that would cost. It's a desert weed. You might find one here, another a mile away. Awful scarce. You couldn't hire men to pick that weed, and the stuff's no good without it."

"You show us the weed and I'll guar-

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"Bishop, I'm sorry you went to all that trouble. I could have peddled the stuff myself, but it's impossible."

"Well, let's get down to cases. Where's the hitch?"

"I'd rather not talk about it, sir."

The bishop put his coffee cup on the floor and stood up. "You don't want to do business with me. Is that it?"

Jackson swallowed. "That's it."

"Well, it's your own affair. But I must say I'm mighty disappointed in you. Here's your chance to make something of yourself at last, and you turn it down flat. Good day, Brother Jackson."

Jackson wandered through the old house. Just this morning he hadn't had a worry in the whole world. Since Grandpa Skinner had appeared, every hour had heaped troubles on him. He paused before the crayon portrait of Grandpa Skinner.

"Well, Grandpa, what do I do now?"

JACKSON drove south on the valley road in the early evening. He'd slicked down his hair, polished his boots, folded a blanket on the seat of the buckboard, curried his horses, greased the axles, shined the harness; and he was wearing his parachute-cloth muffler. He was all duded up to take Katie to the dance. All he needed was some idea of how to do it.

A gasoline lantern hung from the roof of the store porch. Cars were parked about; a wagon team and a saddle horse were at the hitching rack. The men were on the porch and the women inside shopping.

"Well, Romeo," Sid Worth said as Jackson gave a hitch of a halter rope to the pole.

The men were carefully grave; they were having fun.

"Hear you're getting married up, Jack," Young Merrill Littlewall remarked. Young Merrill's father, Old Man Merrill Littlewall, had been dead for years, but Young Merrill would always be *Young* Merrill, though he was crowding fifty and his hair was iron-gray.

"That's right," Jackson admitted.

"And taking Katie to the dance tonight," Reed Carter said. Reed was now head of the Carter clan; his father, old Enoch, was feeble.

"Why, sure. Sure, I'll take Katie to the dance."

The men exchanged sly glances.

"All duded up and ready to swing her high, wide and handsome," Sid Worth observed.

"And what else you going to do?" Nephi Smith asked. Nephi had the only chair on the porch. He was along in his seventies, but his hair was black and his skin firm; his age was indicated by the jutting eyebrows and a certain gnarled angularity. It had been a disappointment to many that Nephi Smith had held up so well after starting the Trouble and apostatizing. "Might as well clean up everything while you're about it."

"Oh, I ain't started yet," Jackson said. Gathered here were the representative factions of the Trouble—Nephi Smith, who'd started it, Reed Carter from the north end and Young Merrill Littlewall from the south. "Yep, before I'm done, we'll have a meetinghouse here in the valley. Me, I figure to settle the Trouble."

Every face stiffened; the heavy playfulness was gone. The Trouble was something you didn't joke about.

"And what's more—"

"Let it ride, Jack," Reed Carter said.

"We was just horsing," Young Merrill Littlewall said. "You don't have to get hostile."

"I'm not hostile and I'm not horsing," Jackson said. "I said I was going to settle the Trouble, and that's what I meant."

In the silence, the slap of Sid Worth's hand against his hip was like a shot. "*He's* going to settle the Trouble!" Sid cried. "Well, if Jack Whitetop says it, then I reckon it's official!" And Sid followed his own cue with a loud guffaw. The other men waited uncertainly, watching the reactions of Nephi Smith, Reed Carter and Young Merrill Littlewall. Nephi slapped a gnarled hand on the chair arm.

"Yep, that settles it!" Nephi roared.

Then everybody laughed. "Jack, you're a card!" Reed Carter cried.

"Anything for a laugh!" Young Merrill said.

Jackson scowled. "You just wait and see!" he declared furiously. They laughed the louder. It was so ridiculous, the valley trash shooting off his face about what he was going to do. The guffaws brought the women to the door. Milo Ferguson edged through them onto the porch, scowling as he made furious clouds of cigar smoke. Henry Brown pulled in; he'd been over to the schoolhouse helping shave candles and spread corn meal on the floor for dancing.

"Hey, Henry," Sid Worth called. "Guess what Jack Whitetop is going to do now, besides take your girl away from you?"

Henry climbed out of the weapons carrier, grinning. "What?"

"Now he's going to settle the Trouble!"

Henry Brown threw back his head and roared. He doubled, beating his fist on his leg, and then grabbed his back and straightened slowly. "Jack, you're killing

"He's suddenly become very handy about the house. Every time I want him to change a diaper on the baby he finds something else to do"

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me. If I throw out my sacroiliac on account of you—! Jack, you dog!"

"Hey, Jack," Reed Carter said. "Are you going to build the meetinghouse afore, or after, you take Katie to the dance?"

"Laugh, you dang jackasses!" Milo Ferguson yelled. "Go ahead and laugh! But I'll tell you something! If Jack Whitetop says he'll settle the Trouble, then he *will*."

"Well, if you say so, Milo," Young Merrill Littlewall drawled.

The laughter echoed again. But old Nephi Smith turned in his chair to cock an eye at Milo. Being the only two apostates in the valley, Nephi and Milo had considerable in common. They liked to get together to cuss out the gospel, and they respected each other's good judgment. "Why for you say that, Milo?"

"I'll tell you why, if you'll shut up a second!"

"Let's get this," Sid Worth said. "It ought to be good."

THE group paused expectantly. Milo spat deliberately. "Yes, I'll tell you why. On account of Jackson's grandfather appeared to me today in spirit form. Old Moroni Skinner—"

"Milo," Jackson said, "you shut up."

"I won't shut up for you or nobody looks like you. Anyhow, Moroni Skinner appeared to *me* and I got a right to talk about what happens to me. Yep, Moroni Skinner talked to me today. Just like anybody else. I was sitting here on the porch this morning and he appeared and talked to me just like I'm a-talking to you."

"Moroni Skinner," Nephi said. "Well, doggone! Say, how was the old coot?"

"Just like he used to be. Even looked younger, but he said that was on account I was older."

"Hell, there ain't no such thing as a spirit," Nephi said. "You know that."

"Sure, I know it. But it was Moroni Skinner, all right, with his chin whiskers and that black hat, all dressed up for Sunday. He talked with me a while and then he disappeared. Right afore my very eyes. Here one second and gone the next. Funniest thing ever happened to me."

"Hell, you're an apostate," Nephi Smith said. "If there *was* any such of a thing as a spirit, they wouldn't be appearing to *you*."

"I was sort of surprised, myself," Milo admitted. "Especially how it happened. I was sitting here thinking how happy I was to know the gospel for the pack of superstitious lies it was—"

"Take it easy, Milo," Young Merrill Littlewall said. "You're welcome to your beliefs but don't go running down ours."

"Don't get touchy, Merrill. I'm just a-telling you how it was. I was sitting here thinking such happy thoughts and all of a sudden there he was. Old Moroni Skinner. Plain as the nose on your face. And a-talking to me just like I'm talking to you." Milo puffed at his cigar.

"What did he say?" Reed Carter asked.

"That there's none of your affair. What a spirit tells you is personal."

"Sure did reform you," Young Merrill observed dryly, looking at the cigar.

"Hell, I'm an apostate. I don't believe in spirits," Milo said. "He wasn't here on my account. He come to see young Jackson here, and while he was down he sort of dropped by to tell me a couple of things, too." Milo turned to Jackson. "What message did he give you, Jack?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Jackson snapped.

"If it's sacred to you, it's all right by me," Milo said. "But if Moroni Skinner didn't want it to get around, he had no business appearing to me. I never made him no promises, and I don't believe in that stuff anyhow. Spirits! Visitations! Pack of nonsense! Why didn't the old fool leave me alone!"

"Rats!" Nephi Smith cried, his jutting eyebrows lowering. "A man like you, Milo! A good, honest apostate, and first thing you know you're having visitations!"

"Don't *you* go jumping on me, Nephi Smith! I can cuss the gospel out with anybody! Moroni didn't do no preaching to me, and what happened don't change my mind about nothing. But whether I believe in such stuff or not don't cut no ice—it *happened*."

Nephi's youngest daughter, Anita, smiled prettily at Milo. "He must have said some things that you can repeat."

"Well," Milo said. A man is never too old to be softened by a pretty smile. "I don't reckon it was so very secret—"

"Milo, you shut up," Jackson said.

"I won't shut up! I'll tell you what he told me. Moroni Skinner, he told me he was down here on earth to straighten Jackson out. Now, what he told Jackson, I don't know—"

"I haven't never said he appeared to me," Jackson pointed out.

"Are you denying it?"

"I'm not saying."

"Ha!" Milo cried. "Then he *did!* Well, it's your affair, Jack. But something sure did change you in a hurry. Wasn't long after Moroni appeared to me that you come driving down the road and told me you was fixing to marry Katie Jensen. And now it's settling the Trouble. You ain't the same young buck you was yesterday, Jack. Something's put fire on your tail." Milo glared about at the people on the porch. "The rest of you jackasses can go ahead and laugh. But you'll laugh out of the other side of your mouth when it happens. From now on, when Jack Whitetop here says a thing is going to be, why, me, I'm listening!"

MILO turned and went inside the store. "Rats!" Nephi Smith cried. "Spirits! Visitations! Never heard such tommyrot in my born life!" But the apostate's reaction was strictly his own. The others were troubled and sobered. They'd been raised in the tradition of visitations. It was particularly impressive that Moroni Skinner had appeared to a disbeliever such as Milo.

Young Merrill Littlewall ran a hand through his iron-gray hair. He said, "Jack, is it anything you can talk about?"

Jackson shrugged. "Wish the old fool had kept his big mouth shut."

Anita Smith crossed the porch and took Jackson's arm. "Can I talk to you a minute?" They went around the store together.

It was a small enough incident, and would have passed unnoticed at any other time. But now that Jackson's strange behavior of the day was explained, nothing he could do was in any way small; it was all part of a preordained pattern.

Reed Carter put the feeling into words: "Hear tell Apostle Black is mighty low. They don't expect him to live."

This, significantly, was the first time in a decade and more that anybody from the north had made reference to the Trouble within earshot of anybody from the south.

"Something better happen pretty quick," Sid Worth said. "I hear they expect him to pass on any day now."

"Well, it's in the open now and I'm glad of it," Young Merrill Littlewall said. "When things are so bad that a spirit has to appear to an apostate—well, what does that make *us?*"

"I feel ashamed of myself," Reed Carter admitted. He and Young Merrill regarded each other tentatively.

"Go ahead, you two," Sid Worth said. Sid was a man who couldn't keep out of anything, even the Trouble. "Shake hands. Nothing that can't be settled by man-to-man discussion."

"I guess that's it," Young Merrill admitted. "We just been trying to hide the thing."

"I'm willing to talk it over if you are," Reed Carter said.

They shook hands warmly. "Isn't it

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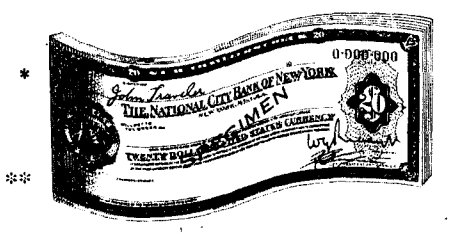

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terrible how we let a thing like that fester?" Young Merrill said.

"I feel better a'ready," Reed said.

"Why don't we get together and settle the whole thing right now? We still got that site up in the south end. Why don't we start the ball rolling at the dance tonight? We can be staking the site off in the morning."

"Merrill, that's a good idea and I'm with you a thousand per cent. As a matter of fact we already got it staked off down in the north end. I still got a copy of those old plans, and I've had the north site all staked off and ready to go for years."

"Where'd you get a copy of the plans?"

"Never mind. We got 'em and we're ready to go. What say, Merrill?"

"You been pretty sure of yourself," Young Merrill said.

"Why not? We just been a-waiting for something like tonight to happen."

"I don't think I like it."

"What don't you like?"

"You folks in the north has just been lying in the weeds waiting."

"I don't think I like *that,*" Reed Carter said. "We're just trying to build a place of worship. And we'd had it up years ago if some people in this valley wasn't muleheaded like a jackass. Nothing personal, Merrill."

"Any fool knows there's only one place to put that meetinghouse," Young Merrill said. "Not mentioning no names, but if some folks from the north didn't have their minds closed shut like a steel trap, they'd seen it long ago."

The others quietly drifted into the store, leaving Young Merrill and Reed Carter, voices rising, to argue around and around. The Trouble had only had the scab picked off.

HENRY BROWN stood beside the store, filled with doubts and vague fear. Jackson and Anita had gone out behind, and Henry was afraid of what she might tell him. Henry Brown was, in truth, a pagan, with all the superstition of a man without a cut-and-dried faith to cling to. He was a Saint for the sake of expediency. He gave the gospel lip service, and at times he felt guilty and a bit afraid. If there *was* anything to the gospel, where would he come off? Of course there wasn't, but what if there *was?* A hypocrite was worse than an apostate. He had become a Saint because it was the only way to get Katie. And he was more afraid than he liked to admit, that it would affect his luck. He prided himself on his business sagacity, but, deep down, Henry Brown considered it luck. What if it turned on him? He had on occasion paid a little income tax which he might have concealed. He had wiped out the store bills, on occasion, of men who'd had a disastrous year. He didn't realize he was offering sacrifices to the goddess Luck.

Vague fear of unknown forces gripped him as he waited for Jackson and Anita to reappear from behind the store. His affair with Anita in Salt Lake City had been something of the moment. But it had proved persistent, and the child she'd brought back was developing horribly to look like him.

Behind the store, Anita looked up at the sky. "What lovely stars!"

"They're okay."

"And what a wonderful moon!"

"Hard to beat," Jackson said. "Did you want to see me about something?"

"Oh, I just wanted to tell you how happy I am that everything's settled."

"What is?"

"About you marrying Katie and all."

"You seem pretty sure about it."

"Aren't you? Don't tell me you're doubting a message from beyond."

"I never said I had any message."

"You don't have to. We thought you were touched the way you acted today, but what Milo said clears it up. I just wanted to say how happy I am, Jack."

"I appreciate it," Jackson said, baffled. Just why Anita Smith should be happy about it was too much for him. "That all?"

Anita laughed. She was a saucy girl, and some folks wondered how she could keep up her spirits under the load of her disgrace; she carried the disgrace as if it were a feather.

"Well, if it works out for you it will for me," she said.

"What will?"

"You wait and see. Should we go back?"

She took his arm again. "Jack, you're going to take Katie to the dance tonight. Wait and see."

"I got to make Henry step aside."

"He will." There was devilment in her eyes.

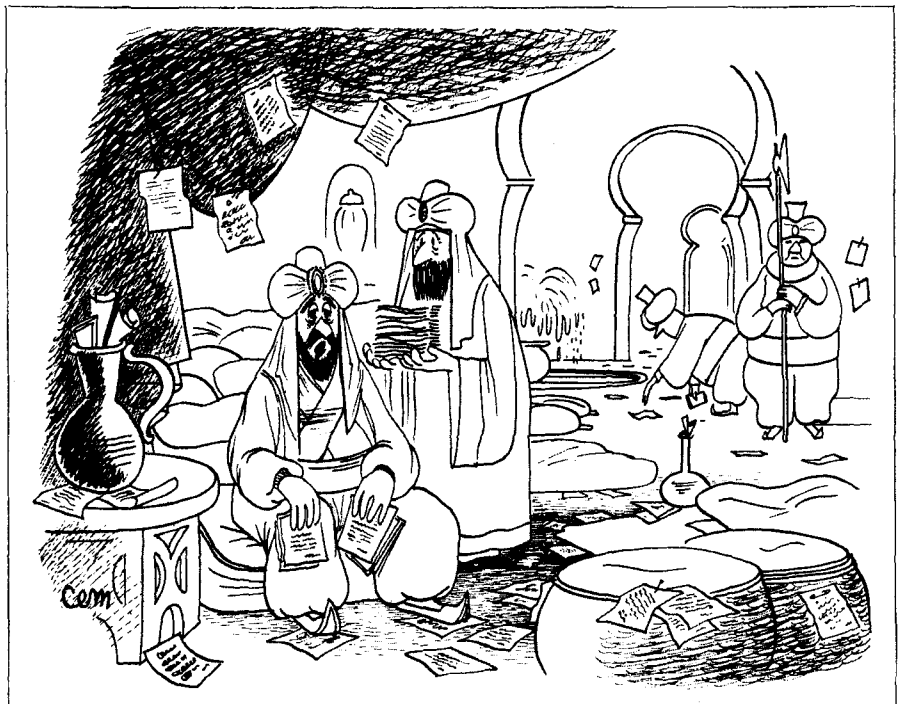
"Why?"

"Because I said so. Wait and see."

Jackson was puzzled. From all outward appearances, Anita had had private words of great importance with him. Yet she'd merely talked of the moon and stars and said she was happy things would turn out. Didn't make sense. As they returned, Henry was waiting beside the store.

"Jack, I'd like a word with you."

"Certainly, Henry," Anita said. "Now, Jack, remember your promise! Not a word!" And she skipped onto the porch



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before Jackson could ask her what promise and what word.

"What'd she say to you?" Henry demanded.

"Just wanted me to look at the stars."

"The stars?"

"And the moon."

"I asked you a question. Do I look like a half-wit?"

"As a matter of fact, Henry, I've always figured you for a very smart hombre."

"Oh," Henry said. This, then, was a threat. "Don't worry, I'll do the smart thing," he said. "Okay, I'm listening."

"That's all," Jackson said. "Except she said she was glad everything was going to work out for me and her. And she said you'd step aside and let me take Katie to the dance."

"Look here, Jack Whitetop," Henry said dangerously. "Do you think you can scare me?"

"Hate to try it," Jackson admitted frankly. "I'm just telling you what she said. You wanted to know."

Henry changed his mood abruptly. He chuckled. "Jack, why for are we getting stirred up? Of course there's not a word of truth in her story. But I've humored her. I feel sorry for her. After all, she's had a hard time of it."

"I sort of admired her, myself," Jackson said. "Coming back here with the baby and facing people she knew."

"And you see how it is with me, Jack. A man in my position. Engaged to Katie, and in the bishopric. I've tried to help her, and she's got the wrong idea. I don't want to make any trouble for her."

"Why, sure, Henry," Jackson said.

Henry studied the younger man, uncertain as to whether Jackson was as innocent as he appeared or deeper and shrewder than he had a right to be.

"But we got off the track, Jack. What I really wanted to see you about was this: I was wondering if you'd do me a little personal favor."

"All depends, Henry."

"It just come to me. I've been so doggone busy and excited I clean forgot poor Whitey Jones. Can you beat that? I promised Whitey I'd go out and pick him up and bring him to the dance."

"I'd like to do it for you, Henry, but—"

"So I wonder if you'd take my sedan and go pick up Katie and her folks? I'll go out to the herd and pick up Whitey in the weapons carrier. Would you do that for me, Jack?"

"Well, I reckon I can help you out, Henry," Jackson admitted. "When you put it that way." Sure was amazing how things were working out. Yes, sir.

KATIE opened the door at Jackson's knock, smiling in anticipation. She was lovely in a long white evening dress. "We're all ready; come on in!" she said gaily; then she recognized Jackson and said, "Oh." She turned to her parents, who were seated in the living room, wearing wraps and hats. "It's Jackson. I guess he wants to see you, Dad."

"Come in, Brother Jackson," the bishop said. "We're just leaving. Expecting Henry any minute now."

"I come in his place. He asked me wouldn't I come and pick you all up."

"He what?" Katie said sharply.

"He said it would be a personal favor if I'd take you to the dance."

"Oh, he did, did he? Let *him* tell me that."

"He asked me to take his sedan and pick you folks up. I told him I'd oblige."

The bishop crossed to the front window, cupped his hands at his face and peered at the car outside. "Henry all right?"

"Henry's fine. Fit as a fiddle," Jackson said.

"I don't understand it," Sister Jensen said emphatically.

"He said he had to go pick up Whitey Jones at the herd and bring him in to the dance."

"Whitey ain't crippled," the bishop said. "He's got his own rig."

"Whitey's more important than I am," Katie said.

"Why didn't you go out and pick up Whitey?" Sister Jensen asked.

"He didn't ask me to."

"It beats me," the bishop admitted. "Well, let's go. Ready, Ma? Katie, get your things on. Jackson, you're a deep one. I'm just beginning to realize it."

"I'm just doing Henry a favor," Jackson said virtuously.

"I'm going to give Henry a talking-to he won't forget," Sister Jensen said. "Sending a—sending just anybody. Is this the way he'll treat her after they're married?"

"They ain't going to get married, ma'am," Jackson said.

"Oh, yes, they are. And if Henry and Katie *didn't* get married, I'd sooner see myself in the grave than let her marry trash like you."

"Turning off a bit chilly tonight," the bishop said diplomatically.

Sister Jensen sniffed. Katie came in with her coat on and they went out to the car. The bishop and his wife got in the back.

"Plenty of room back here, Katie," Sister Jensen said.

"I'll ride with my escort," Katie said, getting in beside Jackson. "If Henry thinks he can send a pinch hitter, he can think again."

THE schoolhouse was a square structure of red brick sitting in a brushed-off clearing of the sage flat. The bishop's party arrived between dances, and there was a momentary silence and then a buzz of conversation as everybody saw Katie coming in with Jackson. Anita Smith grinned saucily from the bench on the north wall. The stag group was near the big wood-burning stove in the corner next to the door, and Henry's camp mover, Whitey Jones, was big as life there.

"Where's Henry?" Katie asked Whitey Jones.

"Henry? Ain't seen him since this morning. He brought Mack out this morning and picked up Ned Holt—"

"Henry went out to pick you up and bring you in to the dance," Jackson broke in helpfully. "Did you miss him?"

Whitey's eyes shifted. "Why—yes, I guess I missed him."

"You must have forgot he was coming out to pick you up."

"Yes, that's right. I plumb forgot."

"Never mind prompting him, Jack," Katie said. "Will you take my coat in the other room for me?"

The school desks had been piled high in a corner of the south room. A table had been set up and the older women were already fixing things for the midnight dinner. Babies were parked about, and kids lurked as near as they dared to the table, ready to snatch something and run. Jackson put the coat on a desk.

The music began and Jackson hurried into the north room and claimed Katie. "First and last dance for your escort."

"And every third one between," Katie agreed. "He can't do this to me!"

"Have you thought it over yet?"

"Still harping on that string? You played some low trick on him. I know you. If I was Henry I'd take you out back and give you the licking of your life."

"If you was Henry you'd stay healthy and not try it."

"Poor Henry!"

"I ain't done nothing to Henry. I'm doing him a favor, is all."

"I'll bet he appreciates it. You pulled some vile trick on him, and don't deny it. I've heard this talk about Milo Ferguson's visitation."

"It sure gets around. I wasn't in the other room half a minute."

"Wishful was at the store tonight. Somehow you've played on Henry's faith. I know it. He's a religious man and

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"I know, Dad, but it's one responsibility I'm mighty glad to have. Who wouldn't welcome a son like that?"

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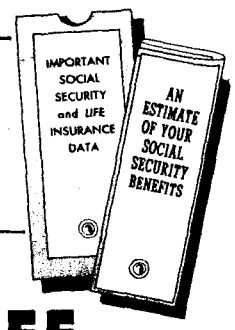

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you're taking advantage of it. That's a low trick, Jack."

"It sure would be, if I done it."

"Did your grandfather really appear to you, Jack?"

"That's not for me to say."

"You don't deny it. It's pretty low to use a thing like that to influence Henry."

Jackson didn't argue; it was enough to have Katie near him.

He went outside for the next two dances, savoring the memory of the first. It was unthinkable to take another girl in his arms between dances with Katie. When he danced with her again she refused to say anything at all, and kicked him deftly on the ankle when he tried to draw her close. And then suddenly she was against him, smiling prettily and laughing with gay abandon, and he saw that Henry had come in with Ned Holt and Beulah Hess. Henry glowered across the dance floor, and Beulah glowered. Ned Holt alone seemed happy at having cut Jackson out with Beulah for the dance.

Henry was crossing the floor almost before the music stopped. "Why, hello, Henry," Katie said. "I didn't expect you for hours, and I'm filled up for the next six dances.... Jack, third one from this, remember!"

BEULAH HESS was near the outside door, waiting. Her cheeks were white, throwing the lip rouge into vivid relief. The Hesses were famous in the valley for temper, and Jackson had no desire to face Beulah when she was riled up. With her at the doorway he either had to ask somebody to dance or face her, and it was unthinkable to dance with anybody but Katie. He wondered why he'd ever gone out with Beulah anyhow.

As the music began he slipped through the connecting door to the south room, hurried past the long table and outside. He was slipping around the corner of the schoolhouse when a feminine voice cried, "Jack!" But then, Jack was a common name. A girl couldn't follow out back; that was man's territory.

Milo Ferguson was sitting on the rock rim of the well. Jackson hitched onto the well beside Milo.

"Wished I knew, Jack," Milo said. He seemed to be puffing even more furiously than ordinarily on his cigar. "Yep. Wished I knew why old Moroni Skinner appeared to me. Must have been connected with you somehow."

"Maybe you needed some saving yourself," Jackson suggested.

Milo snorted. "I made up my mind about the gospel, and to hell with it! Anyhow, Moroni wouldn't have come to see me about myself. He said he was here on account of you. Henry's sore."

"I expect he is."

"What'd you tell him, to get his car and his girl?"

"He asked me to do it as a favor."

"He sure appreciated it, too. Ripped into me after you'd gone. Said I should have kept my mouth shut about my visitation. As if it was *his* business. I had that visitation and I'll talk about it as much as I damned please. Might have lost my job except Henry don't know what I—" Milo checked himself, and then said, "Except you can't fire a man for having a visitation."

Jackson wondered what the old man had almost said. Milo rolled his cigar reflectively between his lips. "Jack, did Moroni tell you about Henry Brown?"

"I haven't said he told me anything."

"Why don't you quit talking like a blamed fool? Everybody knows he did!"

"What about Henry?"

"He must have. You put the squeeze on Henry and he stepped aside tonight. Damned near time somebody did. Me, it's none of my business. Shut up," he said as Henry appeared around the corner.

Henry crossed to the well. "Any trouble, Jack?"

"Trouble? What kind?"

"Car run okay and everything?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"I appreciate you helping me out, Jack."

"You sure do," Milo said acidly.

"Beulah wants to see you, Jack."

"I don't want to see Beulah."

"She's out in the car, Jack. You'd better see her. You know these Hess people when they get riled. You can't blame her much. You've been going with her pretty steady."

"What car?"

"Your car, Jack. The sedan's yours for tonight. Use it all you want so long's you're back in the morning."

"Henry," Milo said, "you're entirely too damned happy."

Jackson crossed to the cars parked before the schoolhouse. Beulah was in Henry's sedan. "Get in, Jack," she said, and he got in resignedly. He knew what was coming. When Beulah was riled up she had to get it off her chest, and then she was all right. She'd got her temper from her father, Ross Hess, who, according to local legend, had once taken an ax to a balky horse, and in a fit of temper had thrown a wheelbarrow right through the wall of his front room. Ross Hess was ordinarily a mild little man, who wouldn't tip the scales at a hundred and fifty. He was always very sorry after an outburst.

Beulah didn't throw things. She scratched. She got her gripe off her chest, and then her voice suddenly went up a notch and she scratched. Jackson sat quietly, listening not to what she said so much as to the tone of her voice, ready, when it rose, to grab her hands. It generally didn't last long, and she was always so sorry afterward.

She went on at some length about what a two-timing, chiseling heel he was, going with her and keeping other fellows away, and now throwing her over and making a fool of himself over Katie Jensen. He wasn't particularly listening, for her voice hadn't risen. Then she said, "All right, sit there. If you don't think so, sit there!" He glanced at her, and then quickly averted his face.

Beulah was wearing an aqua dress fastened at the front with three large buttons above the waist. She'd undone two of the buttons and slipped the dress from one shoulder.

"Hey, what are you doing?" he said.

"I told you what I was doing. You led me on and you're going to be a man about it. Or do you want me to scream?"

Jackson was puzzled. Her voice hadn't risen. "What is this? Say, somebody's been talking to you."

"All right, what if he did? It's the truth, isn't it? You can't lead me on and then drop me like an old shoe!"

"Henry's been talking to you," Jackson accused.

"All right, and what of it? We're driving to Tooele tonight and we'll get married." She pulled the dress from her other shoulder. "Or should I scream?"

"You better cover yourself up," he said. "You won't scream."

"Oh, won't I?"

"We couldn't get old enough to live a thing like that down. Not in this valley. Look at Nephi Smith's girls and how long it's been. You won't scream."

"I hate you!" she cried, her voice suddenly rising to that critical pitch.

SHE clawed his cheek before he could catch her arms. She always had a brief surge of terrible strength, and Jackson was wrestling for dear life when he was suddenly jerked backwards out of the car onto the seat of his pants and he couldn't see what was going on for warding off a flurry of fists.

"Get up!" Ned Holt said eventually, pausing for breath. "Get up and fight like a man, you dog!"

Jackson lowered his arms cautiously. A circle had formed already, and people were running from the schoolhouse crying, "Fight! Fight!"

"Ned!" Beulah cried. Her passion was gone and she was terribly contrite. She also was in a bad position.

"It's all right, darling," Ned said protectingly. "Lucky I got here just in time. ... This dirty skunk attacked her!" he announced to the circle at large. "Tearing off her dress! When I got here she was fighting for her honor!"

Beulah burst into loud wails.

"Get up!" Ned cried to Jackson. "Get up and fight like a man!"

Jackson had no desire to get up. He was fifteen years younger than Ned Holt and a head taller, and he had no ill feeling at a natural mistake.

"You got it all wrong," he told Ned Holt. "Beulah and me was just having a little talk."

"Oh!" Beulah sobbed. She clung to Ned Holt, weeping. She could hardly admit she'd made a fool of herself. She had been only a tool for Henry, she saw. And, too, Ned Holt's bravery in jumping a man twice his size had touched her tender little heart. Why, he was gorgeous!

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS

COLLIER'S "Didn't anybody send you any valentine candy?"

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"I wouldn't marry Jackson if he was the last man in the world!" she declared.

"What?" the bishop said, startled, from the circle of spectators. Jackson saw Katie in the crowd, eyes wide and unbelieving. Henry Brown had the expression of a cat who has just polished off a fat mouse.

"Get up and take your whipping!" Ned Holt yelled, trying to disengage himself from Beulah's embrace.

"Let him alone, Ned," Bishop Jensen said.

"You don't want to see this, Katie," Henry said, taking her arm.

"Jack, I guess you'd better go and keep on going," the bishop said.

Young Merrill Littlewall spoke up. "He ought to be horsewhipped," he declared.

"We'll see you do the right thing by her," Reed Carter said.

"Like hell you will!" Ned Holt cried. "Why do you think I saved her for?"

Beulah burst into a loud wail. "Ned, you're so wonderful!" She'd threatened just such a scene, but the last thing she'd wanted was for it to happen.

"You better come along with us, Jack," Reed Carter said.

The bishop raised a hand. "Leave him alone. It's enough punishment, the whole valley knowing what kind of man he is."

"But we can't just let a man go around attacking innocent girls," Ned Holt said. "The sheriff will handle this."

"Sheriff?" Nephi Smith scoffed. "In my day we knowed how to handle a thing like this without no sheriff."

Milo stood puzzled; his cigar had gone out.

"You want to swear out a complaint, Sister Beulah?" the bishop asked.

"Oh, no, no, no! It was all—I want to forget everything!"

"I understand," the bishop said quietly. "Men, we don't want to drag a decent girl's name into the mire. I want all of you to forget this thing. The reputation of an innocent girl is a priceless thing."

"You're off the track a mile, Bishop," Nephi said. "The girl wasn't hurt. It's this fiend here that we're thinking about."

"He'll leave the country, I'll guarantee that," the bishop said.

"We don't need your guarantee," Nephi said. "We'll take care of that."

"I guess we know what to do," Reed Carter said.

"What we waiting for?" Young Merrill Littlewall asked.

YOUNG MERRILL and Reed Carter were a solid front in one respect, at least; they'd co-operate against anybody trying to stir up the Trouble.

"Wait, men," the bishop said pleadingly. He'd heard about the fracas Jackson had caused at the store with his remark about settling the Trouble. And the bishop, even though he'd had it as a message from beyond, felt a bit responsible. "The greatest test of character is to forgive. I'm sure Jackson lost his head. You all know he's been acting strangely."

"He's got to have a lesson he'll never forget," Young Merrill Littlewall said virtuously.

"There's other innocent girls we got to think about," Reed Carter said, just as virtuously.

"What we palavering for?" Nephi said. "Where'd Henry go? He's got some tar down at the store."

"I got sheep-dip," Young Merrill suggested.

"Just as good," Reed Carter said. "We can use the hitching pole here at the schoolhouse for a rail."

"Get up on your feet, Jack," Young Merrill said.

"Oh, no, no, no!" Beulah wailed. "Don't hurt him! It's all my fault!"

"Ned, take care of your woman," Nephi said.

Jackson got up and brushed off his pants. If there were any more visitations being passed around from now on, he felt he'd just as soon be left off the list. Never a bit of trouble all his life. Everybody had liked him, even if they didn't respect him. And now in one single day look what he'd got himself into. Here were men he'd known all his life ready to ride him out of the valley on a rail.

"Bishop," Young Merrill Littlewall said quietly, "you'd better go on inside. And all the women clear out of here."

"Men!" the bishop cried. "Please! Don't do anything in haste you'll live to regret!"

It was too late for talk. He was shouldered aside. The mob swarmed over Jackson, tossed him overhead and carried him to the hitching pole. The pole screaked from its sockets, and Jackson, straddling it, was born aloft.

"Wait! Wait! You can't do that!"

ANITA SMITH rushed into the mob, her sleeping child clutched to her chest. "Nita, you take that baby and git out of here," Nephi told his daughter.

Anita lifted her child high to the man on the pole. "Here, Jack. Kiss the little dear goodby. You may never see him again."

"Huh?" Jackson said blankly.

The mob stopped, curious.

"What's this, Nita?" her father said suspiciously.

"Let me up there with him," Anita said nobly. "Ride us both out on a rail. All three of us. Where he goes, we go."

"What's he got to do with you?" Young Merrill Littlewall asked.

"I think I know," Reed Carter said. There was a general lifting of eyebrows.

"Nita," old Nephi said, his jutting eyebrows lowering, "tell me the truth. Is the coyote I've been a-looking for sitting up there on that pole?"

"Dad, don't ask me that question!" Nita cried, lowering her eyes demurely.

"Well, I'll be go to hell!" Nephi cried. "Daughter, why didn't you tell me this afore?"

"Oh, Dad, you wouldn't ask me to marry this lazy trash!"

"Is he the father of that brat?"

"Don't call little Henry a brat!"

"Is he the father?" Nephi roared.

"Dad, I wouldn't marry that lazy trash if he was the last man in the world."

"He's a man, ain't he? He's got a name, ain't he? That brat needs a name!"

"I won't marry him!" Anita declared.

"That's what you think," Nephi said. "All right, men, gimme that lad off'n that pole. He's mine!"

"What are you waiting for, men?" Jackson demanded. "Let's get going!" As between the frying pan and the fire, the choice was simple.

"You shut up, sprout!" Nephi ordered. "You're not sneaking out of this valley on no rail!"

"I demand my rights," Jackson said. "I got my mind all made up for it now."

"He can get married afterward," Reed Carter said.

"The hell you say!" Nephi cried. "I don't want him maybe crippled up for the wedding. And anyhow it ain't dignified. What do you want to do, disgrace a man on the eve of his marriage?"

"Put him down, men," Young Merrill said. Jackson again had his feet on the ground.

Nephi grabbed him by the collar, twisting the parachute-silk muffler. "Jack, I don't intend to stand guard over you tonight. I'm going to treat you like a man and put you on your honor. And I got too much to do anyhow. So you *be* here when I get back with the license from Tooele. If you try to skip out I'll hunt you down and shoot you like a dog. Understand?"

Jackson nodded. The cinch on his neck made it impossible to speak.

Nephi grabbed his daughter and took her away. The mob dispersed, somewhat embarrassed. Jackson took off at a fast clip across the brush.

(To be continued next week)

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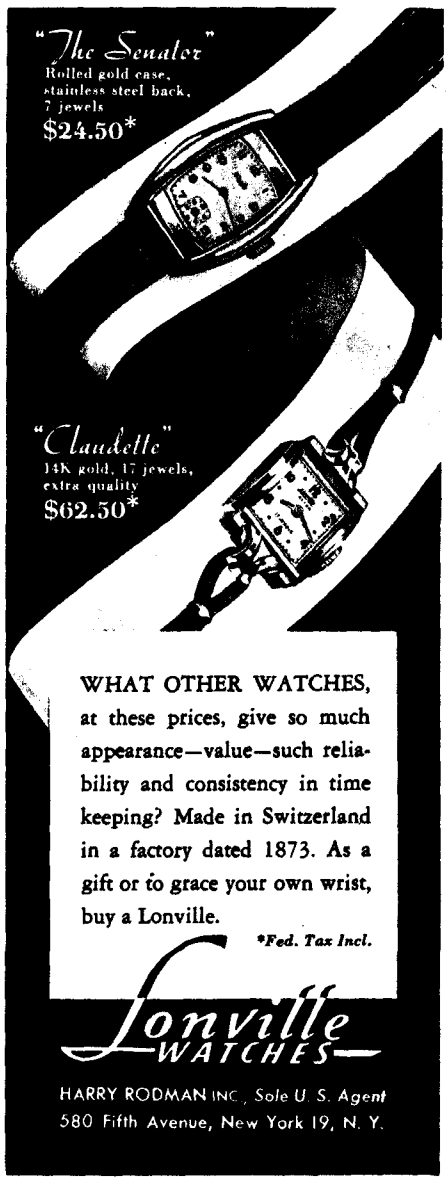
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BEST for Home Popping

NO HULLS

JOLLY TIME POP CORN

DESERT EMPIRE

Continued from page 25

spot is at Badwater, 279.1 feet below the near-by Pacific, but the actual low spot is around 300 feet, out on the salt beds.

It might be supposed that the weight of the mountains would push up the Valley floor, but actually the floor is sinking and the mountains are rising. There are frequent earthquakes, but most of them are so minor that nobody pays any attention. Great areas of the Valley are covered by salt deposits, 95 per cent pure and one third of a mile deep.

The Valley is often referred to as dead or lifeless, but it is the home of fourteen varieties of birds as permanent residents, with one hundred and fifty more kinds as transients. More than six hundred different plants grow there, including scores of varied wild flowers. There is plenty of animal life, ranging from miniature kangaroos, six inches long, up through eighteen-inch dinosaurs (called chuckwallas) to mountain sheep and wild burros descended from those used by early prospectors.

The fish include a small sardine that lives in the salt pools and is eaten by the coyotes as a sort of hors d'oeuvre.

Statistics on the Climate

The Valley is full of stories starting: "It was so hot that . . ." The top official figure is 134 degrees, which probably has been exceeded many times out on the salt flats. There is often frost in winter, and the official low is 19. Rainfall averages less than two and a half inches a year, but this doesn't include summer cloudbursts that hit various canyons far from the rain gauges. There is practically no humidity.

Wives living in the Valley hang their wet wash on a twenty-foot clothesline and by the time they're at one end the things at the other end are bone dry. You can wash and dry a wool blanket in an hour. Perspiration dries so fast that the skin soon acquires a gritty coating of salt. Outside of this the place is a health resort, claimed by its residents to cure anything from asthma to zoophobia.

Less than a quarter of a century ago a tough, shrewd little New Englander named Ray Goodwin got the notion he would like an empire to run. It took him only ten years to get it operating and another dozen to develop it. Nobody got killed, everybody did a lot of work, and all hands had a fine time. Still do.

Ray Goodwin's empire is Death Valley, California. He saw it first in the mid-twenties; started working to build it in 1933, and today runs it like a benevolent monarch for the benefit of anyone who drives in. He is the heir of a long line of determined men who built empires for themselves in the West.

After the War between the States, the empire business boomed. All that was necessary was to discover a vacant million-acre tract and move in. Some emperors, like Lucien Benjamin Maxwell, married into their empires. Maxwell was a Kaskaskia, Illinois, boy, who went West, scouted with Kit Carson, grew rich selling sheep to the gold-rushers, married a lovely Castilian girl, and wound up with an old Spanish grant in northwestern New Mexico, complete with castles, blooded stock and scores of retainers. The U.S. Circuit Court for Colorado later determined this empire to contain 1,714,764 acres when Maxwell sold it for $1,250,000 after ten years of emperoring.

More fabulous yet was the empire of Sol Barth, a Russian immigrant boy who came to America when he was thirteen, and twelve years later traded the Navajos out of most of northern Arizona. By 1867, he owned the customary million acres, but was chagrined to discover his land divided by a large gully, which prevented him from visiting his northwesterly ranges. He let the empire go, only to discover later that people were calling his gully the Grand Canyon, and selling tickets to it.

Death Valley's first emperor was Teck Bennett, known far and wide as "Bellerin' Bennett." He settled at Furnace Creek in 1870, irrigating his Greenland Ranch with the creek's 80-degree water and claiming title to the Valley. His nearest neighbor was "Shoutin' Sam" Johnson, who was blasting prospect holes into Telescope Mountain twenty miles away across the Valley.

Bellerin' Bennett gave up his ranch in a few years. Shoutin' Sam moved on to blast into the Funeral Range, and the Valley quieted down, coyotes returned, and other forms of animal life sneaked back into the sink to take up again after being so rudely interrupted.

Ray Goodwin came from a New England seafaring family. When he left his home town of Providence, Rhode Island, for a two-year course at the College of the City of New York, it was to learn marine and civil engineering. So, with this salty background and training, he landed up naturally enough on the desert.

But not right away. He first had a fling at running a music store in Providence. From this he branched out as an impresario, handling tenors and tuba players, sopranos and pianists. Most of his clients were temperamental, and he took to yachting for relaxation.

Finally, when he was twenty-eight, yachting was taking so much of his time that music in Providence had fallen to a low ebb.

Figuring something drastic had to be done, he decided the farthest he could get away from yachts—and maybe sopranos, too—was the Arizona desert. So he went out to Yuma where, to his delight, no one ever had heard of spinnakers, jib booms or Marconi rigs. He got a job with the Reclamation Service as an engineer on the Yuma Project, tried cotton growing and, when World War I came along, switched over to the Arizona highway department and started building roads.

A Little Spare-Time Exploring

From Arizona he drifted over into the Mojave Desert in southeastern California and started building roads for the highway commission. On off days he took a car and fought his way into Death Valley, a two-day trip over wagon ruts. He liked the place and, as he found out more about it, decided it ought to be a national park—with maybe a superintendent named Goodwin.

In the mid-twenties Ray talked the idea to anyone who would listen. He suggested it to Stephen T. Mather, then the first director of the National Park Service. "Can't see it," said Mather.

Ray tried another tack. He went to work for the Park Service building roads, working for Mather's right-hand man, Horace M. Albright. Albright came from Bishop, in Owens Valley—two valleys west of Death Valley—and Goodwin figured he would be enthusiastic for the park scheme.

"Can't see it," said Albright.

Goodwin kept on building roads in national parks and monuments and talking about Death Valley. Mather died and Albright became director. Ralph Merritt, a friend of President Hoover, lined up with Goodwin in 1932, and that same year Albright was won over. Merritt went to Washington and urged Hoover to ask Congress to make the Valley a national park. Hoover said that with the depression getting worse every day the chances of Congress laying out money to develop another national park were approximately those of a July blizzard in Death Valley.

Then someone discovered that, while a new park had to have Congressional approval, the President could create a national monument on his own initiative. Hoover was persuaded and, a few days before relinquishing the Presidency, made Death Valley a national monument. It had taken Ray Goodwin ten years to make part of his dream empire come true.

But there was no money to do anything about the new desert wonderland and no chance of getting any.

Putting the CCC Boys to Work

About this time the Civilian Conservation Corps was organized to provide work for thousands of jobless youngsters, and a lieutenant colonel named H. H. Arnold (everybody called him "Hap") was in charge of the CCC in southern California. This was Goodwin's chance. He went into the Valley in October, 1933, and Arnold assigned two companies of CCC boys to build headquarters, roads, trails and barracks in the sink. The first batches of boys were from the flatlands of the Middle West, but they did all right among the ranges.

So, amazingly enough, did two other companies of boys a year later. They were mainly from New York's East Side and few of them ever had been west of Hoboken. In the years the CCC operated in the Valley, boys from almost every state in the Union worked there in the winters, until the thermometer started climbing into the low 100s.

In the first two years the boys graded out four hundred miles of new road, strung phone lines, put up dozens of buildings and hunted out new natural marvels to be signposted for tourists. In 1935 the roads were oiled and made permanent. And people were starting to appreciate the place. When Goodwin started in 1933, about five thousand hardy souls came into the Valley, and a man who wanted to brag could drive through it and spend the next five years telling how he crossed Death Valley.

Today, visitors often go back home and make the same brag—which sounds pretty heroic if the listeners don't know that from Daylight Pass in the Grapevines to Towne's Pass in the Panamints is only a fifty-minute breeze over a high-speed boulevard.

Goodwin was made assistant superintendent of the monument in 1935 and became boss of all he surveyed—quite a spread of territory—in 1938.

Ray runs his empire with about twenty-two men, which includes three rangers to patrol four hundred miles of highway, drag wayward tourists out of the sand and warn them to stay on the roads. There is also a naturalist, Edwin Alberts, who gives illustrated lectures on the history of the Valley and its wildlife. Goodwin handles the geology, having picked it up as he went along.

Like all emperors, Ray has summer and winter palaces. His winter quarters are up Cow Canyon, where the headquarters village is located. The village is set in a tiny oasis of green lawns and trees. The Goodwin home is jammed with model airplanes and motorboats and warship models, which Ray makes in his spare time. In an adjoining building he has a model railroad—the D.V.R.R.

But no yachts.

In the late spring, Ray and Mrs. Goodwin move to their summer palace at Wildrose, 6,400 feet up on the west side of Telescope Peak. It seldom goes over 100 degrees up there.

All summer long, people drive across the Valley. Occasionally a car breaks

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down and sometimes a traveler wanders down the road, in 130-degree heat. This is bad. Standard practice is to wait in the shade of the car, if any, until a ranger comes along. That way a man can hold out for a day or two, if he has to.

Even the desert reptiles can't take the heat. Those that stay in the sink during the summers hole up or live under rocks. Put a rattler out in the sunshine and he'll die in a few minutes.

Today there is a luxury hotel at Furnace Creek, cabins and a dining room down on the flat, another hotel at Stovepipe Wells, a trailer camp at Texas Springs, a green golf course and an airplane landing field. The nearest railroad is 150 miles away, but food is brought in in refrigerated trucks.

For years Walter Scott (Death Valley Scotty) and his late partner, Albert Johnson, operated a million-dollar castle up in the Grapevines as a tourist resort. Scotty no longer weaves yarns about hidden gold mines, and all hands now admit the capital to build the castle came from Johnson's accumulations as a Chicago businessman. He just set out to have a good time with the money, and Scotty did the advertising and promotion with gusto. The two had a great deal of fun down the years and hurt no one. The castle—at a dollar a look-see—paid its own way.

Scotty and his special trains, his flamboyant spending and his castle probably are part of America's most expensive whimsy. The whole truth about the affair, which probably cost Johnson a couple of million at least in thirty years, never will be known, for as the partners grew old, fact and fiction interwove themselves so fantastically that they forgot which was which.

Scotty himself is a Kentuckian and about eighty years old. He came into the Valley in his teens, working for the borax company. Somewhere along the line he had been a cowpoke, and once played with Buffalo Bill's show, where he learned showmanship from Pawhuska himself. From then on it was just a series of publicity stunts—lost gold mines refound, the flinging about of heavy money all over the country—ending up with the chartering of a special train over the Santa Fe to set a new record from Los Angeles to Chicago.

How the Scotty legend grew is illustrated by this train. The actual cost was $5,500. Mrs. Scott later said it cost $60,000 and a few years ago Scotty was bragging that it cost $100,000. According to Scotty the money came from his Death Valley gold mines—which never existed. There are, of course, the usual number of "lost" Eldorados in the Valley.

Plenty of Legendary Lost Mines

Seekers after lost mines have their choice of the Breyfogle (gold) or the Gunsight (silver), but if these fail to charm, the boys around the Valley will dream up others, complete with faded maps, dying words of old prospectors and lessons in the care and feeding of burros.

If you want to go mining in the monument, you can—provided it's for ore. Occasionally enterprising citizens locate claims with the intention of running roadhouses, but when a checkup by the rangers indicates there isn't any ore within a few miles, the locaters are shooed away.

There were three or four hundred miners and prospectors in the Valley before the war, but none have come back since. Gold now costs more to find and produce than a miner can get for it. The only "prospector" is a stout old-timer who ambles along the roads during the tourist season, accompanied by a couple of burros, and lets himself be "discovered." He makes a fair living posing for pictures of "a typical old desert rat we met in Death Valley."

Nearly all the prospecting nowadays is done by "rock hounds" looking for semiprecious stones and rocks that can be cut and polished for souvenirs. Most prized of these are "chalcedony roses"—flower-shaped figurings in translucent quartz. There are some moonstones, chrysoprase, jasper and onyx. Some rock-hounds go hunting at night with "black light" lamps that make certain minerals glow in the dark.

Besides the rarer stones there are basanite, hanksite, halite, meyerhofferite and a score of other "ites." All there for the picking up.

For those who like ghost mining towns there are Rhyolite, Ballarat, Panamint City, Skidoo and some others, either in the monument or near by. Some of them still revive occasionally, but the new strikes peter out without much excitement. It's too hot to get excited.

Visitors Go for Oldster's Tales

Last of the old-timers is Johnnie Mills, who is eighty-two and first came into the valley in 1894. Johnnie now sits around on the terrace of Furnace Creek Inn and tells stories. About half the visitors ask Johnnie if they can buy land in the monument. They can't. The government land is public property, and the few thousand privately owned acres aren't for sale.

There are about a score of Indians in the Valley, a remnant of the great Shoshoni nation, some of them living on pensions. Desert life has been so hard for them that they have practically no culture.

"But they're smart," says Johnnie Mills. "An Indian never will do anything if a white man will do it for him. The minute a white man picks up a shovel all the Indians lay down theirs. They used to think nothing of the heat—and neither did the early settlers for that matter. 'Twasn't till some scientific fellow brought in a thermometer and showed them how hot it was that they started complaining about the temperature."

You won't find any thermometers around the inn either—for much the same reason.

The Indians now live on canned goods, and the squaws spend what is left of their pensions on cosmetics, fancy slippers and such gauds. Most of them move up out of the Valley in the summer, along with most of the wildlife, and drift back in the fall.

Mr. Mills has tried out most of the desert food, like wild turnips and various roots. He once tried rattlesnake stew—not bad—and likes chuckwallas and jack rabbits. Standard desert fare in the old days was bacon and beans, with an occasional jack for variety. Desert rats seemed to thrive on it, seldom dying under ninety.

Mr. Goodwin hopes to live to be ninety, too. Running your own empire is the most interesting job in the world—especially if you make a lot of your fellow countrymen happy while you're doing it.

First few years the Valley was opened, only a few hundred fellow countrymen came. But by the early 1940's around 100,000 a year were roaming around. The war shut down the place almost entirely, but since Ray Goodwin has been working at his empire-building again, the number has been increasing. In the 1946-47 season 140,000 were registered, and this season it'll be more.

"Why not?" asks old Johnnie Mills. "It has the highest and the lowest land, the oldest and the newest rocks, the dryest and—during cloudbursts—the wettest climates, and the strangest animals, vegetables and minerals, the saltiest water, the sunniest atmosphere and the doggonedest reputation of any place in the country.... In fact," says Johnnie, "it's the est-est place there is."

THE END

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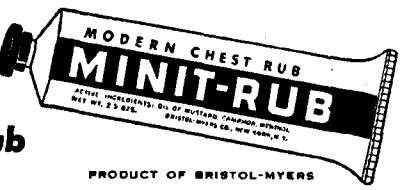

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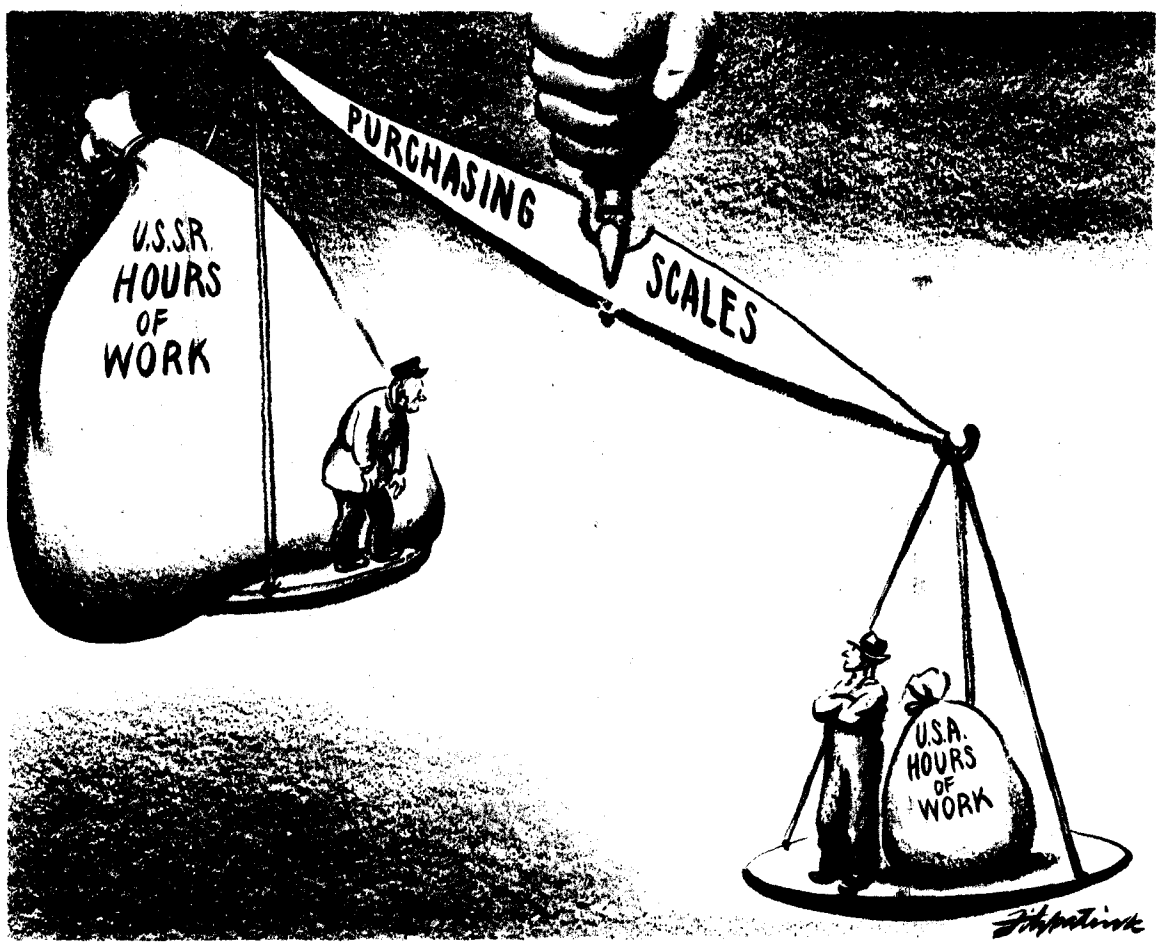

THIS ABOUT INFLATION

WITH much fanfare Russia recently slashed its ruble's value in various ways as a means of attacking its postwar inflation. The move was a dramatic one, and it made quite an impression in the United States, which incidentally also has an inflation.

Well, as soon as possible after the Soviet devaluated its money, the New York Times worked out a table of figures showing how long an average Russian worker must labor to get certain amounts of various ordinary commodities, as compared with how long an average U.S. worker has to exert himself to get equal amounts of the same or comparable things.

Here are some selections from the Times' table:

RUSSIA	AVERAGE COST IN WORK	
COMMODITY	HRS.	MINS.
Rye bread, 1 lb.		31
Lump sugar, 1 lb.	2	34
Veal, 1 lb.	5	15
Butter, 1 lb.	10	42
Fresh fish, 1 lb.	1	59
Salt, 1 lb.		18
Milk, 1 qt.	1	18
Eggs, 1 doz.	4	57
Tea, 1 lb.	11	00
Coffee, 1 lb.	14	6
Vodka, 1 pt.	23	50
Cigarettes (20)	2	4
Woman's cotton dress	31	51
Man's wool suit	580	15
Man's shoes, pr.	104	30

Figures like these are what really signify when you discuss inflation, and the degree of inflation from which a country suffers. The essential, hardpan question is: How much work will buy how much goods in the country under discussion?

The above statistics give an important part of the answer to that question as regards the United States and Russia. They were worked out by New York Times analysts from the best information available on Russia, and from Sears-Roebuck and A. & P. prices prevailing in the United States at the time the calculations were performed. The Times, it may be superfluous to add, is one of the most reliable and most accurate newspapers in the world.

So, while we should of course combat our own inflation without cease, we can at least coldly console ourselves with the fact that the Russian inflation is far worse than ours and has not been cured by the ruble melodramatics.

The Times' table of figures also suggests that one of our best bets in combating our inflation would be to take no advice on the subject from our own Communists, Socialists and kindred radicals. Their ideas on how to get more goods for less work have been working out in reverse in Russia for a generation, and in England and France since World War II.

U.S.A.	AVERAGE COST IN WORK	
COMMODITY	HRS.	MINS.
White bread (enriched), 1 lb.		7
Lump sugar, 1 lb.		5½
Veal, 1 lb.		34½
Butter, 1 lb.		48½
Salmon steak, 1 lb.		36½
Salt, 1 lb.		3
Milk, 1 qt.		10
Eggs, 1 doz.		38½
Tea, 1 lb.		39½
Coffee, 1 lb.		22½
Whisky, 1 pt.	1	35
Cigarettes (20)		9
Woman's cotton dress	2	22
Man's wool suit	28	4
Man's shoes, pr.	7	15

●

. . . WE CAN PREVENT DUST BOWLS: We hope none of the readers missed Wessel Smitter's recent Collier's article, We Are Plowing a New Dust Bowl. It had to do with the boom in wheat prices, the uncommonly wet weather of the last few years in the great Southwest wheat belt, and the suitcase farmers who are clawing up huge areas for quick wheat profits and are thereby setting the stage for new dust bowl tragedies to begin when the wet years are over.

That the weather in that part of the United States will turn dry sooner or later, with resulting droughts, is a cinch bet on past performance. Isn't there anything we can do about it?

We're not farmers, not wheat experts, not agronomists. We're just throwing this out as a suggestion:

A dust bowl builds up chiefly because grass has been plowed out of topsoil which should have been kept for grazing purposes. With its grass binder gone, the topsoil blows away in dry weather. Buffalo grass makes the best binder.

In wheat-boom, wet-weather times like these, wouldn't it be feasible for the U.S. Soil Conservation Service to move into these potential dust bowls after the suitcase farmers have harvested their wheat, and sow the land to buffalo grass, charging a fair part of the cost against these speculator-farmers who have made big money out of the land? Wouldn't that afford partial anti-dust bowl insurance, at least, in case the next summer were a dry one?

Can't we have some discussion along these lines, and some action if the suggestion turns out to have merit? This dust bowl business can gut the United States, as it long ago gutted large parts of China, if we let it go on unchecked indefinitely.

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. . . MR. MITCHELL RATES A HURRAY: Butter at this writing is breathing hotly on the neck of $1 a pound in most U.S. cities. Oleomargarine—called Bull Butter by some dairy-interest propagandists, but actually made nowadays from cottonseed or soybean oil and fully as nutritious as butter—is selling in most places at something under 40 cents a pound.

For 50 years or more the dairy interests, with a few honorable exceptions, have been giving oleo the freeze-out treatment in every way imaginable. Dairy lobbies have steam-rollered weird and wonderful regulations through state legislatures and city councils, all of them designed to make oleo more expensive and less attractive to the housewife than it should be.

Among the smellier of these things is a federal tax, now 45 years old, of 10 cents a pound on the manufacture of colored oleo and ¼ cent a pound on the uncolored variety. The tax is patently for the purpose not of raising revenue, but of penalizing the tinting of oleo with harmless vegetable coloring to make it look like butter.

Representative Edward A. Mitchell (Rep., Ind.) is pushing a campaign in the current Congress to get this tax repealed. Mitchell is in the oleo business himself in private life—a fact of which his opponents no doubt will make what they can. But that is okay from any fair-minded point of view.

Actually, Mitchell is fighting for the consumer's right to buy a cheap and safe edible fat as easily and freely as he can buy butter. In this crusade, Mitchell deserves the backing of everybody we can think of except the dairy farmers whose powerful Washington lobby is now fighting him; and we hope he gets that backing.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher ● WALTER DAVENPORT Editor ● JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

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